BRITANNIA and EVE

A Monthly Journal
for Men & Women

Vol. 3: No. 2.
FEBRUARY, 1931

LEWIS BAUMER

In this issue—

"EVERYWOMAN"
by May Edginton

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN
Lady DRUMMOND HAY
HANNEN SWAFFER
MARJORIE BOWEN
F. MATANIA, R.I.
ARTHUR MILLS
etc., etc.

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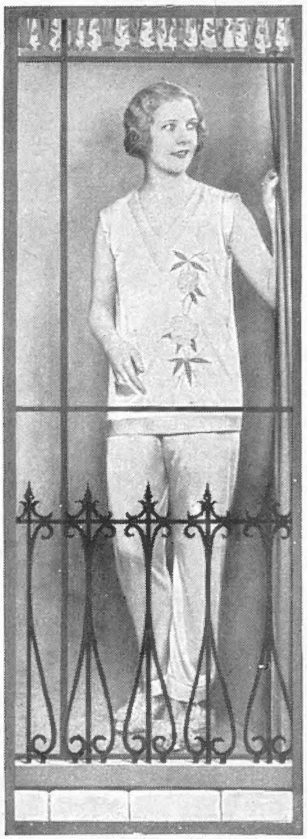

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corot models by instalments

developments in the house of corot

***three years ago the house of corot** astonished the world with its announcements of a new form of dress service, a new type of advertising, a new method of obtaining that quality of clothes which is every woman's desire, a new system of payment which instantly won approval from its customers and found favour in the eyes of thousands of women to whom the word corot was previously only a name.*

***to-day**, the word **corot** has acquired a definite meaning, has earned its place in the english dictionary. it stands for all that is good in dress designing, dress making and the supplying of lovely frocks at prices hitherto unheard of in this fine market place of the world. it stands for a system of payment which makes their acquisition an easy matter and the payment for them a routine process which has developed into a habit. the small monthly disbursements become so automatic that they are now no longer felt.*

***the last three years** in the history of the **house of corot** have been years of making known its ideas in this country and of consolidating its position as the largest and most popular high class model house to adopt this system of payment.*

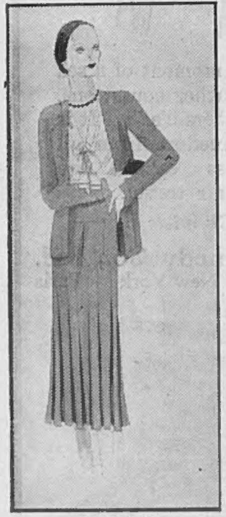
***its supremacy** has remained unchallenged during this period and its position as the leading bond street dress house is now secure.*

the time has come** for new developments. the first of them is about to take place and **the next corot advertisements will contain the news of the first of these great corot developments throughout the world.

***in the meantime the house of corot** would assure its tens of thousands of customers that their interests will be as scrupulously guarded as they always have been, and that the personal attention given to each of them will be continued with the same painstaking determination to please.*

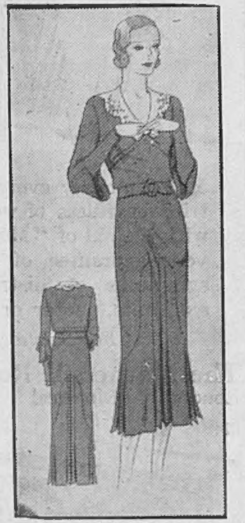
***in fact**, more so. for it will be seen that as each new development occurs, it will place **corot** in a more and more sound position to give service and satisfaction.*

***will those** who are already customers and those who expect to become customers in the near future, kindly write immediately for the beautiful **corot** catalogue of this season's new designs, in order that they may be kept personally informed of these new developments immediately they take place.*



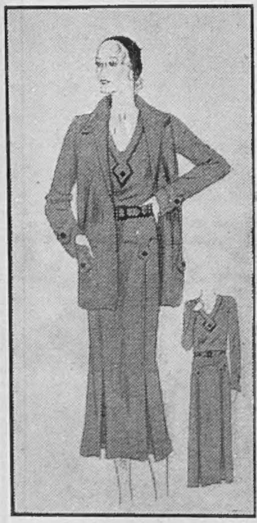
"alberta"

three-piece suit in wool crepe has an uncommon pleated skirt with hip yoke and cardigan coat, worn over a sleeveless tuck-in blouse of suede georgette, the collar of which is trimmed with faggoting. red, green, blue, brown, or navy, with white or beige blouse. cash 3½ gns. **10/6** monthly



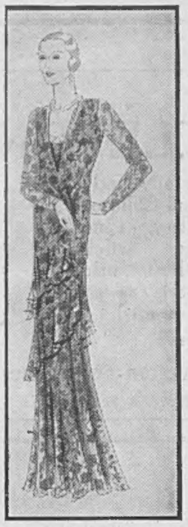
"pipsi"

sheer wool crepe has been chosen for this delightful afternoon gown for present wear. its cut is perfect, and the detail on the embroidered georgette collar, wing sleeves, and panel of pleats raise it above the ordinary. the simulated bolero is a most becoming line. in a deep red, and in one or two other shades. cash 4 gns. **12/-** monthly



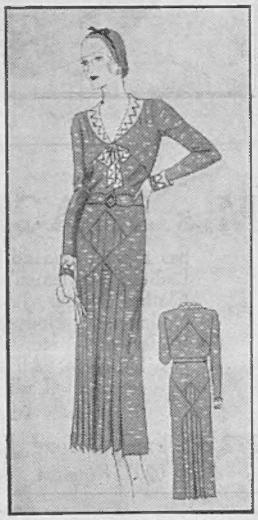
"herodia"

a tweed two-piece that comprises a smart frock and matching three-quarter jacket. is in a new shade of blue flecked wool tweed, with trimming of plain blue at the neck. the use of flat pleats in the skirt and an inverted pleat at the back of the coat are notably smart. in a light weight, this is admirably suited for spring wear. also in one or two other shades. cash 5 gns. **15/-** monthly



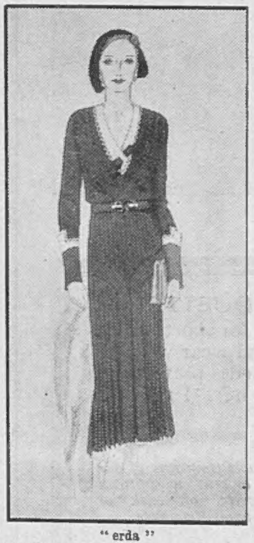
"erica"

the ever-smart two-piece for dinner and evening wear is made of fine black silk lace, and sponsors the broken skirt line with shaped flounces. the coat with its slimfitting sleeves is in the new rounded style. slip of crepe-de-chine. in beige also. cash 6½gns. **19/6** monthly



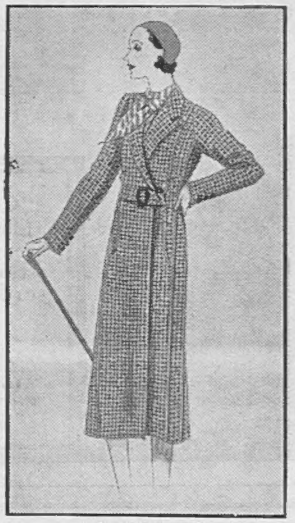
"priska"

a delightful spring frock in a light-weight flecked woollen weave, uses the new grouped pleating and tiny pin-tucks as its trimming. the trim collar and cuffs in crepe-de-chine are braid trimmed to tone. in a new red and one or two other exclusive shades. cash 3 gns. **9/-** monthly



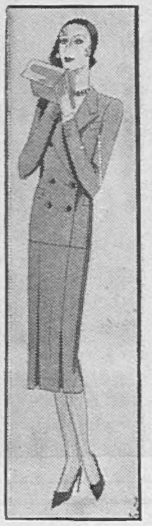
"erda"

for the formal afternoon gown for spring, we choose this model in fine sheer wool marquisette. beautifully cut, it shows the perfect line, achieved with the use of pin tucks and flat pleats on the skirt. a dainty touch of relief is shown in the flat collar and cuffs of white georgette, edged with faggoting. the tiny bow at the neck is also delightful. cash 7 gns. **21/-** monthly



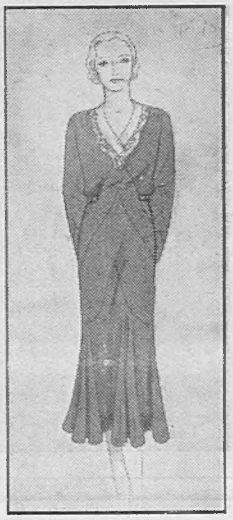
"montgomery"

the swagger lines of this tweed coat stamp it as being exceptionally good for the days of early spring. it shows the sporting line of the wider rever collar, and uses a belt that slots through effective side strappings. lined throughout in crepe-de-chine. it can be chosen in several patterns of tweed in brown tones cash 4½ gns. **13/6** monthly



'clifford"

a trim double-breasted costume in either navy or black serge is cut on slim neat lines. skirt with two inverted pleats at front. neat slit pockets in the coat. coat lined with crepe-de-chine. cash 5 gns. **15/-** monthly



"eloise"

spring-like in a new shade of almond green, this little afternoon frock is made of a heavy quality suede crepe. the higher waistline, defined by the two narrow half-belts, finished with dainty mother-of-pearl buckles, and uses self-strappings to give the upward line of the bodice. the skirt is fully flared all round. the flat plastron collar is in beige georgette. also in other shades. cash 3½ gns. **10/6** monthly

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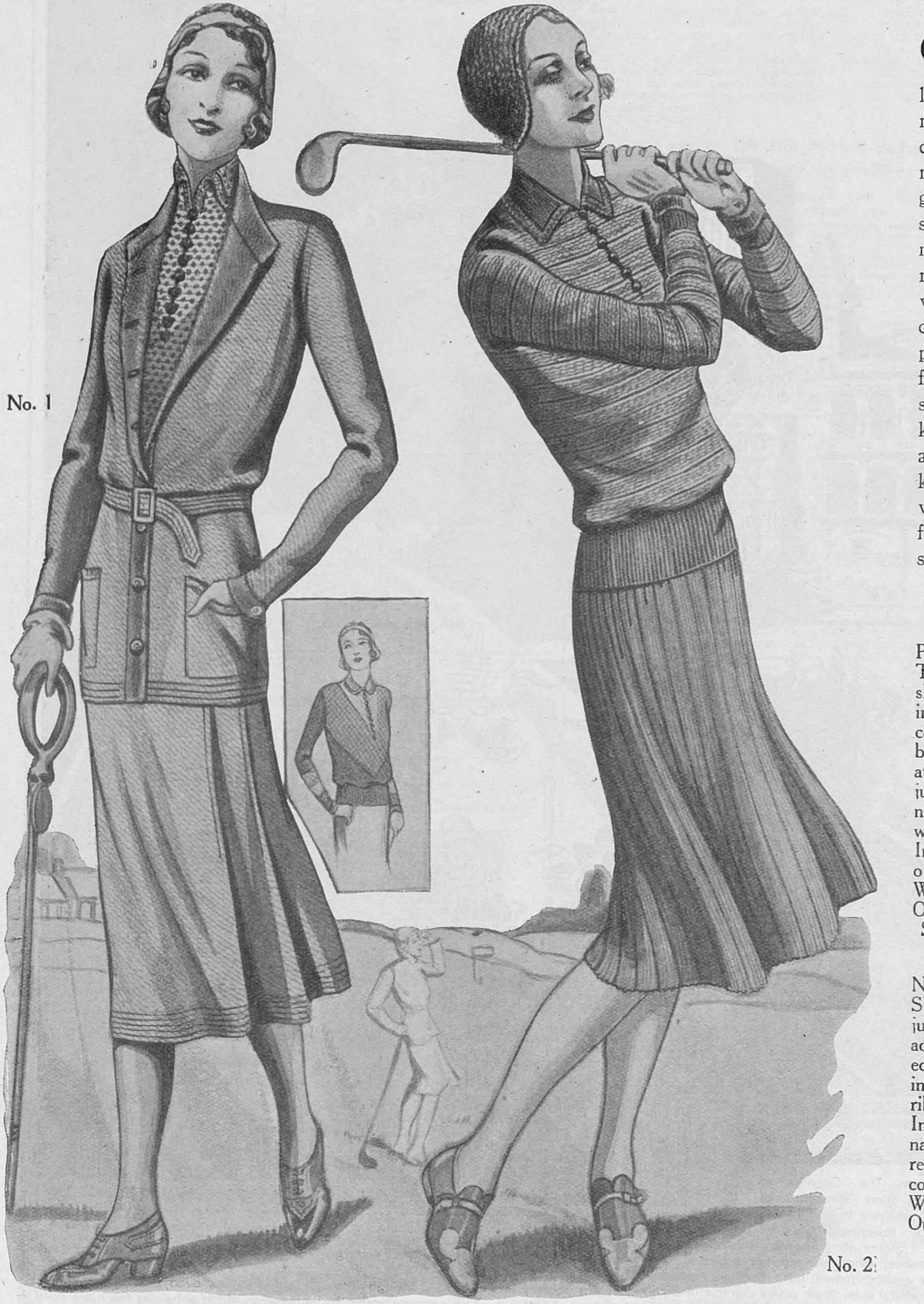

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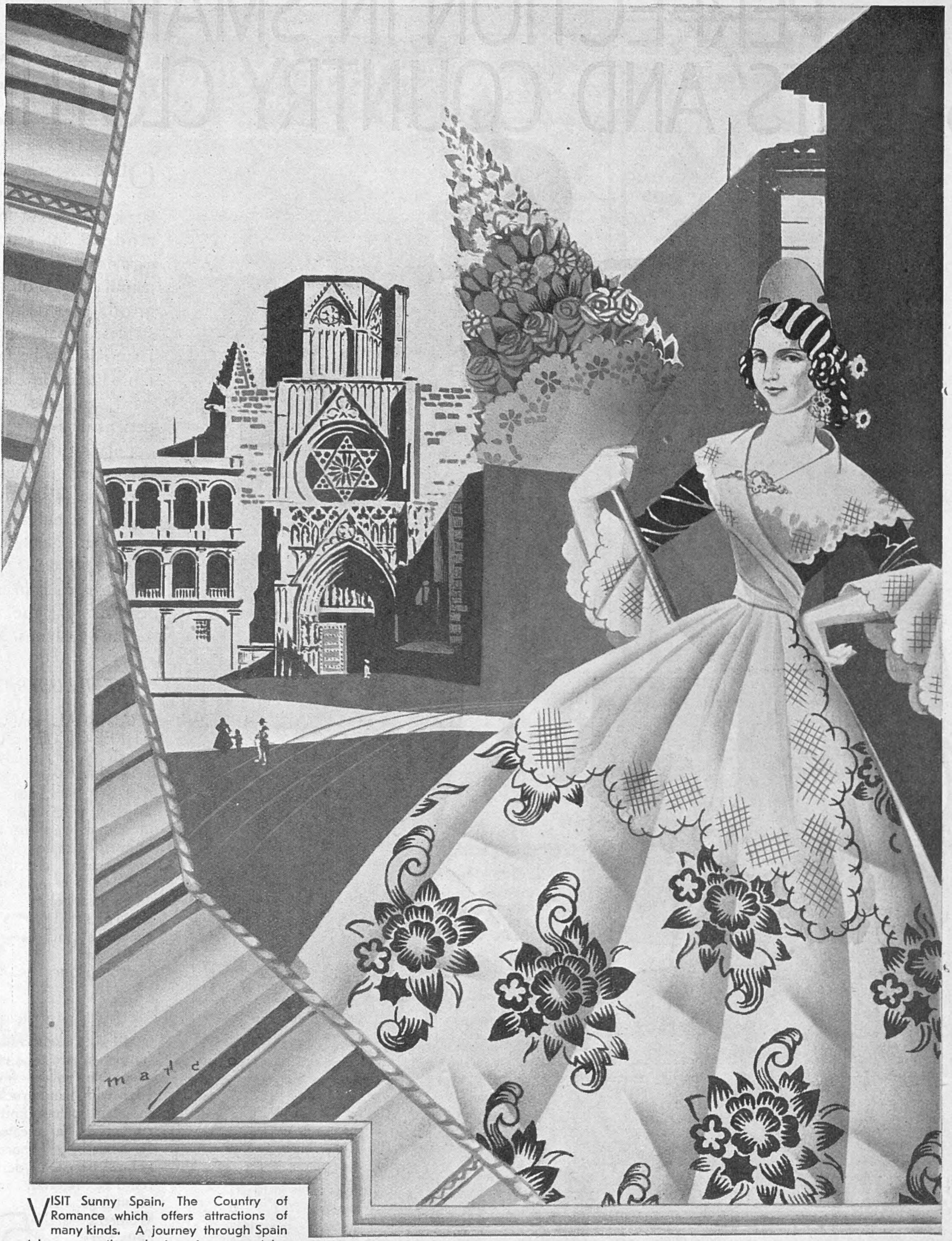

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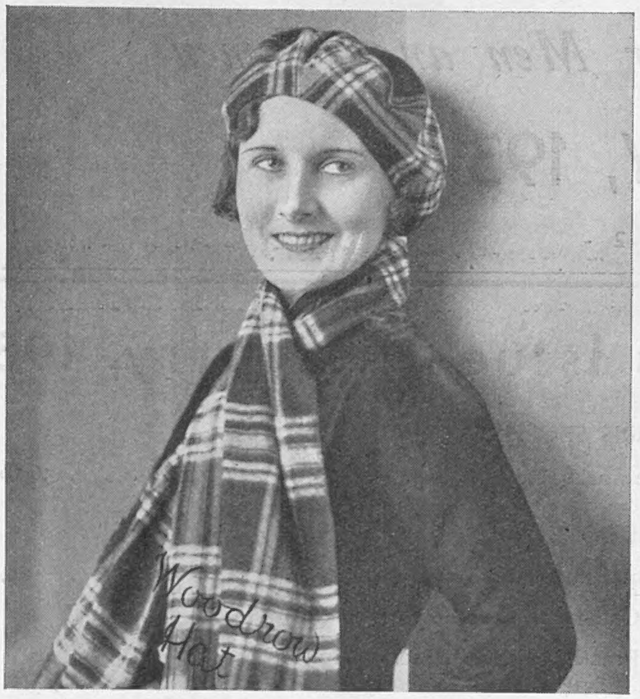

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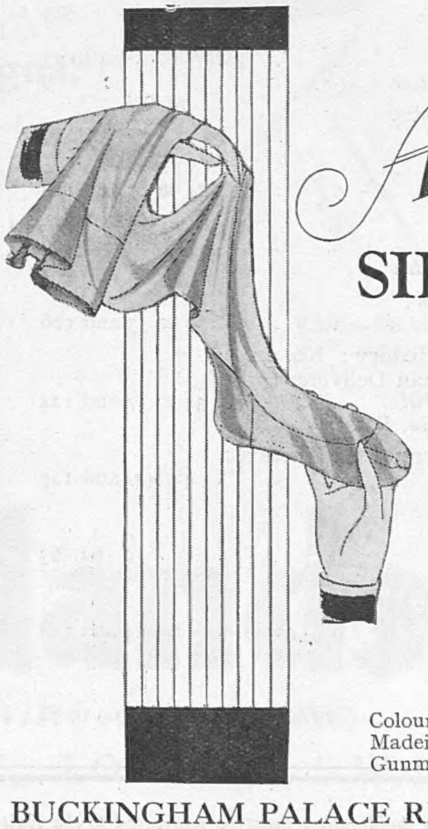

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BRITANNIA and EVE

A Monthly Journal for Men and Women

FEBRUARY, 1931

Vol. III.—No. 2

Complete Contents of this Issue—February, 1931

Cover Design by Lewis Baumer

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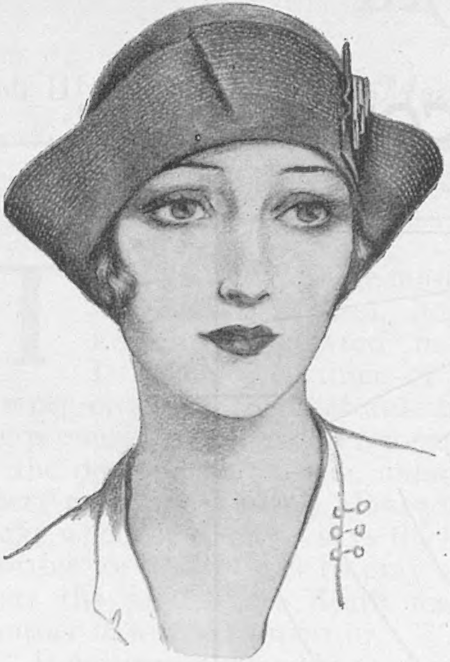
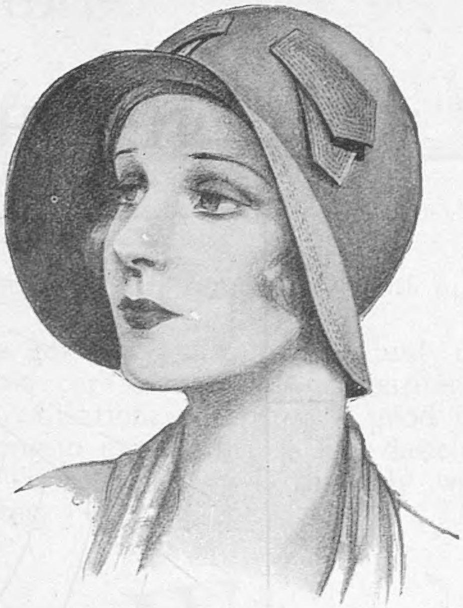
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Inveresh House, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 128. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

Exclusive Hats for Early Spring



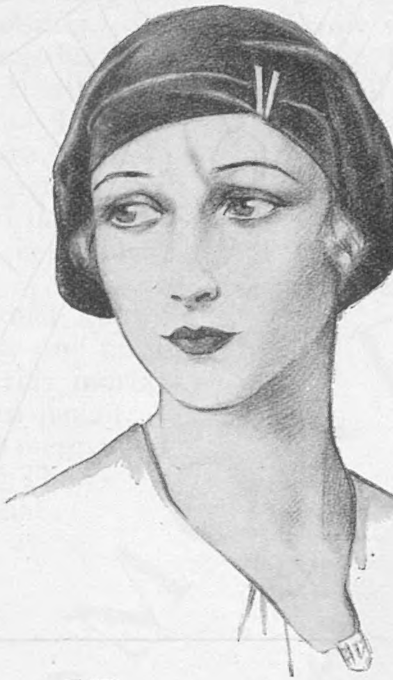
E.663.—VERY CHARMING FELT THREE - CORNERED HAT, with stitched brim. In black, red, dark brown, navy blue, or any colour can be made in two days.

Price **2½ gns.**



V.668.—FELT HAT with fairly large brim tucked up slightly across front. The edge of the brim is stitched with self colouring. We can supply in 7, 7⅛, and 7¼ fittings only, and in all colours.

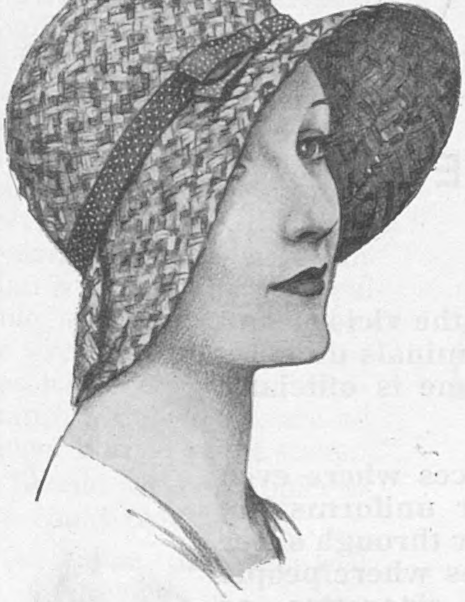
Price **29/6**



E.660.

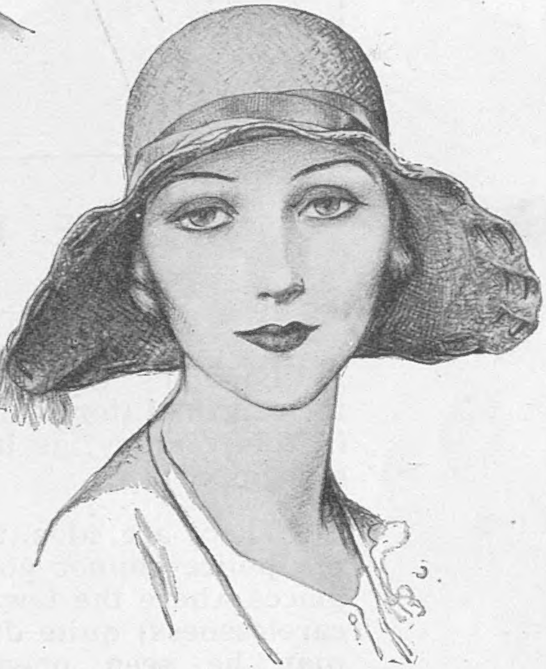
VERY CHARMING TOQUE. Copy of French model in lovely quality black velvet. Colours in stock, nigger and navy blue. Can be made in any colour in two days.

Price **3 gns.**



V.665.—SHADED HAT in speckled straw, trimmed ribbon to tone. In several fittings and in red/beige, beige/brown, and green/beige colourings.

Price **29/6**



V.658.—SHADY HAT in coarse straw, with slightly waved edge of brim, trimmed petersham to tone. In natural and several good colours.

Price **45/9**

Woollands

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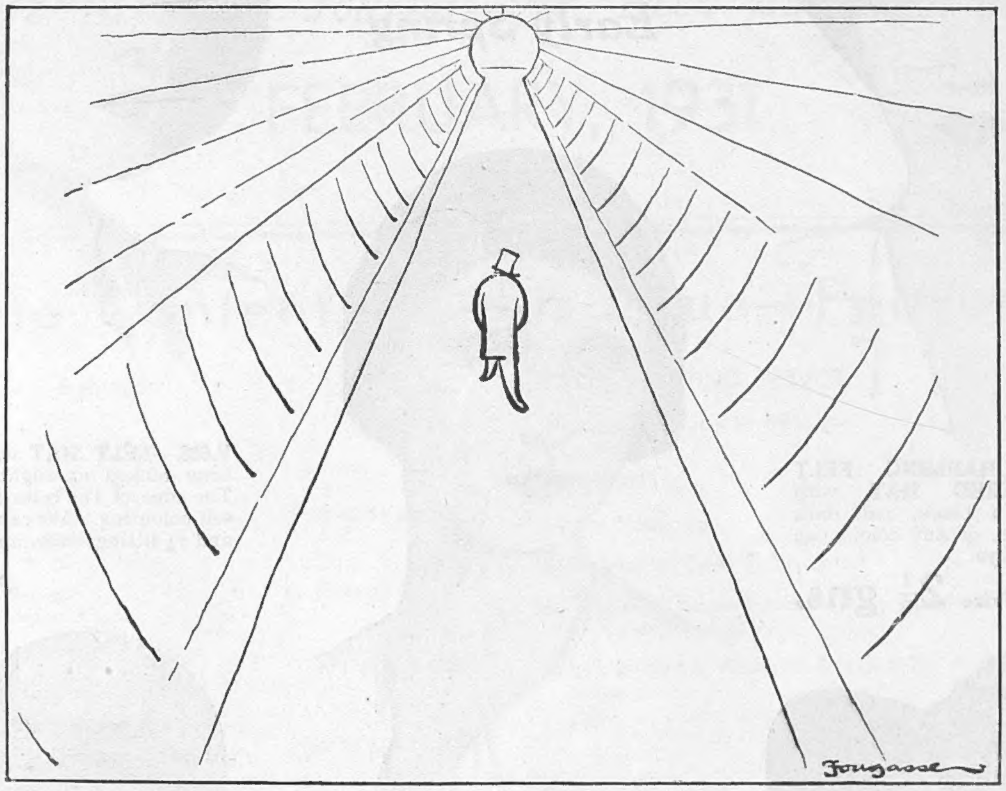
LONDON—WHERE ABDULLAS COME FROM



THE LONDON GUIDE

THE UNDERWORLD

London's Underworld: sinister haunt of the vicious and the criminal (for it must be admitted that criminals do exist in this country, as in all countries where crime is officially recognised).

There are, alas, right here in London, places where even the police cannot go unless they've got their uniforms on, places where the law is (possibly by accident or through sheer carelessness) quite distressingly broken, places where people may be seen openly selling each other cigarettes or chocolates (whichever is, at the moment, illegal) after eight o'clock, places where alcohol is consumed, or put on the hair, during prohibited hours, places where . . . . well, you know what I mean, although, thank Heaven, I don't myself . . . . and no visitor should leave the Metropolis without paying a visit to as many of them as possible.

The above picture is put in owing to a confusion between the words "Underworld" and "Underground," but, anyway, that is also a feature of London—London, where, I needn't remind you, ABDULLA CIGARETTES come from. FOUGASSE

VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

BRITANNIA & EVE

Vol. III., No. 2 — *A Monthly Journal for Men and Women* — FEBRUARY, 1931

Editorial

TO-MORROW is the most fatal, fascinating, futile, hopeful, hopeless, degrading, inspiring word in the language. It means everything or nothing. It is the peg on which the dilettante hangs his faltering promises of action and reform. It is the prop of the despondent and the unlucky. It is Age's query-mark and Youth's Abracadabra. "Let us make whoopee to-day," says the sinner, "for to-morrow we die." "Let us pray and fast," stammers the saint, "for death may come before another dawn." To-morrow . . . . .

"It never comes," sighs the pessimist, knowing full well that if Life were all To-day and no To-morrow, all Day and no Night, this mortal coil would be worse than a strait-jacket. Let him be thankful for the gracious mercy of Darkness and the balm of Sleep. The cynic was not far wrong who said that Earth's dearest possession was a comfortable bed.

The Seer and the Diviner are still doing good business. The Crystal Bowl in the prophet's parlour still swims with visions of the dark stranger, the long voyage, the serious illness, the offer of marriage, the sudden fortune. Man is as credulous, as gullible, as superstitious now as he ever was, though magic has lost some of its showmanship and witches are no longer burned at the stake.

Should we be happier if we could read :—

> "The Future, that bright land which swims
> In Western glory, isles and streams and bays,
> Where hidden pleasures float in golden haze"?

Apart from the satisfaction of knowing what was going to win the two-thirty twenty-four hours in advance, the knowledge of what to-morrow held in store might prove a two-edged sword too sharp to hold. To wake up day by day and "hope for the best" is superb philosophy. To "know the worst" is as fatal as that curiosity which killed the cat, a creature, be it remembered, of nine lives.

No. Let us get busy with to-day and to-morrow will take care of itself. Anticipation is sweeter than realisation. Suspense is good for the soul. Living in uncertainty is like dancing in the dark. To keep hoping is the only way to keep hopping. On with the dance . . .

The Moon at Carthage

THE queer figure in the niche in the ancient tower had been old, very old, when that ancient tower was built.

With pain and suffering, with toilsome effort, this image had been dragged up from the abysses of time as a deep sea monster is drawn from the secret depths of the ocean.

As in the rare monstrous fish, so in this strange grey statue there was something loathsome, almost obscene, as if, in each case, there was something better not meddled with, reluctant to face the light, antagonistic, too old, too grotesque, too mysterious.

The man who found this basalt figure, deep, deep in the earth of Africa, Claude de Pomenars, the famous explorer, had called it "The Moon at Carthage"; to the casual eye the figure had no meaning. Draped, veiled, masked, almost it seemed there was nothing tangible about the sexless shape save the blunted horned moon set above the flat swathed head.

Goddess, devil, beast, or woman, the thing was as famous as the man who discovered it; during his life it had been exhibited all over the world, then rested awhile in the Musée du Louvre. After his death it came into the possession of his friend, Madame du Vernis, and she placed it in the tower which served as her private apartments in the Château du Vernis.

Madame du Vernis had a very fine taste in everything; she was a woman a little apart from the life and movement of her day; she did nothing, had never done anything, never would do anything, yet she gave the impression of an intense and active personality, grave, almost austere, but radiant with ardent life. A childless woman, she was neither humiliated nor thwarted by this fact, wife of a man, dry, cold, twenty years older than herself, she was untouched by either scandal or bitterness.

Beautiful, she never used her beauty as an asset. Wealthy, she ignored her riches.

There was something in her still loveliness, her serene silence, her impassive yet ardent life, akin to the statue that Claude de Pomenars left her when he died.

He had been killed in the war, at Soissons. Madame du Vernis's château was then a hospital, and the great explorer had requested that if wounded he might be sent there, but he died within a few hours of his wound and the statue came alone to Madeleine du Vernis.

She spent most of her leisure time in the tower chamber that was like a room in a fairy tale, with the mediæval arras, low wide chairs and lancet shaped windows looking on to the park, and the few steps that led to the other little turret room where Madeleine du Vernis had her books, her desk, and her work, her spinning-wheel and lace pillow.

This clear day of autumn the mistress of the tower was away in the deer park with young de Merinville, the last of her patients, who lingered on at the château, still wan, still crippled, still shuddering from contact with the world of strong common things.

His father and his step-mother were guests at the château for a few days, and this afternoon there were others in the quiet house, members of a Committee for the Care of the Wounded, who were organising a large exhibition in Paris for which men like the Marquis de Vernis were lending their treasures.

His wife had entertained them all very graciously at lunch, she would entertain them again very graciously at tea, but she did not care to go with them over the château, nor exhibit to them the queer grey statue that, of course, they must be shown.

"The Moon at Carthage" it was called . . . a strange grey statue, with a blunted, horned moon set above the flat, swathed head . . . mysterious, grotesque, with the knowledge of ages in its shapeless form—hiding now the dangerous secret of two women . . .

THE western sun was tinging the mellow-coloured room with gold when the gentlemen, conducted by M. du Vernis, stood in front of that queer, swathed, mysterious figure which stood in an alcove especially made by the window and directly under an elaborate iron lantern, hanging from a bracket.

The Marquis, a spare, quiet man, indicated the figure.

"This is the de Pomenars statue," he said.

"Venus?" asked General de Merinville.

"De Pomenars called it 'The Moon at Carthage!'" replied the host, smiling.

"Meaning?"

"Ah, General—the meaning—of a man of genius?"

"You think de Pomenars a genius?" asked one of the Committee.

"Undoubtedly," said du Vernis drily.

"He had that reputation," remarked another, "but whether a great explorer can be called a genius—"

"Ah, Count," interrupted du Vernis, "a romantic career, an attractive personality, a heroic death—to achieve these, is it not genius?"

A suave sentence from a third member of the deputation covered the sub-acid in the Marquis's speech.

"The statue at least is wonderful—horrible, perhaps. Venus or who? 'The Moon at Carthage'—well, she saw the moon at Carthage—perhaps that was de Pomenars's meaning? Or simply—the unattainable. The thing one will never see."

"Perhaps," replied M. du Vernis, "it is the most important of his African discoveries, he thought her marvellous."

There was a murmur of approval, of acknowledgment, the spokesman of the deputation said gratefully:

"It will be the most valued addition to the Exhibition, Marquis—with this and the pictures you have been too generous—our only apology is our cause—"

"Vicomte, if you care to ask for everything in the château I shall be honoured—and de Pomenars—he gave *all* for France, he would be pleased to give this—"

As he finished speaking Madame du Vernis entered; she had hoped that her chamber would be free of the intruders, on learning that they were still there a vague sense of irritation had brought her to her domain.

All the gentlemen turned to face her as she stood, in her plain grey dress and black fur, pale and dark against the blurred tints of the tapestry, with a cluster of vivid autumn berries and leaves in her gloved right hand.

Her husband spoke at once.

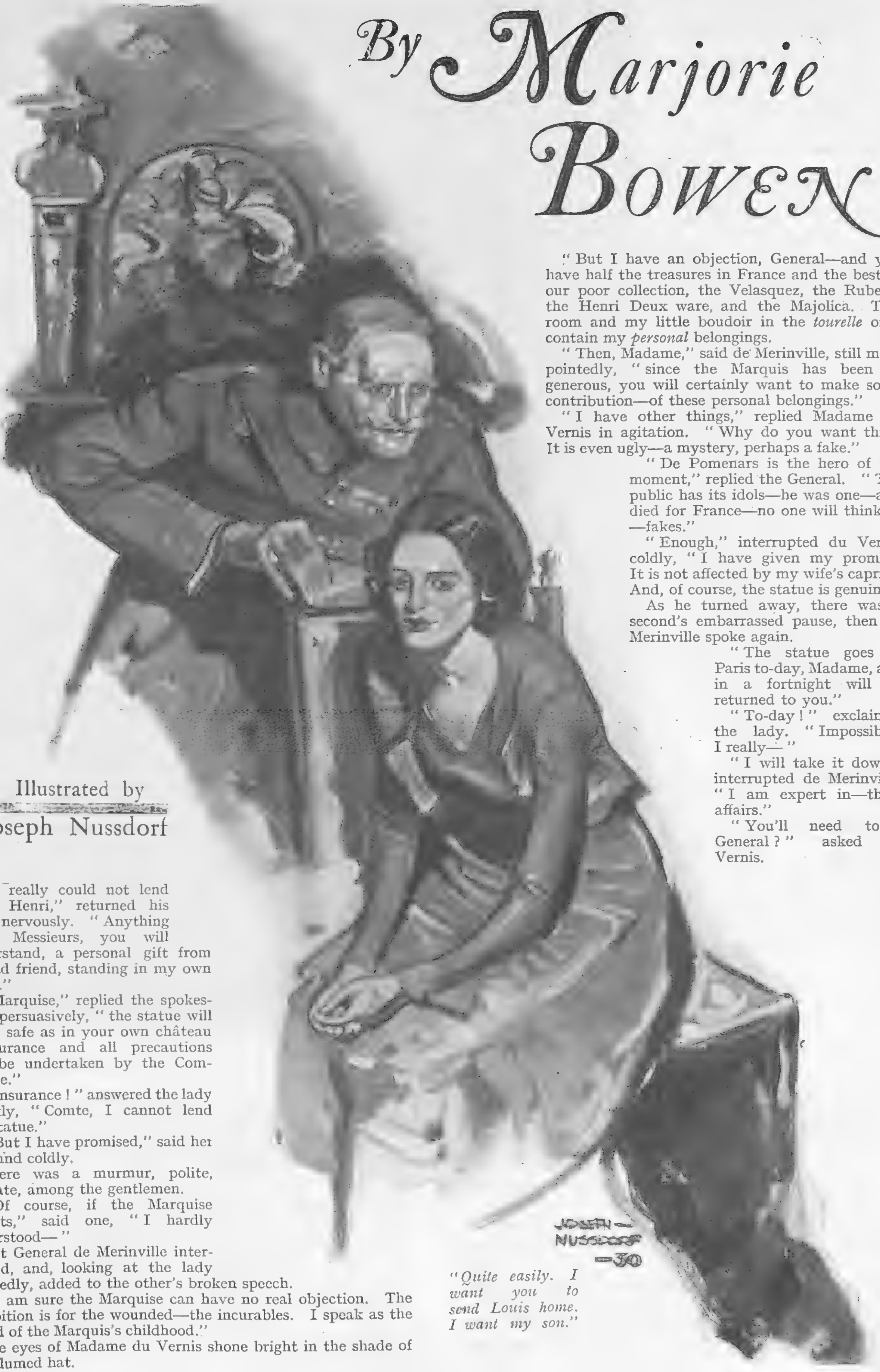
"The Committee have selected de Pomenars's statue, Madeleine. I think de Pomenars would be pleased. I have just said so."

"But this is impossible," said Madame du Vernis quickly.

"Madeleine?"

By Marjorie Bowen

Illustrated by
Joseph Nussdorf



"Quite easily. I want you to send Louis home. I want my son."

" I really could not lend that, Henri," returned his wife nervously. " Anything else. Messieurs, you will understand, a personal gift from a dead friend, standing in my own room."

" Marquise," replied the spokesman persuasively, " the statue will be as safe as in your own château —insurance and all precautions will be undertaken by the Committee."

" Insurance ! " answered the lady quickly, " Comte, I cannot lend the statue."

" But I have promised," said her husband coldly.

There was a murmur, polite, delicate, among the gentlemen.

" Of course, if the Marquise objects," said one, " I hardly understood— "

But General de Merinville interrupted, and, looking at the lady pointedly, added to the other's broken speech.

" I am sure the Marquise can have no real objection. The exhibition is for the wounded—the incurables. I speak as the friend of the Marquis's childhood."

The eyes of Madame du Vernis shone bright in the shade of her plumed hat.

" But I have an objection, General—and you have half the treasures in France and the best of our poor collection, the Velasquez, the Rubens, the Henri Deux ware, and the Majolica. This room and my little boudoir in the *tourelle* only contain my *personal* belongings.

" Then, Madame," said de Merinville, still more pointedly, " since the Marquis has been so generous, you will certainly want to make some contribution—of these personal belongings."

" I have other things," replied Madame du Vernis in agitation. " Why do you want this ? It is even ugly—a mystery, perhaps a fake."

" De Pomenars is the hero of the moment," replied the General. " The public has its idols—he was one—and died for France—no one will think of —fakes."

" Enough," interrupted du Vernis coldly, " I have given my promise. It is not affected by my wife's caprice. And, of course, the statue is genuine."

As he turned away, there was a second's embarrassed pause, then de Merinville spoke again.

" The statue goes to Paris to-day, Madame, and in a fortnight will be returned to you."

" To-day ! " exclaimed the lady. " Impossible ! I really— "

" I will take it down," interrupted de Merinville, " I am expert in—these affairs."

" You'll need tools, General ? " asked du Vernis.

" No."

In a moment the tall soldier had lifted the queer grey statue from the alcove and carefully handed it to his colleagues.

" I will have it packed for you," said du Vernis.

" No, Marquis ! We have our own men in the car—Madame can be assured of the greatest care— "

Rather glad to escape from the sombre eyes of the lady the two gentlemen carried away the statue.

To the others du Vernis spoke, ignoring his wife.

" Would you like to see the enamels ? "

" Forgive me," replied the General, " I will arrange the empty niche so as to be less offensive to the Marquise."

Du Vernis and the other gentlemen left, the Marquis saying in a tone of cutting reproof, as he passed his wife :

" You are ungracious, Madeleine."

But the lady did not move, her white gloved fingers were pulling at the clusters of ripe berries she held, leaving on the soft leather a faint red stain.

As the door closed de Merinville instantly turned to her holding out a packet of letters.

" You are very clever, General," she said faintly.

" Merely observant."

She looked at the packet, thick and tightly tied, that he held slackly.

" I too am observant," she said. " I knew you hated me."

" No."

" Knew you were my enemy."

" No."

" What but hatred could have made you guess that those letters were hidden in that alcove, beneath the statue ? "

" I was interested to find out why you adored that statue, why you were here so frequently —why you kept this tower sacred, as an oratory, even when you had your hospital open and full— "

" You spied on me."

" You were not very discreet."

" An indifferent husband has made me careless, perhaps," said the lady bitterly. " With Henri one hardly troubles to be discreet."

" I was not indifferent," replied the tall old soldier sternly. " I was very eager to—confirm my suspicions. I arranged for the Committee to be brought here, to covet the statue, to take it away at once."

" So much is obvious. Please tell me why ? We have not too long. Your wife may be coming here soon."

" My wife," repeated de Merinville, " I am taking her away to-morrow."

" From contamination, General ? "

" Marquise ! "

" But you meant it. Please be quick—will you give me those letters or tell me their price ? "

" Quite easily. I want you to send Louis home. I want my son."

" Louis ! The boy ! " cried Madeleine du Vernis in amazement.

" A man," the stern father reminded her, " a soldier, and a de Merinville."

" I do not understand," she replied swiftly. " He is so happy here."

" Too happy."

Her serenity was troubled now ; she took a full step forward.

" Why, you do not think that I—why, one must smile— "

" He adores you," interrupted the severe masculine voice, breaking in on her broken feminine accents, " You know that, of course."

" Only as a boy adores a woman nearly old enough to be his mother—and I, ah, General, I never had a son."

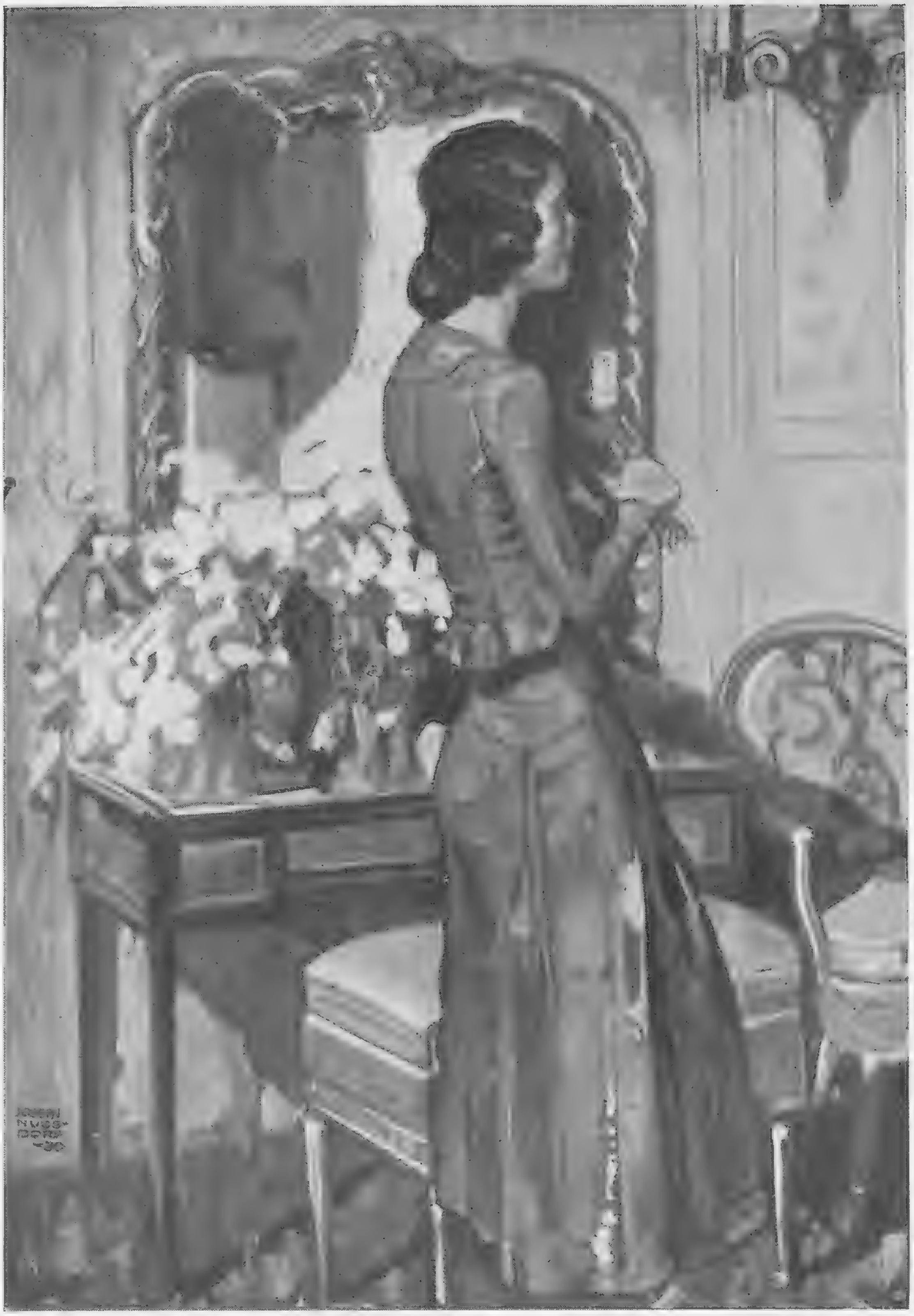
Not by a flicker of pity did he spare her.

" While your hospital was open it was natural he should be here—now it is closed and your wounded have gone, it is natural that he should come home."

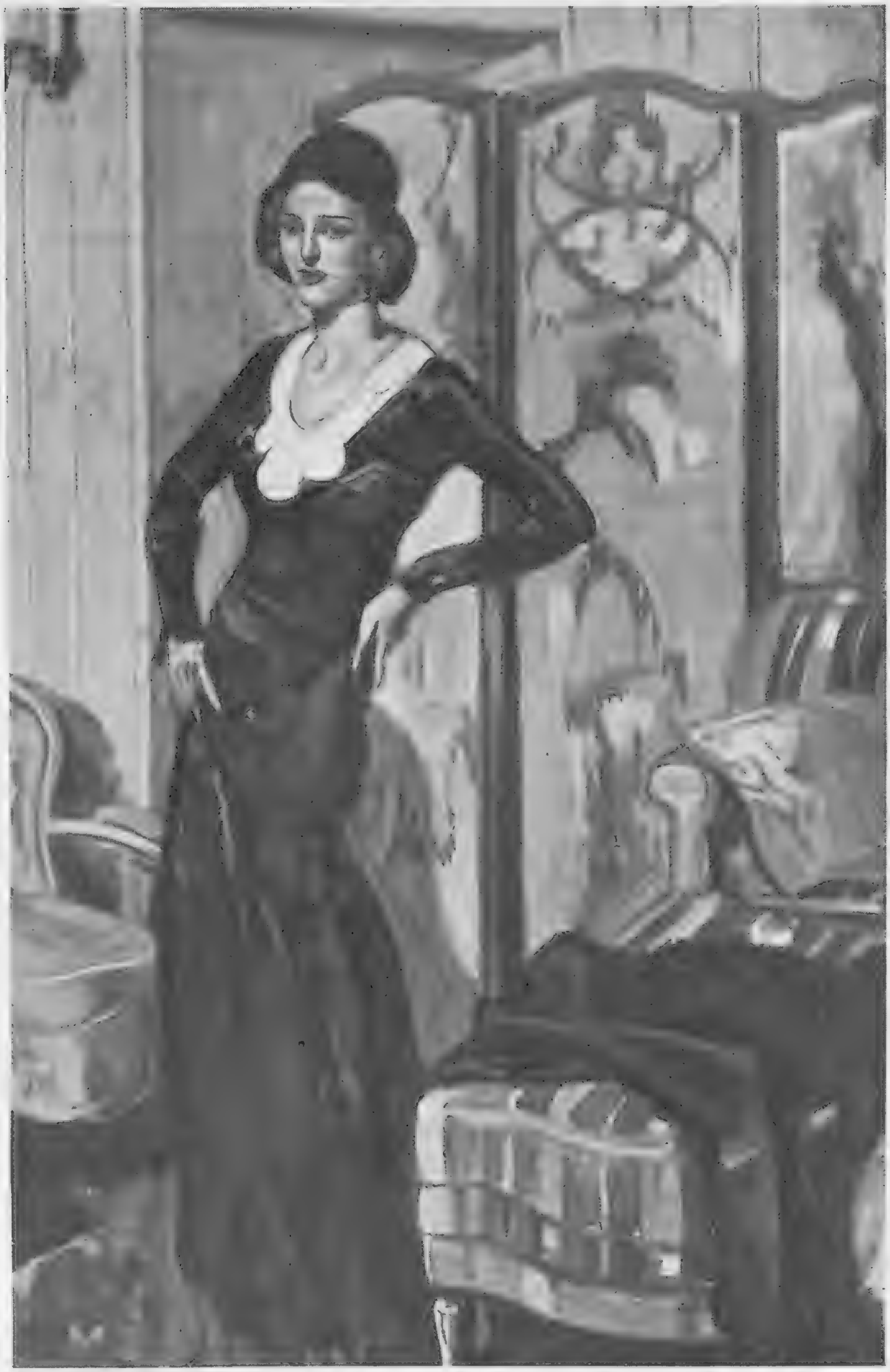
She still spoke eagerly.

" He is still only convalescent. His was the worst case we had. He loves this place. Why should he not stay until he rejoins his regiment ? "

" Why should he not come home ? "



" What is it you want to show me ?" she



lisped ingenuously. " These letters ?"

She caught her breath a little and looked in fixed agitation at her tightly grasped cluster of crushed berries.

" General, you have a young wife, as young as Louis—the boy feels *de trop*."

" It is because of my wife that I want him home. I am old-fashioned, Marquise, I believe in the influence of a good woman—on a youth—like Louis."

She did not look up nor ease the anxious pucker of her brows.

" A woman like—Madame de Merinville ? "

" A woman innocent, good, sweet, like my wife."

The lady did lift her eyes now for just a flicker of a glance.

" Not the woman who was—the lover of de Pomenars ? " she asked with her serene swift softness.

He answered swiftly also—not softly, he had long had his weapons sharp and ready.

" If he were your son, Marquise, would you not think as I think ? "

" Yes, I should want to keep him from—false women, women who played with love, married women with affairs—— "

He challenged her pause.

" Well, Marquise ? "

" I am not one of those women."

" You are not what Louis thinks you."

" What does he think me ? "

" A saint—an angel—— "

" Well, that does not hurt him— " sudden passion strained her voice, " and it means a great deal to me. You have been frank, General de Merinville—I will be franker. In my life of failure, of repression, sad negation, and secret bitterness, the affection of your son has been the one sweet and pleasant thing. He has a nature like one of our ancient paladins, and I—have not betrayed that nature. That high and remote affection that he cherishes for me will keep him safe until he really—loves."

She moved slowly to the lancet window, let her safe gaze rest for a moment on the empty niche, then turned it across the sunny deer park, that prospect so sweetly still in the ruddy glow of evening.

" At least you will have him in thrall, Marquise, he has no thought beyond you."

She answered without turning her head.

" No thought of another woman—but his whole heart belongs to France."

He retorted quickly and even more drily.

" After what I have said it is impossible that you should permit him to remain here, Marquise."

" And why ? " she asked serenely. " You think I ought to feel insulted. I am a strange creature, I suppose, General—but I am still willing to keep Louis—for his own sake."

" The inordinate feminine vanity ! " he cried in deep vexation.

" Perhaps," she said, " one likes to use one's power."

" You will use yours to keep Louis here ? "

" If I thought it for his good—Louis is very dear to me."

The father was moved now, flushed of face and rough of voice.

" Then if you use your weapons— "

Her gentle tones checked him.

" You use—the letters ? That is ugly."

" The whole situation is ugly."

SHE moved now and faced him with a look of melting sweetness.

" Ah, General, you were my father's friend—you remember me when I was younger than Louis is now. I was like he is now—I had my dreams ! The Moon at Carthage, General, the light that never will be relit, the city that will never be rebuilt, the romance that will never glow any more. I lost it all, all. Let Louis keep it, leave him with me and I will see that he keeps it."

" I hardly understand," he replied sternly.

With the same impulsive warmth she answered :

" I am very unhappy."

" You have the memory of—de Pomenars—doubtless a golden one."

" Yes—I have the memory of—de Pomenars," she agreed.

" Ah, well, then, Marquise, why, after the love of a man like that, do you need the devotion of a boy like Louis ? "

" Because he is a boy. Tell me—was it not your wife who inspired you to—this attempt to rescue Louis ? "

" Naturally," he admitted, " she is hurt, Amelie—at his prolonged absence—she is but a child herself, sensitive, generous, impulsive—— "

" Enough ! Enough ! "

(*Continued on page* 112)

Lady Drummond Hay says— “I'd rather

“CURSE it! I'm a feminine. Sex is my bar.”

Bitter was the tone of a famous woman, railing against the Fate that had imprisoned her fretting soul in woman's form. She claims that inexorable Life and obstinate Man prevent women from achieving the unhampered development of their ambitions and capabilities.

A man joined in the conversation and said she was right. I asked the women of the party if, by choice, they would be reborn as men or women. They all said as men. The men unanimously approved their vote.

“I wouldn't be a woman for anything on earth,” declared a man who sincerely venerates womanhood in the old-fashioned way. “They don't get a chance.”

“As women?” I fenced.

“No, as men,” he replied, à propos of the avowed ambitions of the unhappy lady, barred from full masculine privileges in the field of her chosen activities.

“Well, I'd rather be a woman.” My unexpected decision found no supporters. Perhaps from hesitation at the thought-flash that woman's ascendancy is inevitably typified by the better-known vamps of colourful history. I quite understood. The fight is still on, and not yet won, to separate the idea of sex from femininity without making ourselves hypocritically ridiculous.

I agree that the lot of the average man appears enviable in comparison with that of the average woman, allegedly denied the education, start-off in life, freedom and possibilities ahead of her brother.

But how many men rise above the average? More women rise above the average in their individual stations of life. Many do it by virtue of that inherited power and influence which found expression in the spectacular careers of immortal heroines of real romance, adventure and sacrifice; others by personal effort, tenacity and cool repudiation of the existence of a traditionally accepted sex-inferiority-complex.

NINETY-NINE women out of a hundred say they would rather be men than women. Handicapped by this inferiority-complex, incubated in the nursery, they imagine themselves deprived of a superiority of advantage, which is in reality but a shadow of their own birthright.

Generations of mothers have instilled the inferiority-complex into their daughters, who after spasmodic spells in the teens and twenties, of surprise, resentment and rebellion, proceed to repeat the tradition in their own families and nurseries. Putting aside America, where women, numerically in the minority, have been considered and courted as in no other country, girls all over the world rank second to their brothers. Everyone pities a man with daughters and no son. The tragedy of no heir, be it only to his father's watch and chain, is just as real in England as it is in China. Sex-equality, for all that is spoken and written about it, has not yet progressed to such a point that the birth of a daughter—“*Another* girl”—is welcomed like the birth of a son—“Son and heir, old chap.”

A Mother of Sons still means that much more which is fulfilment and glory than the Mother of Daughters. And the daughters know it. They generally accepted it, too, without bitterness, until a few years ago.

From nursery days, to those restless post-school days, the girl grows in the consciousness of “sex-war.” Acute in the impatient teens, when “freedom” is at stake, resentful in the twenties in the labour market, bitter in the “independent” thirties, the unsuccessful fight for masculine privileges with womens' weapons is apt to distort women's correct estimation of their own feminine privileges and power. Rare are the women who sail the seas of maturity trimmed with the poise of having found themselves, and holding with assurance and dignity, that which they discovered within. It is not the revulsion from an inferiority-complex to a superiority-complex, but conscious possession of the legitimate heritage of sovereignty.

SEX, as such, has ever only been a bar in cases where women attempt work or undertakings beyond their actual physical strength. It has never prejudiced their chances or their triumphs.

“Our best Kings were Queens,” Havelock Ellis, poet-philosopher, declared once.

That can be said of most countries at one point or another of their history. Sex was no bar to “Old Buddha,” the Dowager Empress of China, to Queen Victoria, the wise Begum of Bhopal, Boadicea, Isabella of Spain, Florence Nightingale. Femininity was the weapon of Cleopatra, the Queen of Sheba, Ayesha, wife of the Prophet Mohamed, Queen Elizabeth, and, in

CAPABILI-TIES
please may I come in ?

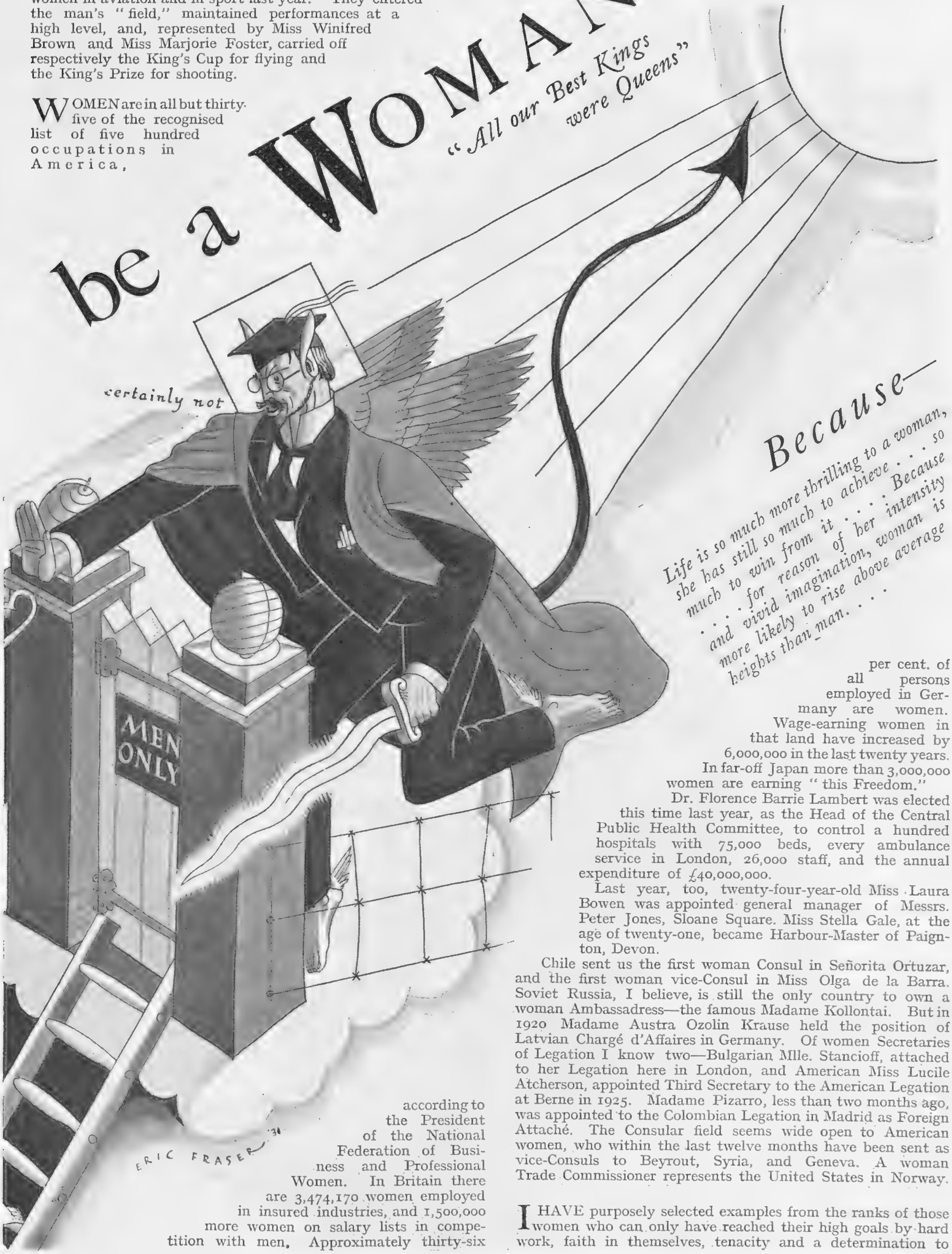
the last analysis, of all the powerful feminine personalities who down the ages have changed the history of their worlds and time.

Sex has been no bar to the spectacular achievements of women in aviation and in sport last year. They entered the man's "field," maintained performances at a high level, and, represented by Miss Winifred Brown and Miss Marjorie Foster, carried off respectively the King's Cup for flying and the King's Prize for shooting.

be a WOMAN"

"All our Best Kings were Queens"

Decorations by
ERIC FRASER



Because—

Life is so much more thrilling to a woman, she has still so much to achieve . . . so much to win from it . . . . Because . . . for reason of her intensity and vivid imagination, woman is more likely to rise above average heights than man. . . .

WOMEN are in all but thirty-five of the recognised list of five hundred occupations in America, according to the President of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women. In Britain there are 3,474,170 women employed in insured industries, and 1,500,000 more women on salary lists in competition with men. Approximately thirty-six per cent. of all persons employed in Germany are women. Wage-earning women in that land have increased by 6,000,000 in the last twenty years. In far-off Japan more than 3,000,000 women are earning "this Freedom."

Dr. Florence Barrie Lambert was elected this time last year, as the Head of the Central Public Health Committee, to control a hundred hospitals with 75,000 beds, every ambulance service in London, 26,000 staff, and the annual expenditure of £40,000,000.

Last year, too, twenty-four-year-old Miss Laura Bowen was appointed general manager of Messrs. Peter Jones, Sloane Square. Miss Stella Gale, at the age of twenty-one, became Harbour-Master of Paignton, Devon.

Chile sent us the first woman Consul in Señorita Ortuzar, and the first woman vice-Consul in Miss Olga de la Barra. Soviet Russia, I believe, is still the only country to own a woman Ambassadress—the famous Madame Kollontai. But in 1920 Madame Austra Ozolin Krause held the position of Latvian Chargé d'Affaires in Germany. Of women Secretaries of Legation I know two—Bulgarian Mlle. Stancioff, attached to her Legation here in London, and American Miss Lucile Atcherson, appointed Third Secretary to the American Legation at Berne in 1925. Madame Pizarro, less than two months ago, was appointed to the Colombian Legation in Madrid as Foreign Attaché. The Consular field seems wide open to American women, who within the last twelve months have been sent as vice-Consuls to Beyrout, Syria, and Geneva. A woman Trade Commissioner represents the United States in Norway.

I HAVE purposely selected examples from the ranks of those women who can only have reached their high goals by hard work, faith in themselves, tenacity and a determination to

A Woman

has to prove herself serious, work one-third as hard again as a man to hold down her job if it is competitive. Woman's success is bought with tears of blood, because she has so much to unlearn before she starts learning, so much to sacrifice, so much to overcome. Handicapped, she must stay her hand from her natural weapon, **Sex Appeal**

overcome traditional obstacles and prejudice. Theirs is not the lightning reward of some popular stunt or glamour of romantic meteoric success. There was every reason, according to the existing social regime, why sex *should* have been a bar to these various careers.

Still more difficult must it have been, one imagines, for Burmese Miss A. W. Hme Khin to become Judge in the Rangoon High Court, or twenty-one-year-old Japanese Miss Kiyo to gain official approval and her licence as taxi-driver in Tokyo. To Nahidi Hanoum belongs the distinction of being Turkey's first woman Member of Parliament. She represents the town of Konia. But Kemal Pasha himself forced the pace of feminine emancipation in Turkey. A sharp contrast indeed with Egypt, where women have had to fight for the degree of freedom which is theirs to-day. It argues a great deal for feminine courage and energy that Mlle. Zeinab Kamel was recently appointed as Professor in the Faculty of Science of Cairo University, thereby creating a precedent undreamed of a couple of years ago.

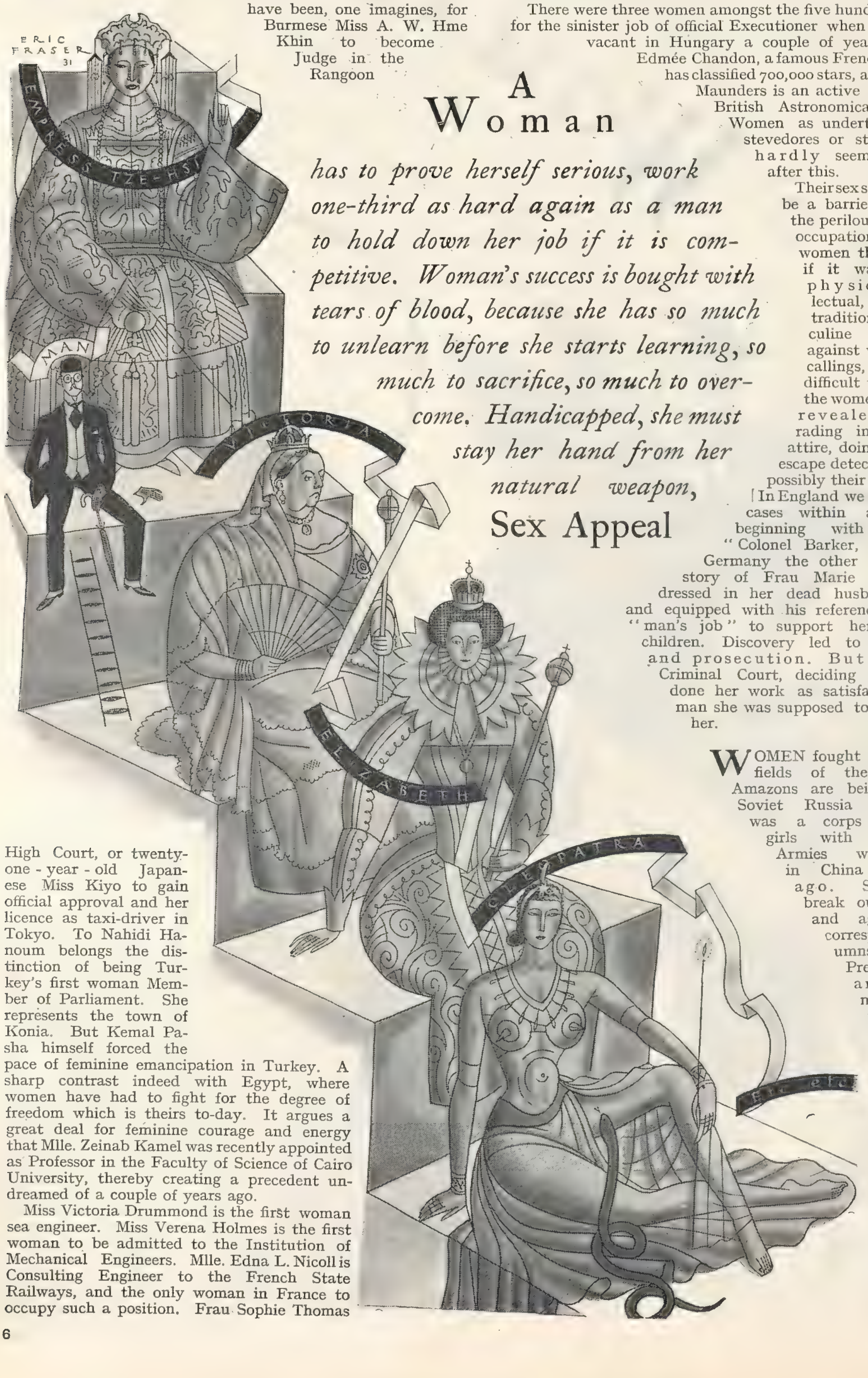
Miss Victoria Drummond is the first woman sea engineer. Miss Verena Holmes is the first woman to be admitted to the Institution of Mechanical Engineers. Mlle. Edna L. Nicoll is Consulting Engineer to the French State Railways, and the only woman in France to occupy such a position. Frau Sophie Thomas recently blazed the trail for women as airship helmsmen. Madame Zablovski, elected Mayor of Vionesti, is the pioneer woman Mayor in Roumania. Women detectives have long enough held their thrilling places in sensational crime fiction. Now eight appear in real life—the "Mystery Eight" of Scotland Yard's C.I.D.

There were three women amongst the five hundred applicants for the sinister job of official Executioner when that post was vacant in Hungary a couple of years ago. Mlle. Edmée Chandon, a famous French astronomer, has classified 700,000 stars, and Mrs. Walter Maunders is an active member of the British Astronomical Association. Women as undertakers, master stevedores or steeplejacks can hardly seem incongruous after this.

Their sex should certainly be a barrier to many of the perilous and exacting occupations followed by women these days. But if it was really sex, physical and intellectual, and not merely traditional or masculine prejudice against women in such callings, it would be difficult to explain how the women occasionally revealed as masquerading in masculine attire, doing men's work, escape detection for years, possibly their whole lifetime. In England we had three such cases within a few weeks, beginning with the famous "Colonel Barker, D.S.O." From Germany the other day came the story of Frau Marie Mueller, who, dressed in her dead husband's clothes, and equipped with his references, secured a "man's job" to support herself and her children. Discovery led to her dismissal and prosecution. But the Koelin Criminal Court, deciding that she had done her work as satisfactorily as the man she was supposed to be, acquitted her.

WOMEN fought on the battle fields of the Great War. Amazons are being trained in Soviet Russia now. There was a corps of Chinese girls with the Southern Armies when I was in China three years ago. Suggestions break out every now and again in the correspondence columns of the daily Press to mobilise and arm women in the next war, which reveals the tendency to disregard sex-disability when it comes to dying for one's country.

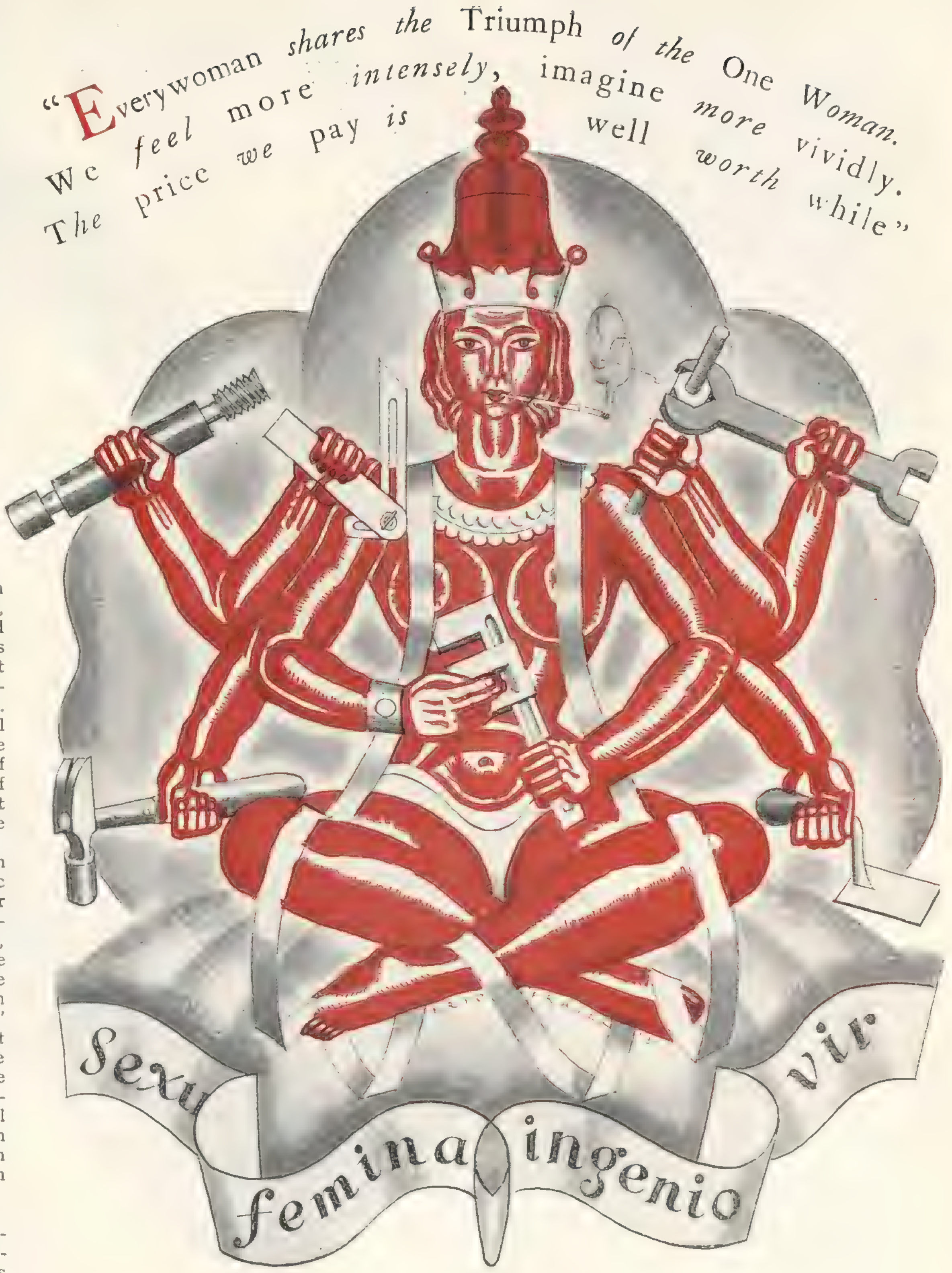
There is no getting away from the fact that a very keen sex-war exists. The men are not going to make it



easier for women to invade their wage-earning domains. Unemployment, economic depression and hard times add bitterness to competition. And where competition enters the workshops, chivalry flies out of the window. It is going to be a long pull and a strong pull on both sides, and the disadvantage certainly lies with the woman. Not entirely on account of her sex as such, but that aspect of sex which women themselves have allowed to accumulate as a bar, or thrown into their own paths as an obstacle to achievement.

It is the result of generations allowing emotion to dominate self-control and single-mindedness; of vacillating evasion to cloud fearlessness, and the crass exploitation of sex-appeal to tarnish the glamour of dignified, subtle femininity. And I admit that sex in this sense is one of the stiffest hurdles that the New Woman has to overcome. That—and the general absence of a sense of values, a sense of honour, a sense of humour, and prevalent incapability of aggressive continuance.

Woman has overmuch to contend with in public or professional life: her physique, emotions, obligations real or imagined, convention, masculine jealousy which can take more poisonous forms than any feminine "cattiness." Effective armour against a female "cat" is the age-old reputed feminine weakness for scandal-mongering. There still prevails an inclination not to take a woman seriously in gossip—and in work.


"Everywoman shares the Triumph of the One Woman.
We feel more intensely, imagine more vividly.
The price we pay is well worth while"
Sexu femina ingenio vir

A YOUNG man starting a career is assumed to be serious about his life's work. A woman has to prove herself serious. A woman must work one-third as hard again as a man to hold down her job if it is competitive. I know. I work in that field myself. Woman's success is bought with tears of blood, because she has so much to unlearn before she starts learning. So much to sacrifice before she starts gaining. So much to overcome before she even has her foot firmly on the first rung. Handicapped, she must lighten herself of the dear futilities of femininity, yet remain feminine—if her ambition demands Power. She must stay her hand from her natural weapon of sex-appeal.

A paradoxical programme, but a sporting one.

It is much more fun being a woman. I would not change places with any man. I admit that we have a harder time all round in public and professional life; that no man would change with *us*. But Life is more thrilling to women because we have still so much more to achieve, to win from it. There is as yet no brick wall to our ambitions, for many remain unfulfilled with the certainty that some day some woman will fulfil them for us. There has never been a woman Prime Minister. That important post cannot give an iota of the satisfaction and thrill to any man that it will bring to the first woman who holds it, and, through her, to womanhood in general.

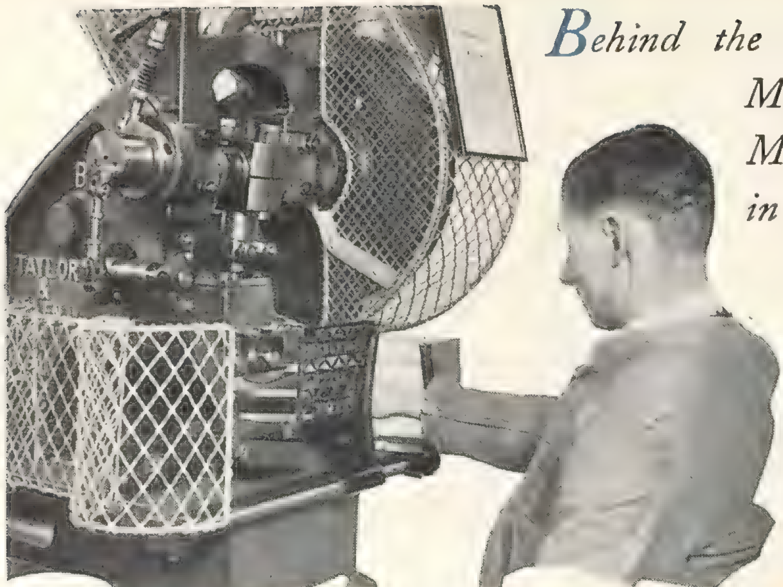
We have not hailed a woman General in active service, a woman Admiral, a woman Archbishop, or a woman Poet Laureate for that matter. Breathlessly we watch them climbing higher and higher, invading new territory, sporting new laurels.

Everywoman shares the triumph of the one woman. We have all the joyous privileges of a "younger civilisation" with all its hopes, enthusiasm, faith and buoyancy. We feel more intensely, live more intensely, imagine more vividly. The price we pay is well worth while.

I'd rather be a woman!

THE "CANNON FODDER"

Behind the Scenes in the Struggle of Mind and Matter. Fewer Misfits—fewer Casualties in the Battle for Livelihood



Safety devices in a power press. The hand is automatically thrust out of danger before each impact

WHAT is your mental age? Would you make a good mechanic — laundry worker — statistician — air pilot? Is your "carelessness" in work due to overstrain, bad ventilation, bad lighting, home worries?

Are you nervy? Would you subconsciously like an accident to happen to you to incapacitate you from following an uncongenial occupation? Are you one of the "accident prone" in industry? Do you work with death literally "breathing down your neck"?—shielded only by some ingenious interlocking safety device, the product of the researches of the newest of all sciences, industrial psychology, a science that asks, *and answers*, all these questions.

Finally, even if you be one of those who work in a highly dangerous trade, and if you are shielded from the whirling death-dealing machines, do you prefer to evade the safety device and go on the same old way, as did a woman worker recently who—having already suffered the agonising loss of one eye—when she returned to work at the machine that had so mutilated her, *deliberately ignored the protective goggles* supplied and risked the loss of the remaining eye, rather than be bothered with a safety device . . .

It is the science of industrial psychology that provides so much of the romance of the triumph of mind over matter and of men over murderous and soul-sapping machines; the science that is on the side of the "human element" (the cannon fodder, if you will!), in this greatest and most relentless of all wars, the Battle for Livelihood.

Right: How a girl polisher, cramped and unprotected, used to work before the British Xylonite Company called in the National Institute of Psychology. Result—safety guards and comfortable seats

RESEARCH in the matter of the selection and the protection of the workers has many strange stories to tell and queer pictures to show—whether it be in the chaining and taming of the homicidal impulses of machinery turned vicious, or of the secrets of the little-known sub-conscious self, the curious discoveries of the science of psychology.

First, the saving of the square peg from the round hole! Vocational guidance is a formidable description of an increasingly used service; where Jimmy (who appears backward with his books) and Basil (who is difficult and highly strung) as well as fourteen-year-old Kenneth, who has no idea what he wants to be or do, can take certain tests that will reveal not only their present mental age, but also their potential abilities.

As for instance, a young man, Edgar L——, just going into work, is tested at the laboratory of the Institute of Industrial Psychology—Edgar wants to be a mechanic. Carefully devised tests show that he has not the actual manual ability which will ensure him success in a highly competitive profession, whereas the tests reveal he does possess a wide command of conversational fluency, and is intelligent and possessed of "personality." Having regard to the state of the labour market and Edgar's social background, he is advised to aim at the occupation of a *salesman of machinery*—which he does.

Basil, the "difficult child" and a son of professional parents, is probably sent for consultation to the Child Guidance Clinic, in Highbury; the difficulty is smoothed out and Basil's steps set in the fairer road that his talents indicate.

Right: A girl being scientifically tested for employment as a cutter. She must fit odd-shaped pieces into the prescribed space

OF INDUSTRY

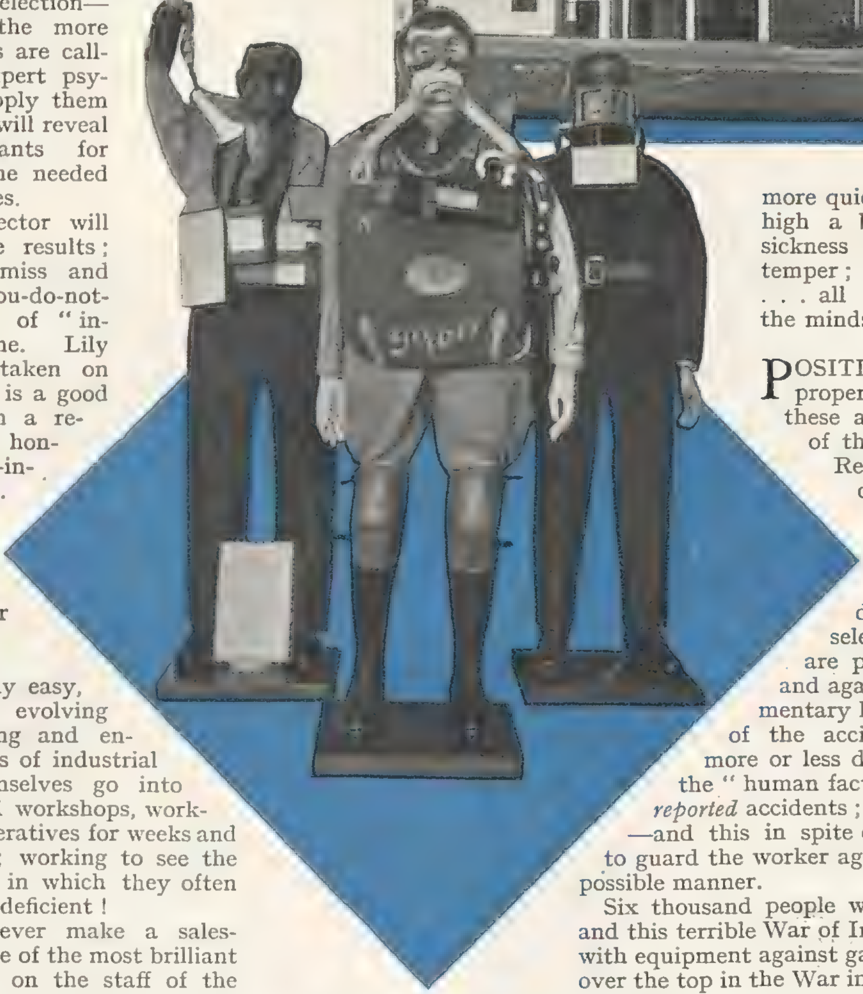
By Joan Woollcombe

The modern factory is not unbeautiful, and very efficient. The Shredded Wheat Factory at Welwyn

Supremely ill-adjusted in an academic atmosphere, Basil shines as a mechanic in an aeroplane firm! The tests have revealed his trouble and his way of escape.

SOME of the greatest wastage in industry comes from those *whose hearts are not in their jobs*, and—in staff selection—a number of the more progressive firms are calling upon the expert psychologist to supply them with tests that will reveal whether applicants for posts possess the needed group of qualities.

The staff selector will select from the results; the old hit-or-miss and sack-you-if-you-do-not-make-good style of "interview" is gone. Lily Smith is not taken on just because she is a good strong girl from a respectable home, honest and clean-in-work-and-person. The percentage of dismissals and wastage on both sides is getting lower and lower.



The formidable kit needed for rescue work: (front) the Siebe Gorman apparatus used for rescue in dangerous atmosphere; (left) the hoist apparatus used for an unconscious victim, and (right) a smoke helmet with its air supply

IT is not entirely easy, this work of evolving tests; the young and enthusiastic experts of industrial psychology themselves go into the factories and workshops, working with the operatives for weeks and months on end; working to see the qualities needed in which they often find themselves deficient!

"I should never make a saleswoman," said one of the most brilliant younger women on the staff of the Institute, Mrs. Oliver Raphael—and confessed that she has spent an illuminating but not altogether successful time as a seller of hats in a certain famous store, unknown to her saleswomen colleagues—"I like best of all laundries," she adds, "I enjoyed a long and complicated investigation in an Irish Free State laundry!"

Vocational selection makes discoveries; a deaf and dumb girl who applied for a certain factory job was turned down until the psychologist pointed out that her very defects were qualities . . . and she made an excellent operative.

Take that service, the newest of all modern developments, the organisation of Imperial Airways; here every known device for choosing suitable pilots is employed and every known precaution for keeping them up to standard, with the result that the safety of the British air lines is the highest in the world.

A SICK industry, an unsatisfactory workshop, calls in the psychologist as quickly as the accountant is called and often more quickly. Too high an accident rate, too high a breakage "curve"; falling output; sickness absences rising; nerves and bad temper; too high a wastage in manufacture . . . all these worries call for the expert in the minds of the workers.

POSITION of doors, specially devised seats, proper lighting and ventilation . . . all these are needed and suggested as a result of the researches of the Industrial Health Research organisation. Nerves in industry are being attacked in a report just published that makes sensational reading.

Then we come to the grimmest tale of all; the accidents statistics, death and mutilation! Guided and selected, the workers in dangerous trades are protected against murderous machines and against their own carelessness and momentary lack of attention. Nearly *nine-tenths* of the accidents reported in industry are due more or less directly to that strange thing we call the "human factor." There were in 1929 just 16,126 *reported* accidents; *of which nearly one thousand were fatal*—and this in spite of legislation that makes it necessary to guard the worker against all danger and disease in every possible manner.

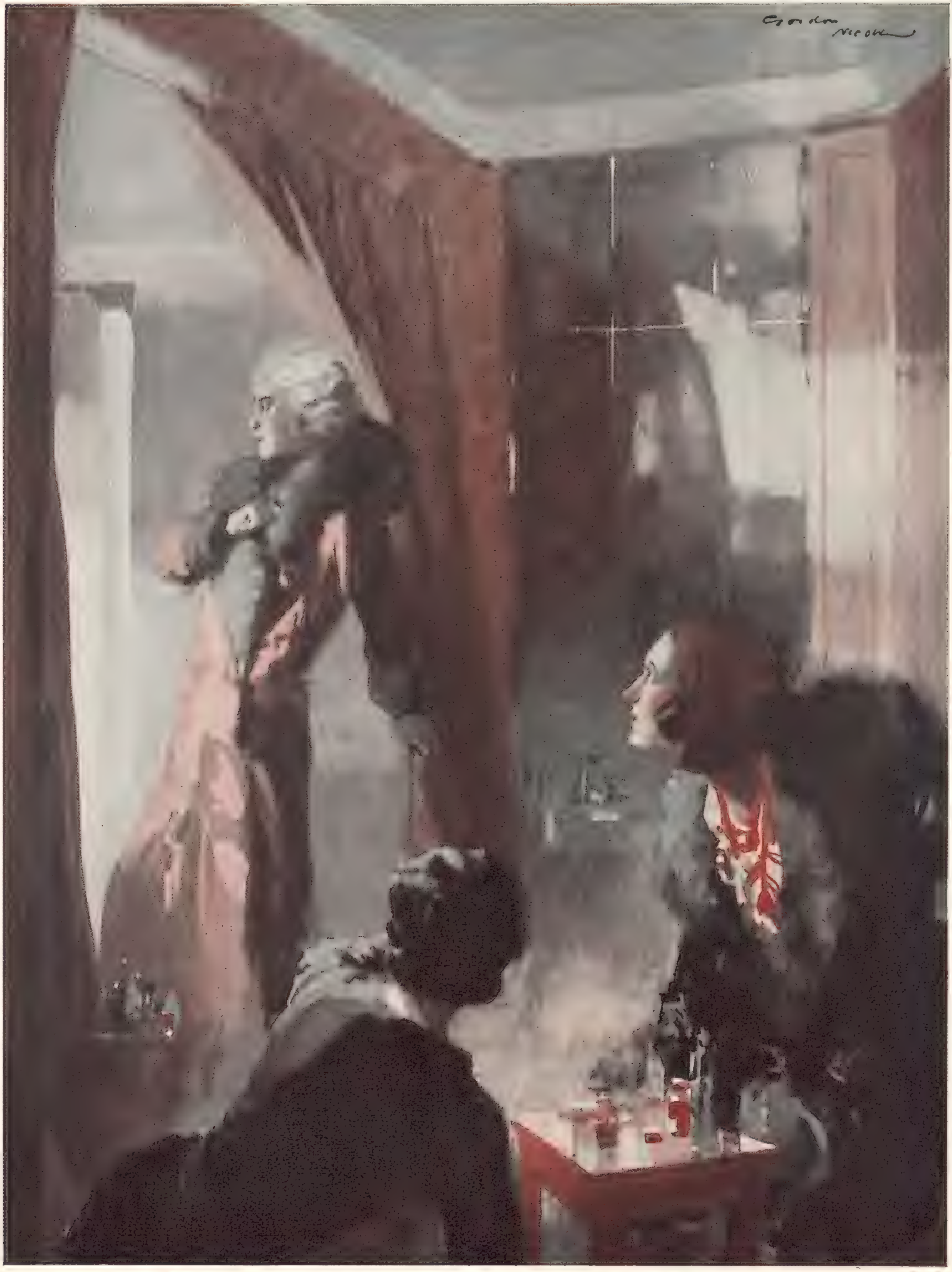
Six thousand people were injured in eye casualties alone; and this terrible War of Industry has also its gassing casualties, with equipment against gassing as strange as that we saw going over the top in the War in Flanders.

Protective machinery as nearly as possible fool-proof; protective clothing for both sexes and rules and regulations innumerable; posters of warning, "*A Careless Man's Wife is Almost a Widow*" stares the operative in the face! all these may fail when the workers labour under other disabilities.

Miners—in their terrible and perilous occupation—have had the psychologist among them; distrust of a new lamp that the scientist evolved gave way to curiosity and then, after a grudging interest, a whole-hearted acceptance; the newer lamps they carry minimise the "after images" that the brighter etched for them in the dark; and the expert found himself repaid for his descent into the depths of the earth.

Go into a modern factory—lighting and lay-out show evidences of the industrial experts' thought. Doors are rehung in older factories and floors relaid; seats redesigned and machinery made accessible . . . *the Death that breathes down the neck of the worker of the vast machines is told to "stand back!"*—the machine is curbed and tamed. Every year it is getting less possible for some woman tending a whirring, clanking mass of steel to be caught and flung, mutilated and battered beyond recognition. The industrial system will not for long now be able to bully the worker—and Science will tame its own Frankenstein.

The Last Straw *is sometimes* slow in *coming* but when



THE manicure girl and I . . . . heard the curtain rings of the next cubicle rattle and Edith's voice, strained and shaking, "You're a wicked, lying woman, Marian Cross!"

the Irony of F*ate* provides *the* Coup-*de*-Grâce *it is* not always *the* Tittle *of* Tragedy *but* the Jot *of* Farce *that* breaks

The CAMEL'S BACK

By Mollie Panter-Downes

Illustrated by
GORDON NICOLL

PEOPLE were amazed and even a little horrified when that long friendship ended, although to me it came as no surprise. But to their particular set it was something of a nine days' wonder. Women would say to me at lunches and bridge teas :

" Is it really true that Marian Cross and Edith Seymour have quarrelled ? Someone saw them cut each other at the Delroy girl's wedding. Imagine ! *Cut* each other, my dear ! Edith and Marian ! "

" Yes, it's quite true."

" But "—a note of personal injury would creep aggrievedly into the questioner's voice, for one had come to depend on that friendship, somehow, as something solid in a perilously shifting world—" but I can't understand it ! Edith and Marian were so——. Why, I always felt that *nothing*——"

" Well, something did, obviously."

" What happened, do you know ? " Three pairs of eyes, nakedly greedy under ridiculously similar Agnes berets, and three expensively-covered, pearl-laden bosoms would sway closer round the little baize-topped table.

" I haven't the least idea."

And with a sigh of disappointment the indignant babel would break loose once more.

" Edith and Marian . . . simply couldn't believe it, my dear. . . Edith simply adored . . . Marian so devoted . . . Edith and Marian . . ."

When they asked me " What happened ? " I always returned the same answer, for the truth, even if I had felt like telling it, was almost too fantastic to be believed. It would have disappointed them. There was nothing sensational about it. It was undignified ; it was even funny. And it amused me to imagine how Edith and Marian were secretly trembling in their shoes in case I told what I knew, and their quarrel became, not a nine days' wonder, but a nine days' joke. I did not tell because I was fond of them both in different ways—of Edith as a person and of Marian as a work of art.

Edith and Marian and I had been at school together. Marian was beautiful even as a child ; that indescribable grace of hers survived the uncomfortable hobbledehoy period of blue serge and chilblains and large wrists. I remember watching her with a kind of fascination ; at thirteen I was just waking up to beauty and had serious thoughts of becoming a poet. Marian's grey eyes between their silky black lashes, her small mouth, and the wonderful breadth and clarity of her forehead under the sweep of shining black hair roused in me a devotion which I mistook for the real thing for at least two terms. She had a sweet, insidious way with her ; a way of getting what she wanted out of mistresses and girls alike with the minimum of pain to the victim. At first I admired her for it. Later, some slowly developing instinct of self-preservation warned me that it was highly dangerous. In my last term someone lent me the horrific tale of Dracula, and I determined that Marian was very like the beautiful ladies who punctured their unsuspecting friends in the neck and gently, relentlessly sucked the life out of them. Edith was furious at this *macabre* and rather unkind suggestion.

" How can you say such wicked, beastly things, Anne ? "

" Well, Marian *is* vampire-ish. Look at the way she sucks you for all she's worth——"

Edith flushed a heavy, unlovely red and said with dignity, " I suppose you're jealous, Anne Grieves." She did not speak to me for a week.

Poor Edith ! I think that if Marian had not been there for her to worship she would have had to find someone else. She was like that. Always clammily enthusiastic about something or somebody ; given to moist-eyed passions for new mistresses and visiting curates ; submissive, like a good dog ; ready to fetch and carry. She wanted earnestly to be " good."

Poor Edith ! A graceless girl with heavy features, a greasy skin that somehow never looked clean, and good, uninspiring hazel eyes. She made a contrast to Marian, all movement and sparkle. But she had pretty fair hair that would fluff out hopefully when she did not yank it back with a broad black ribbon. Edith seemed to have a rooted objection to making herself attractive.

And it was " Edith, you might help me over this," and " You're so clever at maths, Edith—be a dear and do this paper for me." Marian's eyes were so clear, her forehead was so broad and candid. She was the pet of Olympus, the girl who was always chosen to give a bouquet to any famous people who came to visit the school on Speech Day. She gave an impression of something swift and ardent and shining . . . and she was a liar and a cheat and a colossal, remorseless mass of egotism. She used Edith unmercifully and then told lies about her behind her back. In our last term she carried off the Marshall History Prize on the strength of Edith's notes and coaching ; the prize for being the most popular and highest principled girl in the school was also unanimously awarded to her.

WELL, I kept in touch with them both after leaving school. Marian and I lived in London ; Edith was the daughter of a vicar in a small Gloucestershire village. I asked her to stay with the family once or twice, and it struck me that she had improved. The muddy skin had cleared, and she was much slimmer. While she was in town she had her hair shingled ; now that she could not burden it with pins it curled and glinted surprisingly, and I was pleased to discover that she had a well-shaped head set beautifully on a strong, rounded throat. She was still the same old Edith, given to unbecoming flushes and moist, earnest championing of the adored Marian, but she had moments when she looked pretty and almost vivacious. It was only when Marian was there that she effaced herself and became lumpishly plain once more.

For Marian was a beauty. Try as I would, I could not help admiring the classic serenity of that sleek little head, her thick white skin, the lovely, fluid poses into which she curled her slim body. She was rather like a cat—a purring, yawning white Persian with inscrutable eyes. And try as I would, I could not help being amused by the purring, yawning cleverness with which she was managing life. People did what she wanted and felt that she was granting them a favour. But she never tried any of her tricks on me. I think that she knew that I had seen through them all long ago—seen through the shining, ardent stunt to the mean little white Persian soul beneath it.

Edith met Robin Cross for the first time at our house. He was some sort of cousin and one of the best-looking young men I have ever seen, besides having a very pleasant income and the prospects of a title. It did just pass through my mind that he seemed to like Edith. She was the kind of girl he admired, for Robin was terribly earnest, too. He hated girls who made up in public and screamed across rooms and got drunk. And Edith was looking really pretty that day. It was winter and very cold. She had just come in from a matinée; her hair was fluffed out under a tiny black hat; above the squirrel scarf her cheeks were firm and glowing. You noticed for the first time how good her hazel eyes were. I saw Robin staring at her gravely like some large, deliberate dog, a crumpet in one huge paw and a fragile cup and saucer balanced absurdly in the other.

THE next thing we heard was the announcement of their engagement. Edith came to show me her ring; a limpid sapphire that looked strange on her red hand. As usual, she was pathetic and tiresome about the whole thing. I found myself alternately irritated and touched as I watched her eyes go moist and her nostrils moisten and quiver. Heavily yearning, you know. Painfully in earnest. "Robin's far too good for me," and "I don't know what I've done to deserve it, Anne."

"Nonsense!" I said, brusquely. "No one deserves happiness more than you do. Here! Take my powder and don't make yourself look a sight."

She cheered up then and grew solemnly radiant and had two helpings of chocolate soufflé.

The engagement came to an end while I was in Egypt with the Verekers. As I looked up from the letter I thought grimly: "Marian!" and flung it to the other end of the room in a crumpled ball. When I got home Edith told me the whole story, or her version of it; it did not need a great deal of shrewdness to see what had really happened.

"You mustn't blame Marian, Anne. She tried harder than anyone to prevent it."

I could not resist a bitter "I'm sure she did," and Edith cried, indignantly:

"I knew you'd take that line!"

Well, it seemed that she had asked Robin home for a week-end to the Gloucestershire vicarage, and what more could she need for complete happiness but the presence of the beloved Marian? "I did so want them to like each other," Edith explained, seriously. They did more than that. They fell in love. Edith stressed the love part; she was irritatingly earnest and almost beatific as she explained that no one was to blame except, possibly, herself. She had realised that when she saw how different the Real Thing was to Just Affection . . .

"What you really mean," I said, sharply, "is that Marian walked off with Robin under your very nose and you didn't lift a finger to stop her."

"But you don't understand, Anne. If you had seen them ——"

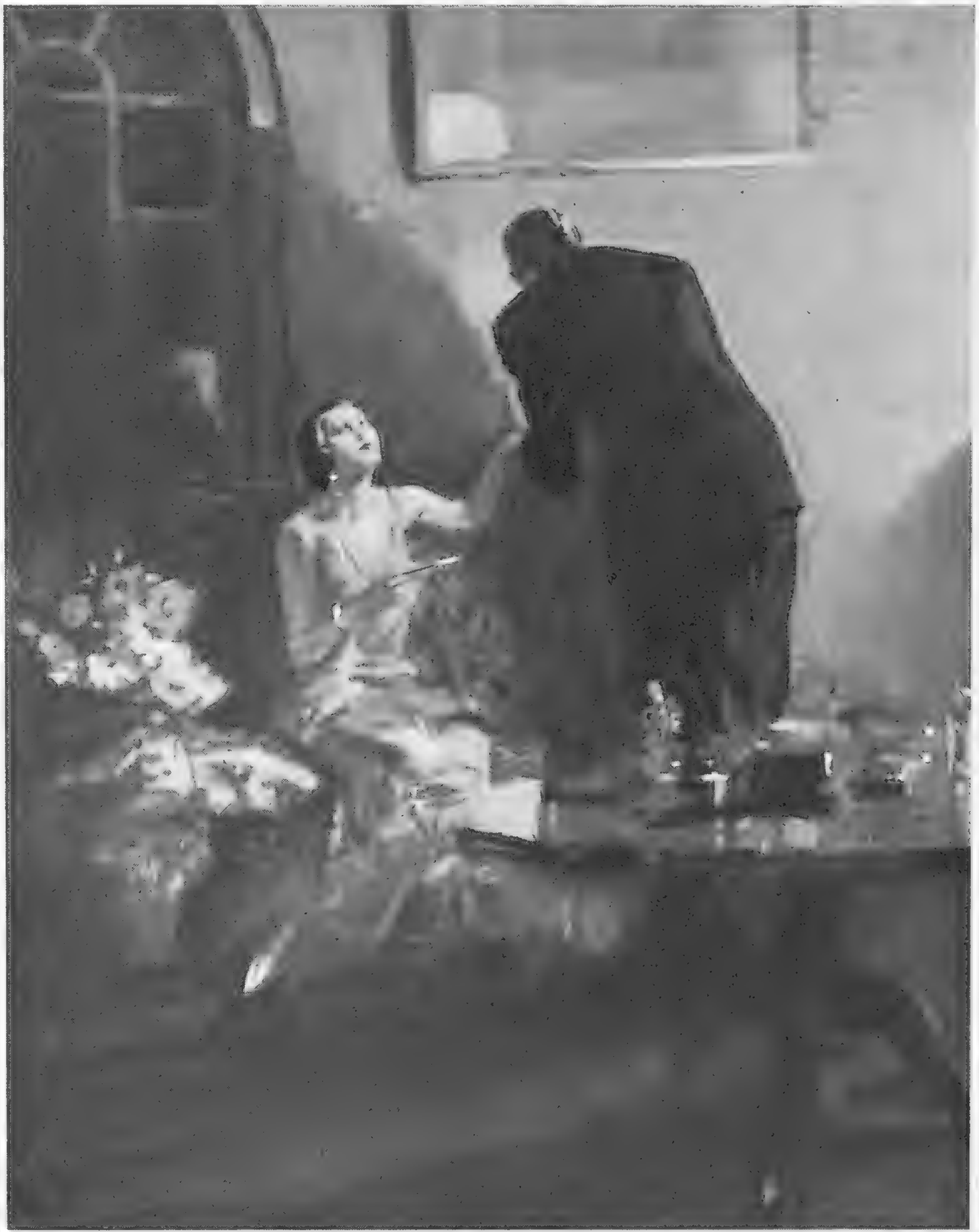
"Thank God I didn't!"

Edith said gently, yearningly:

"I wish that you didn't misjudge Marian, Anne. She's so fine, really."

I lifted my hands in a helpless gesture of despair and she went on with the story.

IT sounded pretty enough if I had not guessed already at the ugly truth. I was quite certain what had happened. Marian had deliberately taken Robin from Edith. Perhaps the physical desirability of Robin as a man came into it a little; he was over six feet high and his features had the stupid regularity of a Greek marble. But still stronger, if I knew my Marian, would be his desirability as a brilliant catch—I had noticed her looking thoughtfully at the sapphire on Edith's raw schoolgirl hand. And, strongest of all, the lure of taking something from somebody else! That warped little white Persian soul of Marian's under the shining armour!



"I could see her getting to work on Robin, moment and then drawing them away startled,

I could see her getting to work on Robin, sweetly and insidiously; looking at him through her thick lashes as they walked in the garden; letting her slim fingers rest in his for a moment and then drawing them away, startled. She would wear white, always white. I could see her, a slim ghost curled up in the shadows while Edith plodded through a Chopin waltz. And Robin watching, nice and troubled. And Edith disturbing them, bursting in on that enchanted moment looking lumpishly plain and badly in need of powder. Hers must have been a losing game from the start.

Robert and Marian were married in the early summer, a tremendously smart wedding, with Edith as one of the bridesmaids. She seemed unaware that there was any irony in the situation. I always suspected Marian of deliberately choosing that particular shade of blue for the bridesmaids' dresses. It made Edith's skin look muddy and killed her eyes stone dead. Robin must have noticed as he turned from her to Marian, cool and exquisite in the bower of her tulle and lilies.

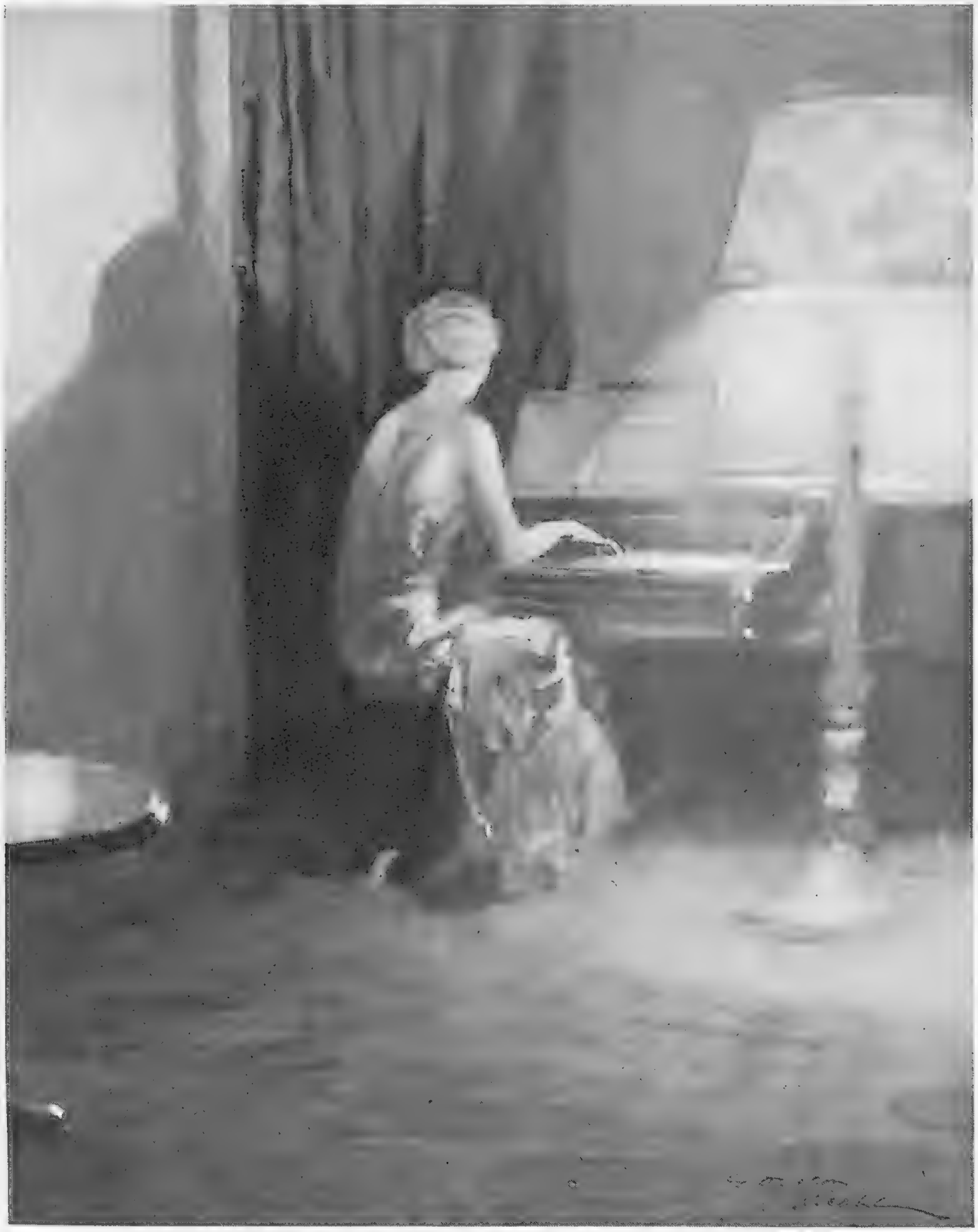
I was standing next to Edith in the bride's procession. I think that she was crying quietly and sentimentally. She was watching Marian marry her man as she had watched Marian take her prize. I would have murmured angrily, as I had murmured then, " You ought to have got him, Edith," if I had not been so sure that the answer would be the same, " Oh, *no*, Marian is so wonderful ! " And Marian did look wonderful, I conceded unwillingly, as she came down the aisle.

WE both got married during the next two years. Edith married George Seymour, the son of the tobacco people. Marian commented in plaintive amusement, " I don't know how Edith does it ! No looks and no charm to speak of, yet she always gets hold of men like George and Robin." I thanked my stars at the moment she was having a baby, otherwise she would probably have done her best to break it. For George was extremely attractive, and not in the dumb, solemn St. Bernard way of poor Robin, either. He was lively and aggressive. I thought him too aggressive. One day he would get stout, and puffy bags would gather under his bold brown eyes; his fine features would coarsen with a too-loving attention to good living. George would be a rampant bore when he was forty-five. But Edith adored him, the conquering male with his bold eyes and his full red lips under the little clipped moustache.

The Seymours' children were all girls and painfully like Edith. George was very disappointed, I heard. Marian had a beautiful boy and a fairylike miniature of herself—naturally. When she wanted to go abroad Edith looked after them. But photographs of " The Honourable Mrs. Robin Cross, Simon and Pamela " appeared in the illustrated weeklies from time to time, lovely little studies of childhood and curving maternal tenderness. As I looked at them I had an instant vision of Edith standing behind the camera, trying patiently to attract Simon's eye with a woolly dog and bring out that radiant smile. But George said to me, " Wonderful woman that little Marian, by Jove ! Marvellous mother—marvellous little hostess——"

" Marvellous," I said, drily.

I did not add that Edith was behind it all—Edith running round doing all the tiresome chores. Why should I ? I had given her up on the day that she let Marian steal Robin while she sat there plodding through a Chopin waltz.



letting her slim fingers rest in his for a while Edith plodded through a Chopin waltz "

EDITH and I were thirty-one now; Marian was a year younger. We were staying the week-end at the Seymours' country place; the Crosses were there, too. Everyone had gone to play golf, but Edith had something to do at home and I wanted to write letters. We were sitting over tea in her pretty sitting-room with its flowers and glazed chintzes, when suddenly, an ugly flush rising to her face, she told me that George was having an affair with someone. I stared at her for a moment in silence. She looked plain and miserable and rather pathetic. In the last few years she had put on weight, and her tweeds did not suit her. The thought flashed through my head, " Funny ! The only thing that's attractive about her is her hair." It was still bright and curling in pretty waves round her forehead.

" How do you know ? "

It seemed that George was " different." He went away for unexplained week-ends and was often out in the evenings. There was something about a dressmaker's bill . . . She cried unskilfully, looking horribly plain.

(*Continued on page* 110)

La Belle

A FORTUNE-TELLER; the stage; elopement at fifteen; a dazzling beauty for barter; a passionate desire, never fulfilled, to succeed as an artiste; all Paris at her feet; fame, riches, jewels, even crowns, for the asking—here is the story of Gabrielle Caire, bourgeoise, whom the gay world toasted, loved and still remembers as Gaby Deslys

THIRTY odd years ago, a beautiful dark-haired, smiling girl timidly rang the bell of an obscure fortune-teller's apartment, Place Perréol, Paris. Fortune-tellers, then as now, were wary of the law, and new clients were received only upon proper introduction. The dark, expressive eyes, the strange accent (strange in that it was not Parisian) proclaimed the girl Marseillaise, and therefore most likely unknown to the police of Paris. The reading of her cards could be done safely!

The fortune-telling was progressing to the entire satisfaction of both seer and client, when the old woman suddenly threw down her cards, beat up the white of an egg in a glass of water, and in a solemn tone declared:

"You, mademoiselle, will become an actress; great success and wealth will be yours, and high honours attend you!"

The dark, fascinating young girl was Gabrielle Caire.

A few weeks later, at home again after her first visit to Paris, Gaby Caire was asked to play a small part, in costume, with a group of amateur actors, at a charity performance. Recalling the prophecy, Gaby accepted the offer and made her first appearance on any stage in the confines of the Canebière, at Marseilles.

She was about fifteen years old.

Gabrielle Caire was brought up as a good middle-class girl should be. The daughter of an honest dry goods merchant, ambitious for his daughters to have every possible advantage, which evidently he had not had himself, and the best education within his means, when quite a child Gabrielle and her sister Mathilde were sent to the religious institution of the ladies of Saint-Maur, one of the best schools in Marseilles.

As a schoolgirl she did not possess the blonde curls which Jacques de Marsillac described as "crinkled and curled, light as the froth of a glass of champagne." Nor was she the toast of kings, or even soldiers. She was—the world can scarcely picture her so—a dark, gay, well-rounded girl whose pleasing voice already seemed to invite. Her amusements were those of her schoolmates, very reserved, very bourgeois. A photograph is still in existence showing her at a wedding, clinging to General de Canonge's arm. At the age of fifteen she had acquired the art of clinging, though she may not have known quite why she did it. She went to confession and Mass regularly.

SHE knew nothing of the theatre: but a phrase idly spoken by a fortune-teller put the demon into her mind, tormenting her continually. Love came about the same time as the decision to run away and to dedicate her life to the realisation of her dreams.

"Delighting the public at the Parisiana, blonde, curly-headed, roguish eyes twinkling in a doll's face, Gaby was the toast of Paris"

GABY

By Jeanne Bordeux

"No one would have supposed, seeing her on the stage smiling, all-conquering, that she possessed an iron will and limitless ambition"

"Her thrifty nature never permitted personal expenditure for jewels, yet always she had many, carefully chosen by herself"

Gaby in 1905

A young man of Marseilles was the messenger of love. He eloped with her. They travelled from Marseilles to Lyons third class. In a miserable hotel near the station they came to a sad awakening. There were tears and recriminations. Having spent all his money, the young man gave way to his parents' wishes and departed.

Gabrielle Caire remained at Lyons, and in one night she changed from a merry, care-free girl. The eyes took on a wondering expression which they never lost. She was the same girl, carefully brought up to make a good marriage in her own station in life . . . but she was different.

Where and how she passed the next year nobody seems to know, except that she appeared in doubtful cafés chantants in various cities. In 1898 Joseph Samat, a journalist of Marseilles, brought her to Paris and presented her to Rouzier-Dorcieres, then general secretary of the Olympia and Parisiana music halls. She was engaged as a super at the Parisiana.

Once on the stage, though she merely walked on and off a few times during the performance, Gaby thought she was already an actress and, in her young mind, she was being worshipped by the world at large, and some rich man in particular. She knew no rich men, but they would come with success—perhaps be a means to that success. She was poor then, very poor, and she was young.

During the first year in Paris a friend offered her the amount of a month's pay if she would consent to amuse him, "*follement*," an entire evening. "Then"—Gaby said this when she told the story—"I quit *le café donc comme une sole.*" She was seventeen, the age when life holds the golden cup.

THAT evening of mad joy was the first intimation she had of her power over men. For a few months after that the theatre saw no more of Gabrielle Caire. When she reappeared it was at the Olympia, then the Folies-Bergères, where the famous Blondinette d'Alaza, later her great friend, was the star. While appearing at the Folies-Bergères she acquired a flat in the rue de Constantinople, her own horse and carriage, with a droll coupé and lame horse. As a turn-out it had a certain effect, perhaps more on her *morale* than on passers-by, who were apt to smile at it, until seeing the lovely face within they smiled with her.

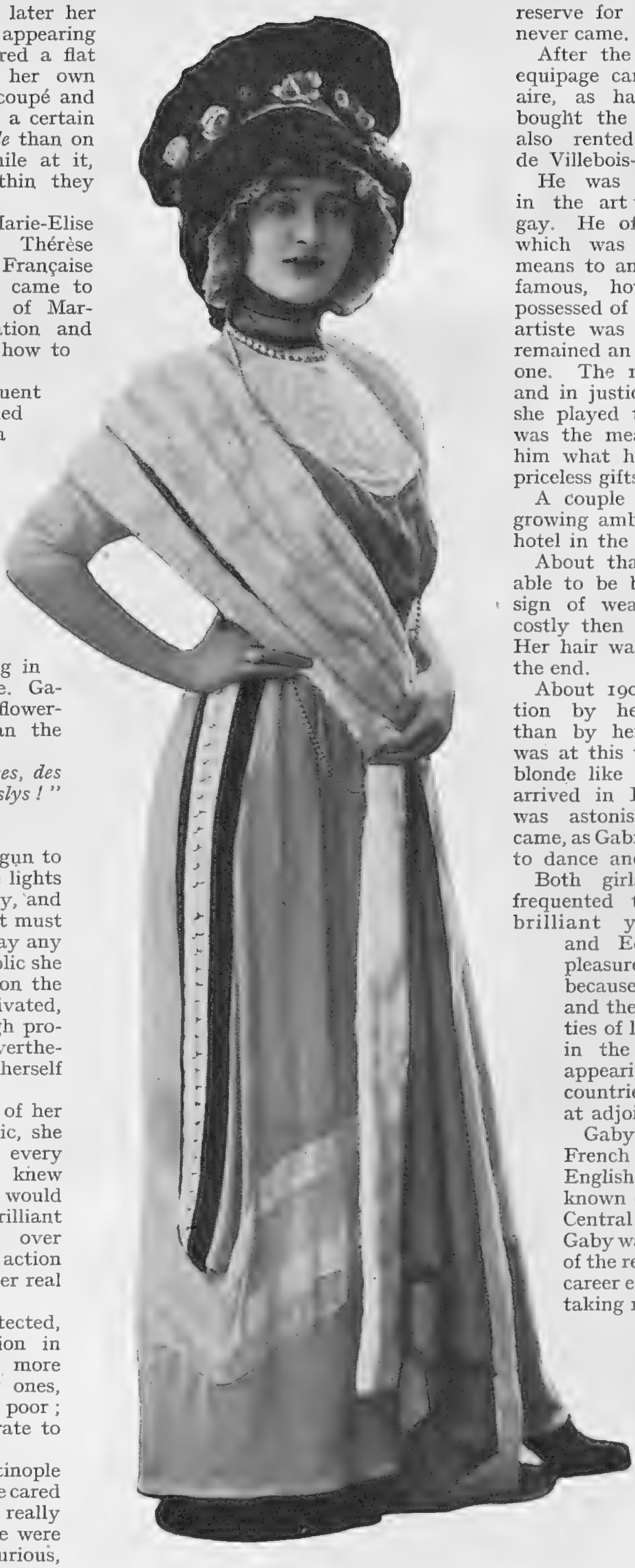
In the meanwhile Gabrielle-Marie-Elise Caire had become Gaby Deslys. Thérèse Kold, famous at the Comédie Française at that time, relates how Gaby came to her home, sent by some friends of Marseilles, offering a naïve admiration and the homage youth alone knows how to give to age.

During one of Gaby's frequent visits the old actress questioned the possibility of Caire being a successful stage name.

Gabrielle—she was still Gabrielle to all but her family—blushed. She had not thought of changing her name. People just had names given them by their parents, and therefore they must keep them, whether or not they were pretty names.

Thérèse was insistent, searching in her mind for a suitable name. Gabrielle Caire was too beautiful, too flower-like, to be called by other than the name of a flower:

" Voyons, mon petit . . . des roses, des œillets, des lys. Deslys ! Gaby Deslys ! "
The name stuck to her.



A memory and a fashion plate : Gaby in 1905

BEFORE her star had really begun to twinkle Gaby realised that the lights of the theatre come and go quickly, and that in order to shine at all an artist must be prepared to do anything—to play any *rôle*. So in private as well as in public she began acting as though she were on the stage. Her natural charm was cultivated, her every effort measured. Though prodigious of her expenditure, she nevertheless managed to save the best of herself for the future.

From the beginning to the end of her career, mondaine as well as artistic, she calculated, measured practically every step and, before she took it, knew exactly where the next step would lead her. Vivacious, never brilliant in conversation, she thought over every plan before putting it into action—all of which was contrary to her real nature.

Her childhood was easy and protected, but the memory of her desertion in Lyons must have remained a more vibrant memory than the earlier ones, for she was determined not to be poor; yet she became kind and considerate to those who were.

In her flat in the rue de Constantinople she never received the men whom she cared for in the apartment where she really lived. Her suitors—already there were many—were ushered into a luxurious, over-furnished salon; but when they departed she took refuge in a dingy little room where, in a narrow iron bed, she slept beside her mother, who had come to Paris to be near the prosperous daughter, whose salary was small, but who, nevertheless, had plenty of money !

JEWELS, the outward and visible sign of hidden wealth, were the next step up the ladder. It seems that her thrifty nature never permitted personal expenditure for jewels, yet always she had many, carefully chosen by Gaby herself and ordered before the victim thought of offering them. In much the same way she managed to open a bank account, a goodly reserve for the rainy day which, for her, never came.

After the man who presented the first equipage came a South American millionaire, as handsome as he was rich. He bought the long-desired automobile and also rented a little house in the rue de Villebois-Mareuil.

He was a devoted lover, experienced in the art of making life joyous and gay. He offered her a princely existence, which was what she wanted then as a means to an end. Her name was not yet famous, however; although, now being possessed of much wealth, to become a great artiste was less difficult than if she had remained an obscure citizen and a virtuous one. The millionaire pleased her vanity, and in justice to her it must be said that she played the game, as she saw it. He was the means to an end, and she gave him what he demanded in return for his priceless gifts.

A couple of years later, to satisfy her growing ambition, he bought her a private hotel in the rue de Bornier.

About that time, 1902, it was fashionable to be blonde. Golden tresses were a sign of wealth, for hairdressers were as costly then as now. Gaby had fair skin. Her hair was bleached. She kept it so to the end.

About 1904 she began to attract attention by her marvellous clothes rather than by her terpsichorean art. And it was at this time that Edwige Navratil, a blonde like Gaby, and like her a dancer, arrived in Paris. The Hungarian artist was astonishingly like Gaby, and she came, as Gabrielle Caire came from Marseilles, to dance and to act.

Both girls were beautiful, and both frequented the smart public places where brilliant youth assembled. Gaby and Edwige met in the halls of pleasure, presented to each other because of their remarkable likeness, and they talked together of the banalities of life. They met again and again, in the provinces, where they were appearing at music halls, in foreign countries, and once at Ostend seated at adjoining tables.

Gaby spoke the patois of Marseilles, French with a decided accent, and English very badly. Edwige was well known on the stage in the capitals of Central Europe and dreamed of Paris. Gaby was known in France and dreamed of the rest of the world. Edwige's stage career ended abruptly, and she retired, taking refuge in another personality at about the same time that Gabrielle Caire, too, disappeared, to effect the transformation into Gaby Deslys, a new sensation and an unknown personage.

RICH for those days, delighting the public at the Parisiana, blonde, curly-headed, roguish eyes twinkling in a doll's face, Gaby was the toast of Paris, the desire of the male population, and the great conquest of the most prominent men of the hour.

How did she feel about herself ? Nobody ever knew—for what Gaby felt she usually kept a secret. She studied human nature, like one looking through a glass; she saw what was going on inside, but she herself remained outside. She was sensitive, and outwardly cold, except in the rare moments when she gave way to a quick passion. Her movements in private or public were quick, abrupt, nervous, yet graceful at the same time. No one would have supposed, seeing her on the stage smiling, all-conquering, that she possessed an iron will and limitless ambition.

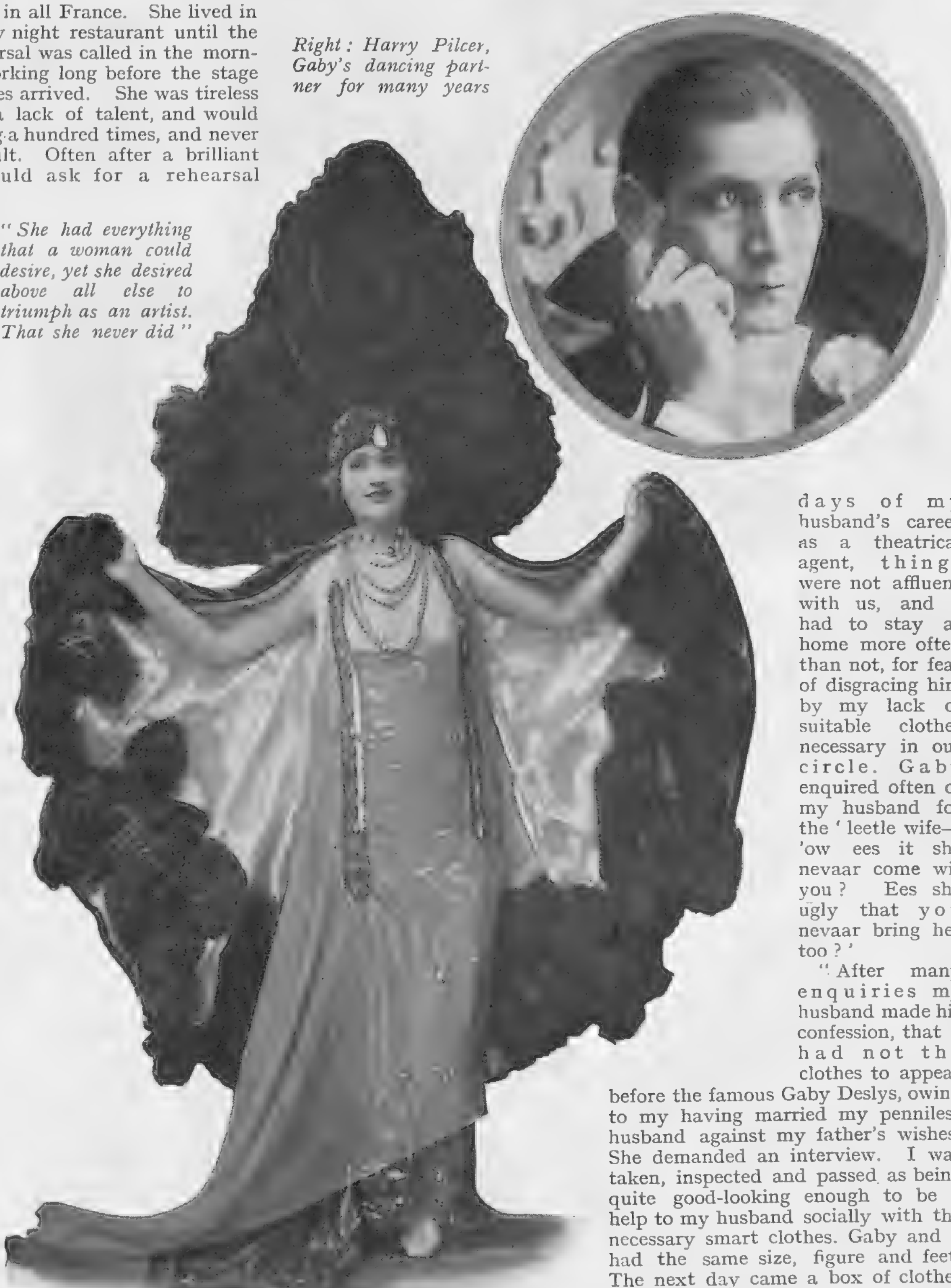
The world believed that her success in life, both as woman and actress, had been facile, and that her beauty had procured her a lasting place in Parisian life. As a beauty she was triumphant, but the world did not know, perhaps never will know, the heartache her success cost her. Supposedly she had everything that a woman could desire, yet she desired above all else to triumph as an artist. That she never did.

Few there are who knew the inner life of Gaby Deslys, and fewer still who saw the beauty of the soul of the woman the world considered the most brilliant of music hall stars and the highest paid artiste in all France. She lived in blatant luxury, was at a gay night restaurant until the wee hours; yet when rehearsal was called in the morning she was on the stage working long before the stage manager or the other artistes arrived. She was tireless in her effort to overcome a lack of talent, and would try new steps or a new song a hundred times, and never be contented with the result. Often after a brilliant success at night she would ask for a rehearsal the following morning, in the hope of doing still better. And when going to a new city she never failed to ask if there was a renowned dancing master there. If there was she would see him in the hope of learning something new.

"She had everything that a woman could desire, yet she desired above all else to triumph as an artist. That she never did"

The pity of it was that she remained a mediocre artiste, which she herself admitted, and relied upon her beauty for fame.

Right: Harry Pilcer, Gaby's dancing partner for many years



AFTER the Revolution in Portugal, Gaby became a world celebrity. She appeared in London, New York, and then Vienna. At that time she was the highest paid woman on the stage, receiving 100,000 francs, or £4,000 per month, a fabulous amount twenty years ago.

Yet with all this glory and wealth Gaby Deslys was not happy. She possessed a fortune in jewels, a house in Paris, a house in London (Kensington), presented to her by one of her English admirers, in which a gold bathtub was the marvel of all who visited there. And soon she was to acquire a magnificent villa at Marseilles.

Always kind hearted and generous with those who struggled, after her numerous lovers one by one had disappeared, Gaby seemed to find solace in acts of kindness. The stories of her goodness to chorus girls are legion, and not a few who are happily married and retired to private life owe their happiness to Gaby's timely aid. She had made a fortune by selling what the gods had endowed her with, yet never did she fail to advise girls to keep to the straight and narrow path. Her life was hers to do with as she pleased, and whatever regrets she may have had when lying on her silken sheets she kept locked tight within her heart. The Gaby the world knew, the Gaby of the laughing eyes and ready smile, was a far different woman from the Gaby who lay and dreamed on silken sheets, idly fondling a tiny dog and, when not dreaming, reading a serious book which might recall the simple life from which she had escaped so early. Often she wondered if those who lived for one man were not happier than those who stood alone in the glory of jewels and fine clothes, prey for the highest bidder. When she could she helped a happy woman to cherish her man and their happiness. An incident which will prove this to the incredulous comes direct from the person in question:

"Gaby Deslys was the sweetest woman I ever met. My associations with her were of the happiest. In the early days of my husband's career as a theatrical agent, things were not affluent with us, and I had to stay at home more often than not, for fear of disgracing him by my lack of suitable clothes necessary in our circle. Gaby enquired often of my husband for the 'leetle wife—'ow ees it she nevaar come wis you? Ees she ugly that you nevaar bring her too?'

"After many enquiries my husband made his confession, that I had not the clothes to appear before the famous Gaby Deslys, owing to my having married my penniless husband against my father's wishes. She demanded an interview. I was taken, inspected and passed as being quite good-looking enough to be a help to my husband socially with the necessary smart clothes. Gaby and I had the same size, figure and feet. The next day came a box of clothes—a frock, hat and shoes for every occasion, with a little note from Gaby: 'Go out with your husband or a bad woman will go with him.'

"I always feel I owe to Gaby Deslys the memories of a happy married life which, but for that noble act from one woman to another, would otherwise have drifted into an habitual being left behind. With the beautiful clothes I also donned courage, and my husband saw me through different eyes . . ."

This story is one of several told me about the understanding of other women's needs, and the gentle way Gaby Deslys had of helping those less fortunate than herself.

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Advice I *might* have taken

BEING the reflections, recollections and regrets of one to whom Advice has been freely given on every subject under the sun, from marriage to mosquitoes

"She was what used to be known in those days as a 'smart young married woman'—that is to say, she was well dressed and not easily shocked"

ADVICE, like arsenic, should be administered in small quantities. The only people who can give advice to all and sundry all day long without meriting being classed as meddlesome are doctors and lawyers. They get paid for it; moreover, they very often give advice worth having.

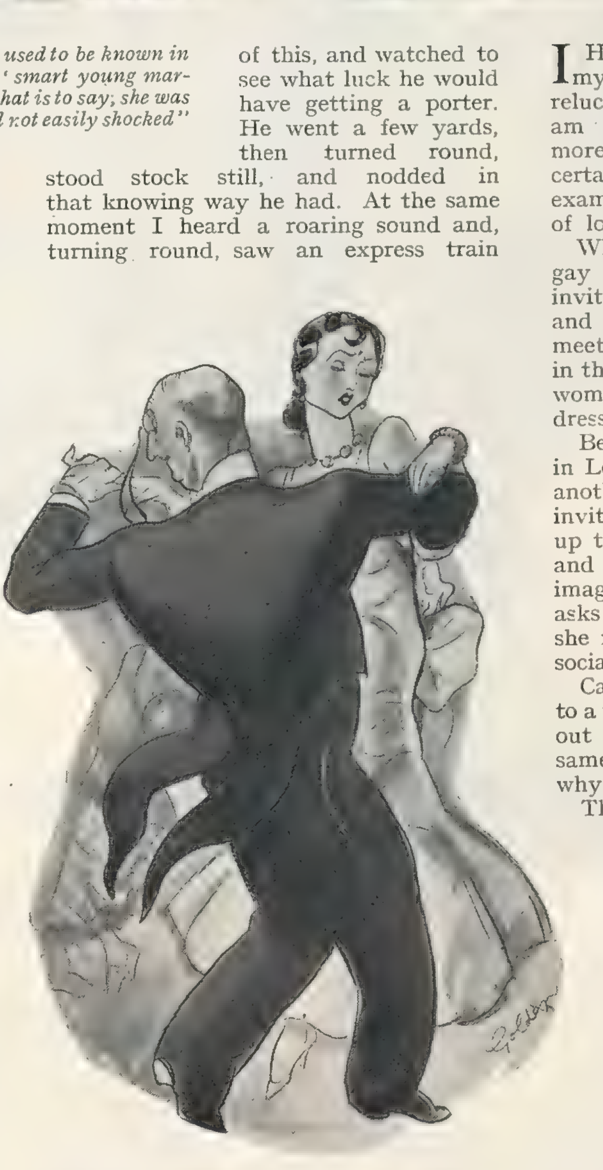
Most people don't like giving advice. They are either reluctant to butt in on other people's business or shirk the responsibility. I know one fellow who carried the policy of always keeping his mouth shut a bit too far. He was at one time an officer of British cavalry, but he had the mentality of a Chink. The Chinese, I may explain, will never tell you anything. I have seen the European captain of a coastal steamer driven nearly mad by his Chinese pilot, who would tell him nothing about the shoals, the currents, or the coast along which the captain was making his first trip.

Well, my friend was like that too. We were travel companions for a bit in South America. He used to drink a fair amount of whisky, but it did not make him talkative. He would just sit on the high stool by the bar, and never say a word, whatever was being discussed. Sometimes he would nod knowingly.

I got to know that nod. It meant that he had completely appreciated the situation. Once, I remember, we travelled down by train together from São Paulo to Rio de Janeiro. Our carriage finished up short of the platform. We got out, pulling our kit after us, and then my friend went a little way up the line to look for a porter, leaving me to stay by the carriage and watch the kit.

Actually I was standing between the rails of a set of lines running parallel to the line on which we had come in, but I did not think anything of this, and watched to see what luck he would have getting a porter. He went a few yards, then turned round, stood stock still, and nodded in that knowing way he had. At the same moment I heard a roaring sound and, turning round, saw an express train coming straight down on me. I jumped aside just in time.

"By Jove, old man!" said my friend. "I thought that thing was going to run over you!"



"Dancing with a man old enough to be her father . . . to inflict suffering on others is not the best way to retain one's youth"

I HAVE never been able to make up my mind whether women are as reluctant to give advice as men. But I am sure that when they do it is more likely to be worth having, on certain subjects at any rate, as, for example, the eternally interesting topic of love.

When I was making my debut in the gay world, very shy, a married woman invited me to come to a house party she and her husband were giving for a race meeting. She was what used to be known in those days as "a smart young married woman"—that is to say, she was well dressed and not easily shocked.

Beyond meeting at an occasional party in London we had hardly spoken to one another, and I was surprised to get the invitation; however, she cleared things up the first evening by taking me aside and saying: "Now, as long as you don't imagine every time a pretty woman asks you to stay in her house that she is in love with you, you'll get on socially."

Can you imagine better advice to give to a young man of twenty-one, just setting out to learn about the world? All the same, to this day I have never understood why I was asked to that party.

Then some years ago I ran into a retired Colonel down on the Riviera, who was making "whoopee." Among other things he was taking dancing lessons. One morning, as we walked along the front, he said to me: "If I had my life to live over again, I'd go hell for leather from start to finish. I'd burn out, my boy; not rust out."

I saw his point. He was trying to explain that he had started too late. Well, at the pace he was going when I met him, if he had begun any sooner, he would certainly have been ashes before he grew old. No, I don't think that was

By
Arthur Mills

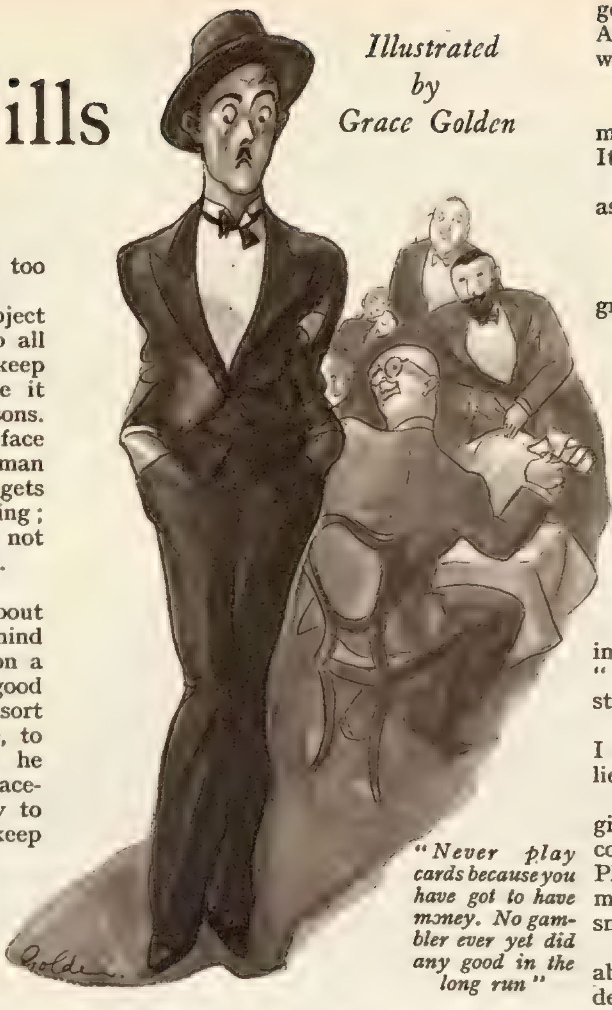
Illustrated by Grace Golden

a bit of advice that needed taking too seriously.

But it led me to ponder on a subject that becomes of extreme interest to all of us sooner or later. How to keep young gracefully? I don't believe it can be done by taking dancing lessons. If one watches the expression of the face of the average girl dancing with a man old enough to be her father, one gets the impression that she is suffering; and to inflict suffering on others is not the best way to retain one's youth.

ONE thing I once heard about marriage stands out in my mind to this day. We had in the garrison a fellow who was just born to have a good time—hunting, shooting, all that sort of thing. He had a charming wife, to whom he was devoted. One day he announced that he was going to quit peace-time soldiering and go into the city to work, adding: "You will never keep a woman worth having unless you are prepared to work for her." They are still married.

By a process of alliteration marriage brings me to mosquitoes. Not that the two have anything to do with one another beyond the moral to which this story I am going to relate points.



"Never play cards because you have got to have money. No gambler ever yet did any good in the long run"

I WAS staying up on a cow ranch in the Alta Parana country, South America. The ranch house had a corrugated iron roof, and the heat inside was greater than anything I have ever experienced. One could not sleep outside on account of the mosquitoes, which, the old rancher who owned the place told me, would bring down a horse from want of blood if you tried to ride through them all the night. I couldn't sleep because the sweat kept running off my nose and forehead on to the pillow with a plop. I thought the verandah and the mosquitoes would be better, and went out. But the mosquitoes drove me in again, so I lay down and started the hot room in a Turkish bath business over again, gave it best after half an hour, and went back on to the verandah. The old rancher looked up: "It is never any good trying to fight heat," he said; "take it quietly and wait till the morning."

I have never forgotten that tip, and the moral of it, so far as marriage is concerned, must be sufficiently obvious to all of both sexes who have had practical experience of that happy state. In other words, "take it quietly."

Anybody who travels gets a lot of advice given them. Often it is not worth taking, but two of the most awkward moments I have lived through were the direct result of the fault, that many an inexperienced traveller makes, of thinking he can look after himself without assistance from the people whose country he is visiting.

In Shanghai I was warned by old China hands in the club not to go down to the native city alone on any account. I went down, got set upon, and robbed. To this day I have never known why I was not killed; but the gang ran suddenly.

In Buenos Aires they told me to be careful what I did if I took a lady out at night, and only to go to certain well-established places.

It was a beautiful summer's night, and after dinner a girl, who was staying in the same hotel as myself, and I went and sat on the bank of the River Plate, lit cigarettes, and enjoyed the beautiful view over the moonlit water.

We had scarcely sat down before a figure on horseback literally galloped at us, reined his horse back on its haunches, and signed that we should get up. I saw at once that he was an Argentine mounted policeman, and, not wishing to be lassoed, got up without ado.

"*Commissario*," said the policeman.

Off we set, the girl walking in front, myself close to the policeman's knee. It was the most ridiculous procession.

"Where are we going?" the girl asked me.

"To the police station."

"Why?"

"Because we were sitting on the grass."

"But we weren't doing any harm on the grass."

"I know; but I don't think one is allowed to sit on it."

Recollection of what I had been told about the extremely strict code for public conduct in Buenos Aires was coming back to me.

"Can't you tell him we did not know we were doing any harm?"

"I can't talk Spanish."

"This is dreadful," said the girl, turning round and looking in an agonised manner at the policeman. "*Commissario*"; the latter pointed sternly down the road.

"*Ambassador Inglese amigo mio*," I said to the policeman. (A most awful lie, of which he took no notice whatever.)

"Plaza Hotel." I pointed to the girl and then myself, thinking that, if we could get the friendly manager of the Plaza to our assistance, the situation might yet be saved. The Plaza is the smartest hotel in Buenos Aires.

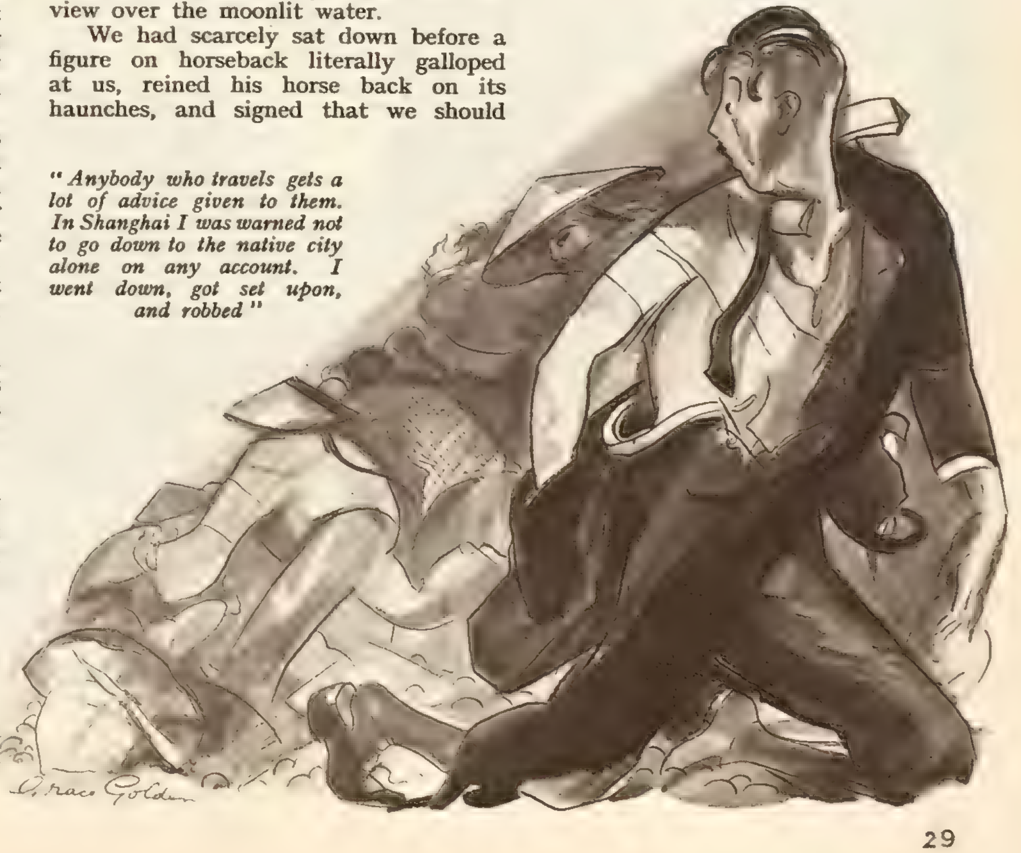
The policeman pulled his horse up abruptly. "Plaza!" he repeated, evidently astonished, and taking advantage of a lamp to look at us keenly. Hitherto he had thought we were a couple of vagrants. Now his manner changed and he beamed genially.

"Whiskee," he said.

"Whisky! You like whisky?" I dived my hand into my pocket and pulled out a note, which I gave him. He pocketed the note, pointed to the main road, touched his hat, and rode off, leaving us free.

(Continued on page 106)

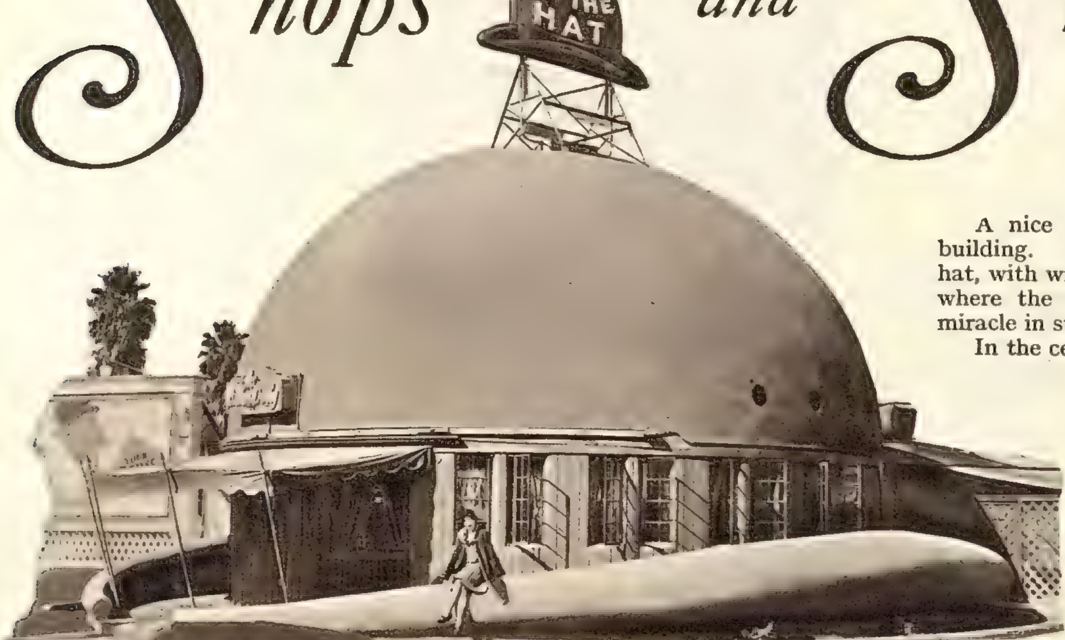
"Anybody who travels gets a lot of advice given to them. In Shanghai I was warned not to go down to the native city alone on any account. I went down, got set upon, and robbed"



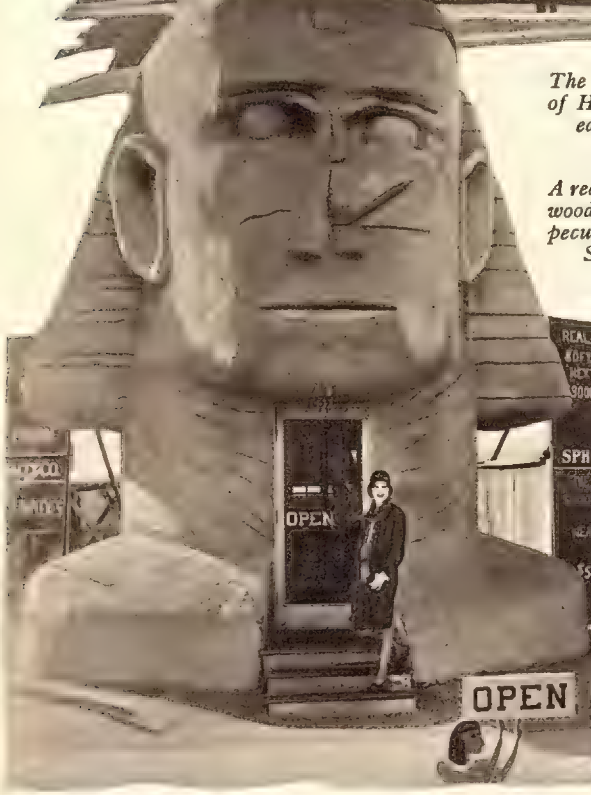
Margaret Chute *describes* HOLLYWOOD'S *Shops and Shams*

DRIVING along Wilshire Boulevard—over five miles of it—from Los Angeles Town to the seaside resort called Santa Monica, there dawns, on the left, the reddy-brown bulk and flower-filled garden of the Ambassador Hotel and Its Shops, resort of millionaires and film stars.

Facing it, on the right of the wide straight street, is an astonishing single-storey building, like something out of an exhibition designed by a man suffering from a combination of nightmare and hallucination.



The "Brown Derby," one of Hollywood's best-known eating establishments



A real-estate office in Hollywood. The striking and peculiar building of the Sphinx Realty Co.

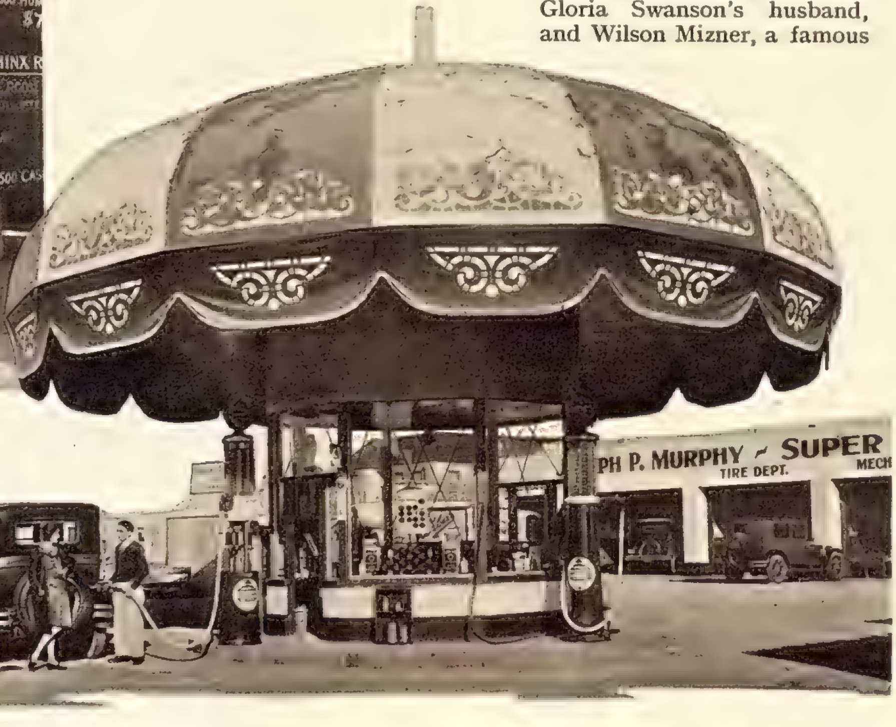
A nice soothing brown is this odd building. Shaped like a man's bowler hat, with windows cut all the way round where the ribbon ought to be, it is a miracle in stucco.

In the centre, at the narrower part of this brim, there is a cut in the stucco, where a path breaks through. This path, flung whitely across the greenest of lawns, mounts proudly to the front door in the Hat, passing under a russet-tinted awning.

On the roof is one of those sky signs that illuminate so cheerily. Carried out consistently in a neat shade of dark brown, this sign bears the words "Eat in the Hat!" in clear square letters of electricity. These words are a vivid blue when lighted, and I can vouch for the fact that they can be seen for over a mile as one approaches the Hat, either from east or west.

On both sides there is a parking space, free, of course; and over the main door, in more letters of dazzling blue, is written "The Brown Derby."

This, then, is the famous, celebrated, popular Brown Derby, one of Hollywood's best-known eating establishments. It was opened a little over two years ago by a small syndicate, of which Herbert Samborn, once Gloria Swanson's husband, and Wilson Mizner, a famous

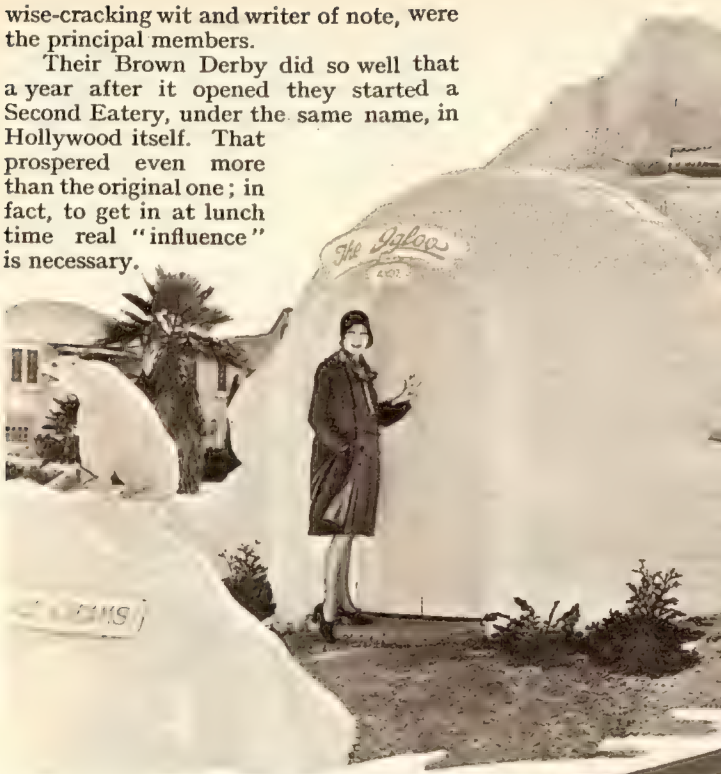


A petrol-station shaped like some gargantuan umbrella. Another of the peculiar shops in Hollywood wise-cracking wit and writer of note, were the principal members.

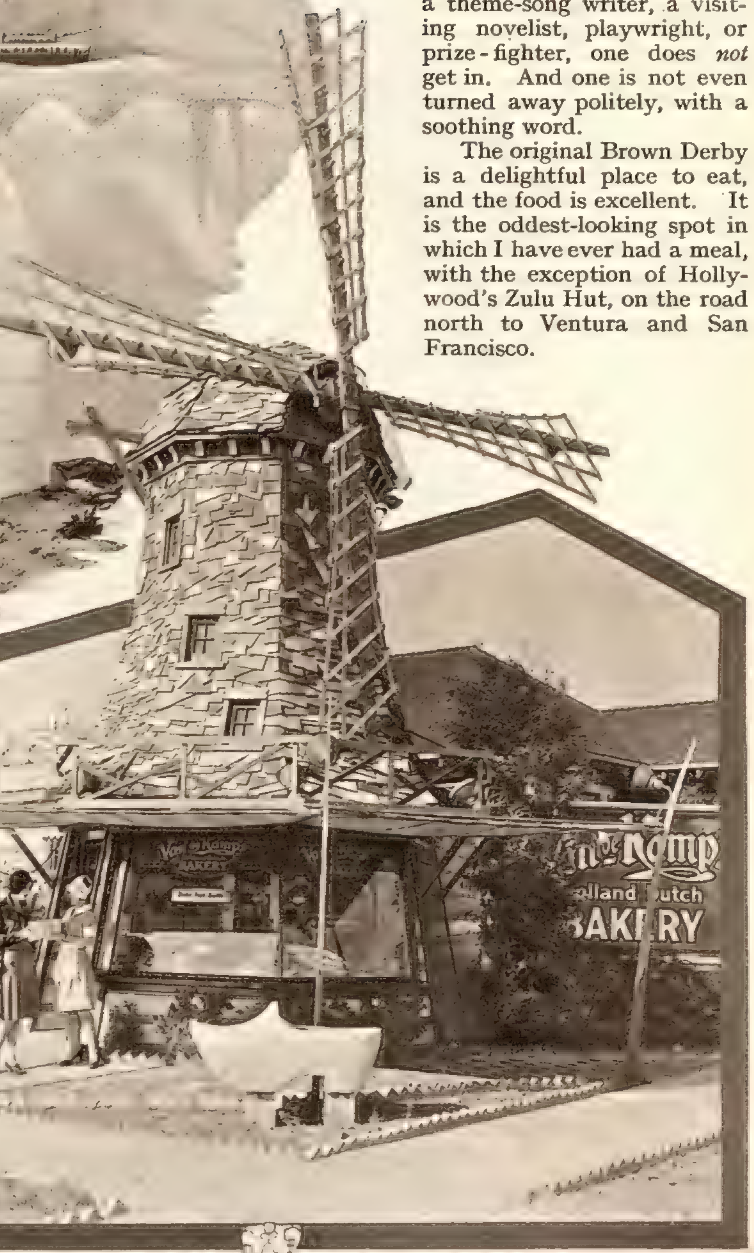
Their Brown Derby did so well that a year after it opened they started a Second Eatery, under the same name, in Hollywood itself. That prospered even more than the original one; in fact, to get in at lunch time real "influence" is necessary.

One may telephone for a table; but, unless one is a star, the mother, father, sister, or brother of a star, a director, a theme-song writer, a visiting novelist, playwright, or prize-fighter, one does *not* get in. And one is not even turned away politely, with a soothing word.

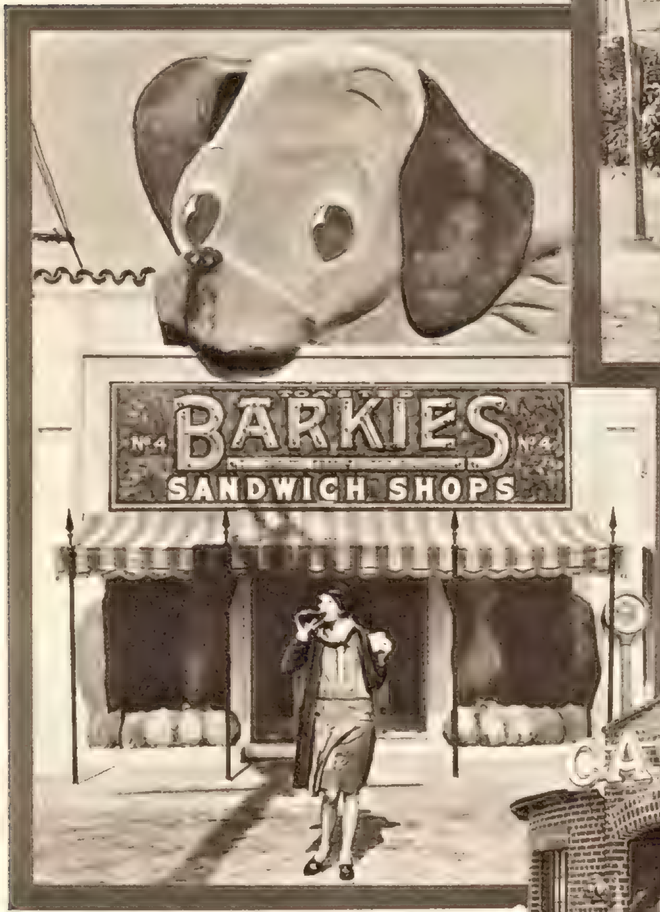
The original Brown Derby is a delightful place to eat, and the food is excellent. It is the oddest-looking spot in which I have ever had a meal, with the exception of Hollywood's Zulu Hut, on the road north to Ventura and San Francisco.



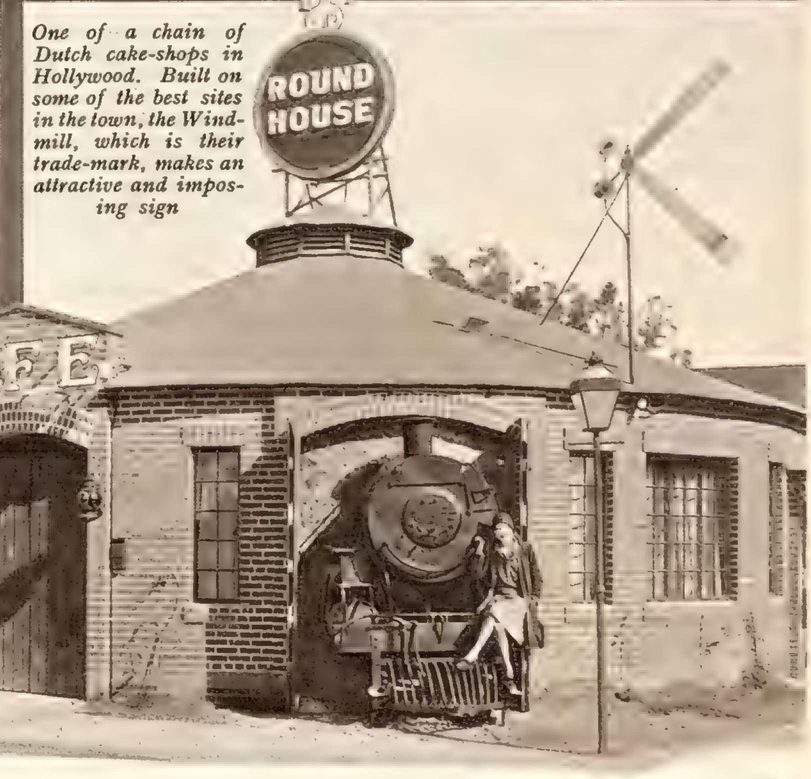
An Igloo Ice-Cream Parlour, modelled from a genuine Igloo Hut, with gleaming ice and a snow-covered sailing-ship in the background, is another of the queer shops of Hollywood



One of a chain of Dutch cake-shops in Hollywood. Built on some of the best sites in the town, the Windmill, which is their trade-mark, makes an attractive and imposing sign



Another of Hollywood's strange restaurants. One of a chain of "hot-dog" and sandwich shops which uses the gigantic head of a weird dog as a sign



(Right) A restaurant built in the style of an engine-shed. It commends the visitor to Hollywood to Stop, Look, and Eat

Evelyn Brent's sitting-room is a copy of one of the scenes from "Interference"

Inside the original Brown Derby there is a big circular counter, with revolving chairs for forty people. This counter is twined round glass cases full of food, electric toasting machines, gas grillers, and four busy cooks. Having endeavoured to create a lasting impression of the Brown Derby, let me explain that I have done so because it is typical of a certain type of Eating-House and Shop in up-and-designing Hollywood.

There is a big café called The Round House, for instance. This is exactly modelled on a Railway Engine-Shed. It is a gay red-brick affair, at the junction of two busy streets, and overhead is yet another of those electric signs saying "Round House." It has a green roof and a perfectly-modelled engine pulling out of one wall, between double wooden doors.

Ann Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister, have a house high up on the Beverly Hills. Ann is here seen in bricklayer's garb assisting in the building thereof

The magnificent hall of Esther Ralston's house. It is an exact copy of a scene in one of her early films

The Queer Shops in this queer town are legion. An ordinary shop-window is not enough. The purchasers must be enticed inside by something odd, exotic, eccentric.

Dorothy Sebastian is a clever interior decorator as well as a film star, but she admits that she got many ideas for her new drawing-room from the modern scenes in which she has acted at the studios

There is a real signal on the roof, and red and green lights on each side of the main door. There is also the cross-shaped sign of white wood that is found at every American level crossing. This, in no uncertain terms, commends the passer-by to Stop, Look, and Eat. A " Merchant's Lunch " is one of the attractions announced on a poster at the foot of this sign.

I CAN never lose the feeling that Hollywood is an Exhibition Town, built of plaster, whitewash, and brittle wood ; intended to stand the strain of a few hectic months, and then fade into outer darkness.

Picture the White City, Earl's Court, Wembley, the Fair at Lyons, the Antwerp Exhibition, the Paris Exhibition. Remember what some of the mock-Moorish and not-quite-genuine Italian, African, and Russian buildings looked like, and that gives you an admirable idea of Hollywood.

There is a Petrol Station shaped like some gargantuan umbrella, like those we crouch under when sheltering from the Riviera sun. The roof is the umbrella ; the " shop," with pumps round it, is the pump-handle. The ferrule has a large electric light in place of a metal cap.

Painted in wide stripes, with a scooped-out frill hanging down, this umbrella is a gorgeous combination of scarlet, blue, green, orange, and cream paint. Whenever I pass it, I think how marvellous it would be to come upon something like that at Ludgate Circus during one of our fogs.

In Hollywood, bread, cakes, and puddings are bought from a chain of Dutch Bakeries, all flaunting The Sign of the Windmill as their Trade-Mark. Called Van Der Kamp's Holland-Dutch Bakeries, these emporiums have been built on some of the best sites in the town, nearly always at the corner of two busy streets.

This gives a chance for the better displaying of the large blue windmill, with revolving sails, that is found on every Van Der Kamp shop. Wherever there is space there is a neat Dutch garden, complete with green lawns, red-tiled paths, and a large Dutch sabot stuck at one corner. The crazy tiles on the tower part of the windmill are a mixture of green, grey, and blue.

Having no real-estate business to transact in Hollywood almost makes a visitor feverish and inclined to invent some, if only for the sake of doing business with the Sphinx Realty Co. They transact their dark deeds in a building made of lath and plaster exactly like the Sphinx.

SANDWICH shops occur and recur worse than decimals, and are not a novelty with the exception of those called " Barkies." There is a chain of these Barkies right through the town ; dodging them is not to be thought of, for on the roof of each one is the nightmarish head of some weird dog, with a bright scarlet plaster-bow tied round his neck. The name " Barkies " arose, I conclude, because these shops sell Hot Dogs, which are really sausages.

From the Igloo, most suitably, comes Ice Cream, without which Hollywood would be as naked and uninspiring as Paris without its cafés. Snowy-white, modelled from a genuine Igloo Hut, with gleaming ice in the background, these Igloo Ice-Cream Parlours are very attractively planned, and do a fine trade.

There is another type of Ice-Cream shop called " The Churn." This is made of plaster painted to look like wood, and modelled in the shape of a huge churn. On one side is a vast metal handle which revolves continuously and mechanically during business hours.

Corinne Griffiths in her "playroom." It takes many of its ideas from sets seen in the films

Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, where all the best-known stars go to have their make-up altered, tested, and made as perfect as possible, is at the corner of Highland Avenue and Hollywood Boulevard. It is a flat-roofed, white building, with deep orange and rust-red paint and sun-blinds ; quite picturesque, but not at all grotesque.

When I arrived in Hollywood for the first time, and Reginald Denny drove me along Sunset Boulevard to the sea, we looked down at one point on over six miles of valley, sprinkled with flat-roofed little houses with grey, white, blue, pink, and apricot walls. It reminded me of a picture I had seen of massed houses in Constantinople ; the Oriental touch is very marked. Because its houses represent a blend of Spanish, Moorish, Arabian, French, and Italian architecture, Hollywood can never look dull.

It has Japanese gardens, at the foot of the hill called Outpost Drive, where Dolores del Rio's magnificent house is one of many picturesquely-designed buildings in large gardens. It has the comparatively new—to us—but old—to Hollywood—Chinese Theatre, opened two years ago on Hollywood Boulevard.

For sheer gold-leaf, lacquered magnificence this Temple of Amusement is hard to beat. I went to the opening night, when the glory of its pagoda-like building, its forecourt, its bronze roof with mysterious green lighting, its golden dragons, its crimson lacquered pillars, its enormous gilt lanterns, its Chinese attendants, first burst on the general public. The eyes of the natives have become (*Continued on page 106*)

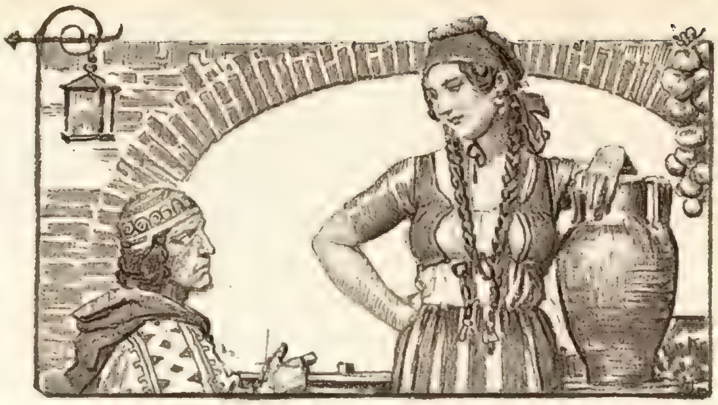
An overhead view of John MacDermott's remarkable house. The house and its contents have been taken from moving-picture sets. The cannon on the roof were used in "Old Ironsides"

TRAGEDIES AND COMEDIES OF HISTORY

No. 2: The Story of COLA di

Described by Norman Hill

Painted by F. Matania, R.I.



SHE found a tall and handsome man, dressed as a pilgrim, sitting at one of the rough tables of the albergo

THE metallic click of a sword lighting on steel armour, the sharp music of rapiers, a low groan, and a gallant soldier lay huddled on the cobblestones outside the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. Dark-bearded ruffians stooped over the corpse and snatched an embroidered purse from the doublet of the dead man. They cursed its poverty of gold pieces, and, with a snarl, crept away to the shadows of the low houses. Another crime added to the catalogue of murders in the Leonine city; hardly worth it, considering the soldier had only half-a-dozen *scudi*. In the morning the followers of the Bavarian Louis would throw their dead comrade into the sluggish waters of the Tiber. They would ask no questions, for life in fourteenth-century Rome was very cheap, and a man must die if he failed to draw his sword swifter than his assailants.

The Romans had inherited a legacy of illusion. They fancied themselves the inheritors of Roman virtue as well as Roman perfidy. The crafty citizens who trod in the walks of Marius thought guile a substitute for skill and slaughter, a panacea for misgovernment. They arrogated to themselves the pretensions of a noble people, and, with typical mediævalism, considered themselves the fountain of honour and arbiter of empire because, in the distant past, the inhabitants of Rome ruled the world.

It was a time of turbulence. Rome was ruled alternately by the two great noble families of Colonna and Orsini. Occasionally these knightly houses united in a common cause, but more often they glared at each other from their respective strongholds of the theatre of Marcellus and the castle of St. Angelo. The citizens of Rome followed one family or the other, according to their promises of largesse or the strength of their German mercenaries.

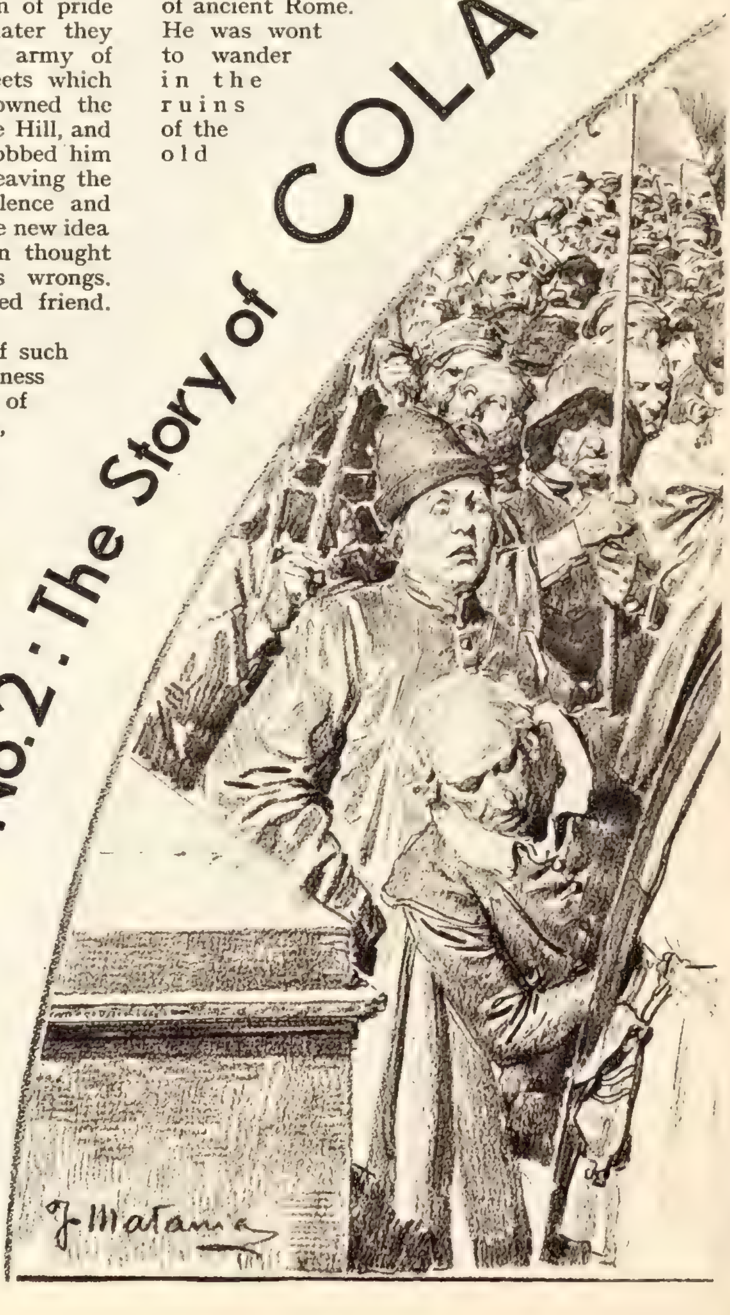
The Popes had left the Eternal City for the greater security of Avignon, and the Romans responded by electing short-lived anti-popes, consecrating false cardinals and hearing Mass at the mouth of excommunicated archbishops. It was all one to them. The Pope must know the Roman people possessed the inherent right to make and unmake emperors and kings. A Pope who claimed such powers usurped the privileges of the Roman people.

The two great families played on the sentiments of the mob for their own ends. It was a Colonna who embraced the cause of the Emperor Louis of Bavaria, and persuaded that adventurous potentate to flatter the mob by accepting imperial power at its hands. The Emperor was presented at St. Peter's by an excommunicated prelate, and crowned emperor. The mob swayed to their homes in an intoxication of pride and wine. Seven months later they hissed the Emperor and his army of four thousand men from streets which flowed with blood. They crowned the poet Petrarch on the Capitoline Hill, and the servants of the Colonna robbed him the following day as he was leaving the city. Adulation to-day: violence and murder to-morrow. It was the new idea of a Roman holiday. No man thought of justice or redress for his wrongs. His sword was his only trusted friend.

IT was into an atmosphere of such depravity and licentiousness that Cola di Rienzi, the last of the Roman tribunes, was born, in the year 1313.

His mother kept a small but much frequented inn on the banks of the Tiber, in the Roman suburbs. She was buxom in the Italian style, and her bright eyes caused her husband many jealous hours. One day, as she returned from the well, balancing on her head a great copper ewer with the dexterity still common to matrons of the Campagna, she found a tall and handsome man, dressed as a pilgrim, sitting at one of the rough tables of the albergo. The innkeeper was absent at a brawl in the city, and the beautiful woman attended to the wants of the stranger. Whether anything passed between them will never be known, but Cola di Rienzi was born some nine months later, and the pilgrim turned out to be the Emperor Henry the Seventh in disguise. The woman died soon after the child was born, but Cola, in later life, liked to imagine that imperial blood ran in his veins. His mother, who could have solved the problem, was then a distant and not very fragrant memory.

We know little of Rienzi's early life. His father was a vassal of the Colonna, and the bright, cheerful boy may have attracted the attention of some of the Roman nobles who descended from their horses at the inn. Little Cola was given an education far beyond the means of his humble parents, and very soon developed a love of ancient Rome. He was wont to wander in the ruins of the old

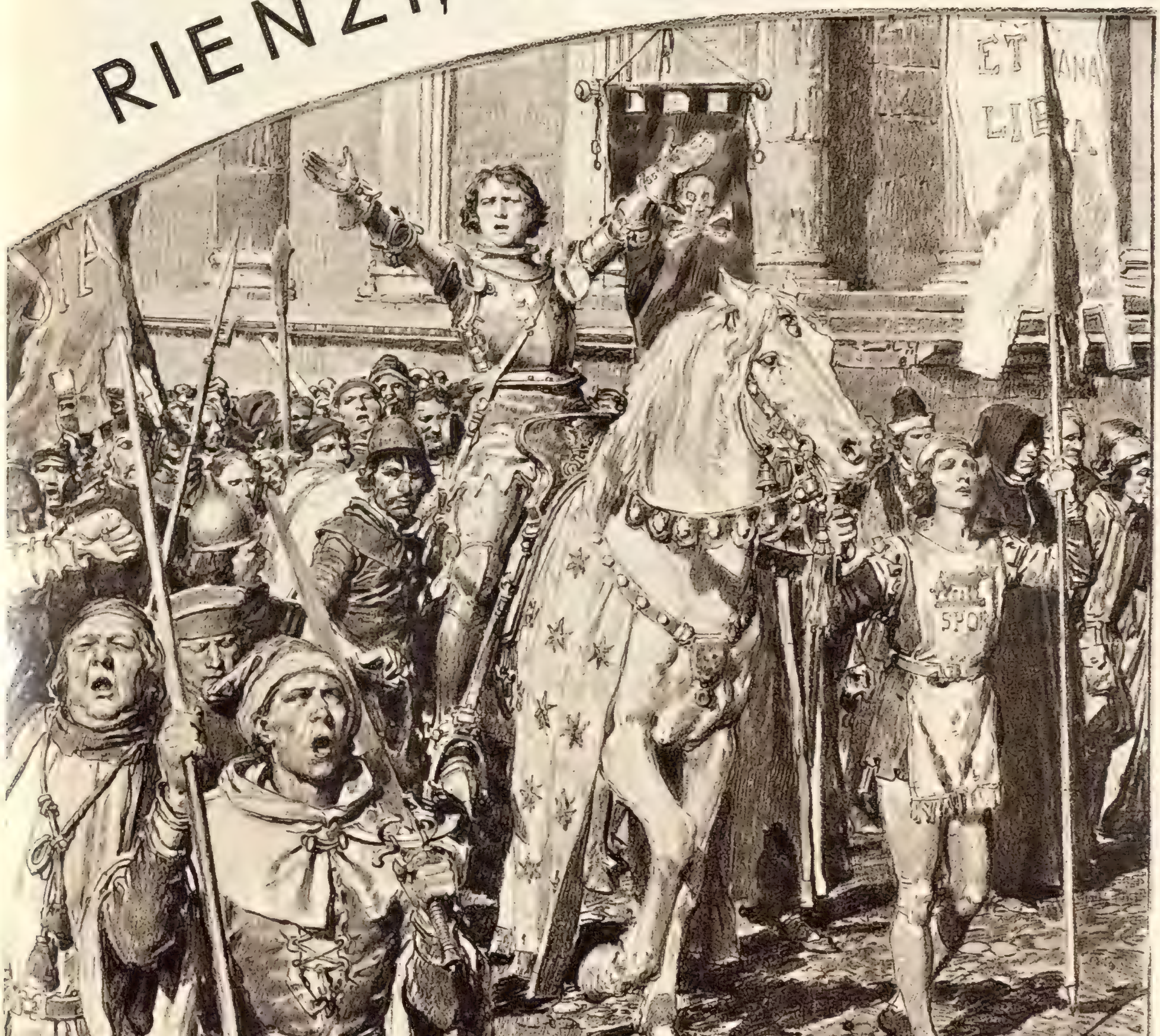


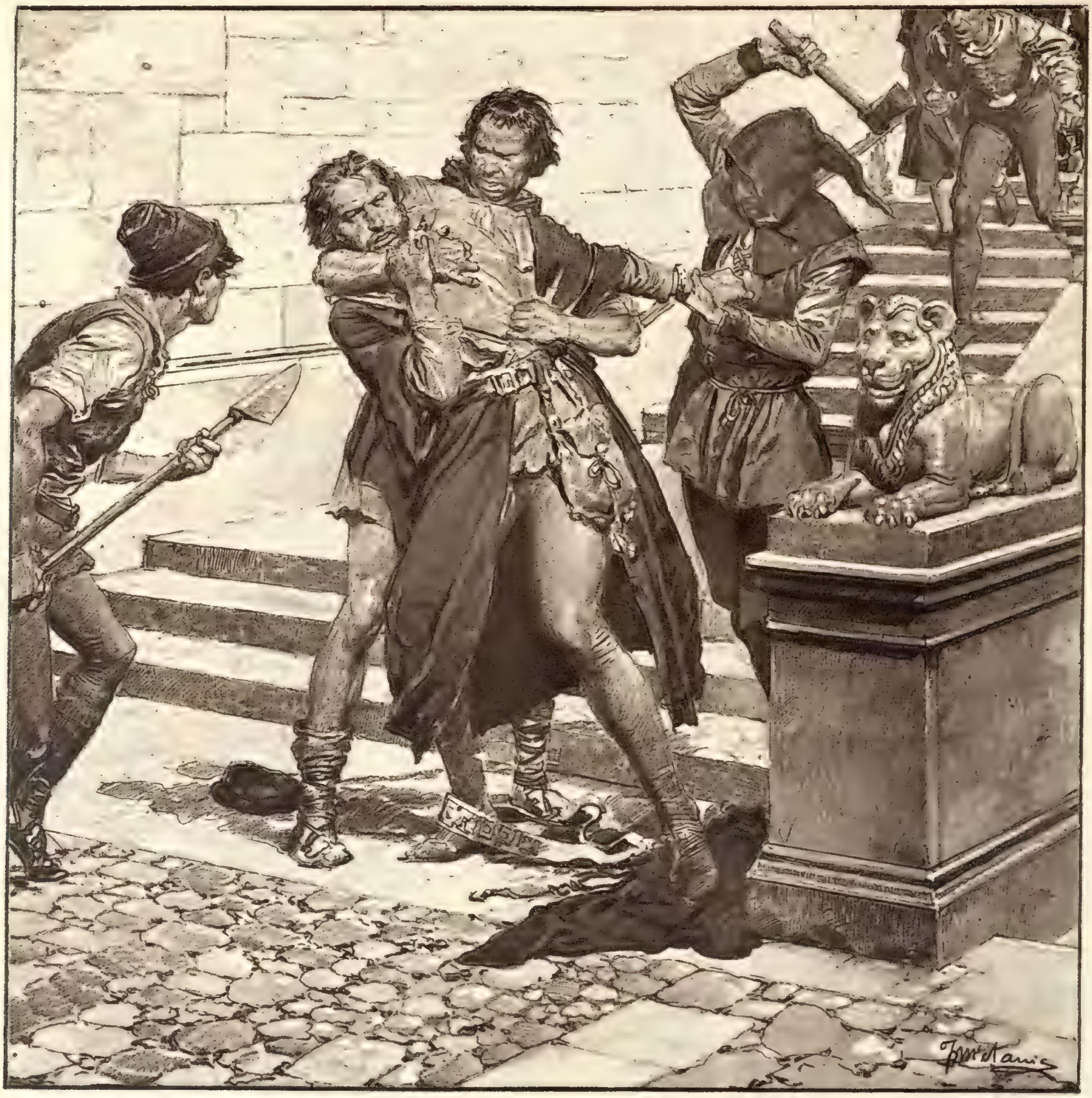
AT dawn he emerged into the sunlight in shining armour, but with his head uncovered. The people gathered round him . . .

city and weave fanciful pictures among the fallen columns and broken arches of the days that were gone. He spoke of a revival of imperial glory, and quoted Livy and Valerius Maximus. His father impatiently commanded him to rinse the wine-vessels. The boy knew of the violence of the city. Slaughter was no novelty to him, and the sight of dead men inspired no undue horror. It was only when his relatives brought to the inn the lifeless body of his favourite brother, killed in a street fight between the Colonna and Orsini, that he inwardly vowed to lead a revolution to sweep lawlessness from the city. History has often given its noblest dreams to youth.

RIENZI, THE ROMAN DELIVERER

ROME continued its tempestuous course of massacre and insurrection. The tyranny of the barons and knights worsened with each decade, until it reached a pitch of cruelty that even the populace forgot its sycophancy and wished for a quieter, milder time. They rose against the senatorial families, and established a vague government of their own. It was sufficiently strong to send a deputation to the Pope at Avignon beseeching the successor of St. Peter to forsake the Rhône for the Tiber. This deputation was headed by young Cola di Rienzi, now a man of thirty. He had long fostered a hatred of the reigning families, and in the mellifluous prose of the day had denounced the Orsini and Colonna. At Avignon he created a pleasing impression, and the Pope was inclined to listen to his pleadings. Cola was emboldened to mention certain tyrants by name, and his fiercest tirade was reserved for the Colonnas. He forgot that the Pope's chief adviser belonged to that noble house. Rienzi presently found himself shivering in the cold wind outside the very tall walls of the papal castle. It





He was stripped of his disguise, and the terrified Rienzi looked on the Roman mob for the last time

was only through the kindly intervention of Petrarch, the poet, and the same Cardinal Colonna whose relatives he had accused, that Rienzi was eventually given a safe conduct to Rome with the very important office of Notary of the city.

For some years he sat in his office surrounded by councillors who hated him for his brilliance and despised him for his birth. It was his duty to assist in the dispensation of justice, and for a long period he contributed to the farce, inscribing with a flourish and a silver pen the grandiloquent documents he himself had composed. Eventually he found his spirit could no longer endure the humiliation which made human suffering the price of petty tyranny. He denounced the councillors as men who sucked the blood from the poor under the legend of being their friends. One of the councillors gave Rienzi a resounding smack on the cheek, but for some reason or other the young Notary did not draw his sword. He broke from mediæval tradition. He stormed from the room, angrily wondering how best he could right the wrongs of the multitude and obtain personal revenge without involving his own life in immediate danger.

He was a visionary who lived two centuries before his time. He knew the value of oratory. He had trained himself in that modulation of the voice and vehemence of expression which had not failed to move the Roman mob since the days of Coriolanus. Using his powers as a Notary of the city, he called a meeting in the church of St. John Lateran under the pretext of explaining an obscure inscription which dated from the days of classical Rome. The citizens poured into the basilica and heard an impassioned rodomontade against the Roman nobility.

It was as if someone had rung the tocsin. The multitude streamed back to the streets wondering if this Cola di Rienzi, the son of an innkeeper, had been chosen by the Saints for their deliverance. The next morning they rubbed their eyes before a crude allegorical mural painting which some artists had painted on the walls of the Camorra (or council chamber). It represented Rome as a woman in an attitude of prayer kneeling on a sinking ship, while all round Roman nobles, in the guise of pigs and monkeys, blew great gusts of wind on the ill-fated vessel. Rienzi had reached the hearts of those who could not understand his speeches. In an age of symbols, even the most pitiably uncultured could not fail to grasp the meaning of this allegory, and recall the faces of the Orsini and Colonna in their caricatures of asses and pigs.

The nobles for their part looked on Rienzi as a playful idiot whose latest excesses in word and deed were good material for witty conversation. They invited the fiery young man to their houses and warmed him to debate. When Rienzi declared in a hushed voice, "I shall be a great Lord, perhaps even Emperor!" they laughed. And when one of the barons suggested cutting off the orator's head, he was howled down, as they did not want an amusing trifler to meet such a summary and untimely end.

While the gay nobles laughed in their cups in the palaces by the Tiber, Rienzi established himself at the head of a considerable following. The fickle Romans took a delight in the novelty of the new situation. Their condition could not be worse, and Cola di Rienzi, with his tunic and cape of German style and his white cap painted with the points of a crown, made entrancing promises. But even Rome was not prepared for the lightning decisions of the enthusiastic revolutionary. They hardly understood when they read on the walls of the public buildings on the morning of February 15th, 1347, the astounding notice: "In a short time the Romans shall return to their ancient good government." Men read and re-read the inscription with awe, their incredulity gradually giving place to assertive conviction. The cry "Lo antico buono stato" fell from many lips before the sun went down over the Latin hills.

RIENZI bided his time. He allowed the followers of the Orsini and Colonna to pursue their salutary mission of slaughtering each other while he gathered the citizens in the open squares of their city. He dilated on their miseries. He spoke of the greatness which was Rome and which could be theirs again for the taking. Each day his power became more apparent, until at last the nobles ceased to sneer at the street corner orator who had become a force in Rome. It needed just that touch of theatricality to ensure the success of the popular hero. On the eve of Pentecost, Rienzi kept vigil in the church of St. Angelo in Peschieria, and heard thirty masses of the Holy Ghost. At dawn he emerged into the sunlight in shining armour, but with his head uncovered. The people gathered round him with feelings of awe, and presently a procession of men carrying symbolic banners marched from the main door of the church. The revolution had begun. In the space of a few hours Rienzi was master of the city. He addressed the people from the Capitol and was invested with supreme power to establish the "buono stato." Rienzi accepted the dictatorship with grave dignity, decreeing reliefs in taxation and the proper protection of merchants. But he was careful to say he would rule in conjunction with the vicar of the Pope, whose spiritual supremacy even the great and glorious Roman people must not call in question.

These events happened so suddenly that Stephano, the head of the house of Colonna, did not hear of them until he reached the city the following day. When told there had been a revolution, the aristocratic Stephano declared he would pitch Rienzi head first from the top of the Capitoline hill. Then he saw the armed multitude and thought safe distance the better part of statecraft. He turned his horse to the open country and left his fellow nobles to make what terms they could with this extraordinary tribune of the people.

Rienzi was taking no chances. He ordered the remainder of the nobles to leave the city or submit to the "buono stato." Those who hesitated were handed over to the executioner without mercy. For a day or two terror held the city, but the sole victims were men who had battened on human misery all their lives. The nobles were subjugated, and a measure of justice returned to the courts of law. Men really imagined that the "buono stato" was not to be a happy nine days' wonder.

With a marvellous gesture the Tribune commanded the noble palaces to be reft of their tapestries and works of art so that his own palace of the Capitol should be the most beautiful in Rome. He acknowledged no princely rank within the city. He set the robbers of the high roads by their ears, and in a day or two merchants swarmed on the only city in Italy where they were certain of a square deal without danger of sword or stiletto. The tribune of the people received the sanction of the Pope in Avignon for the benefits he had conferred on the Papal city.

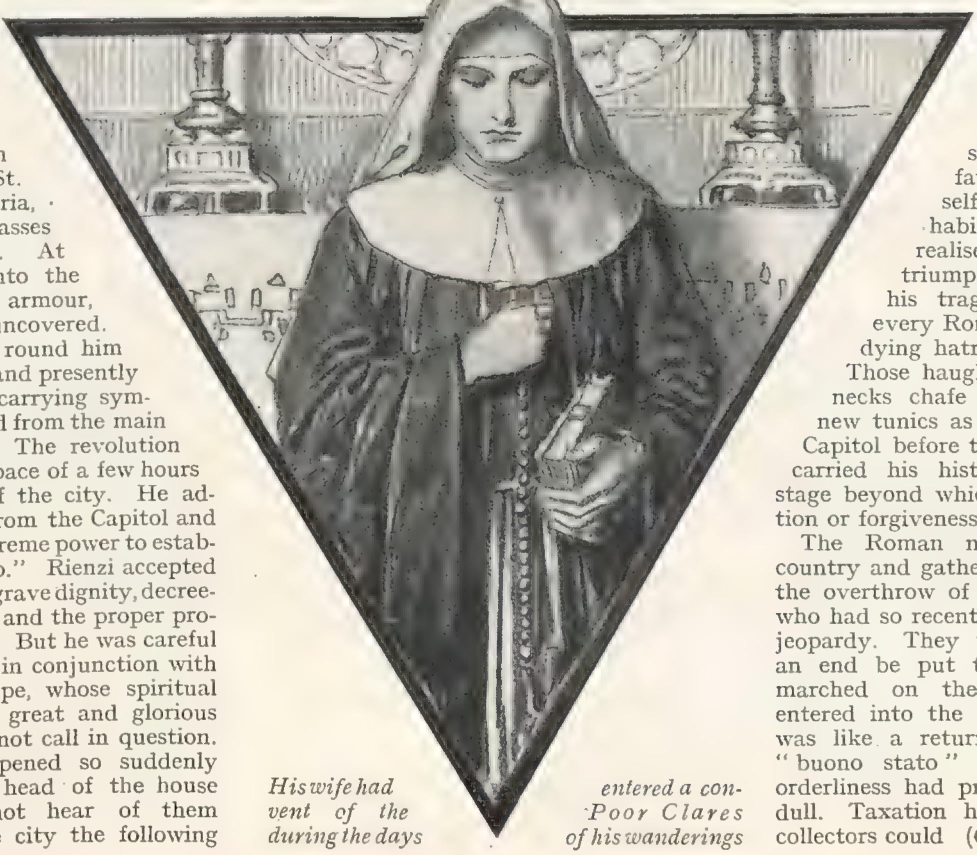
The success of Rienzi's arms struck fear to the few nobles who resisted him, and in those days of primitive communication Western Christendom really believed that a magician had revived the ancient glories of the Leonine City, and that Rome had once more, after a lapse of ages, asserted her supremacy in the world. In his palace Rienzi buoyed himself up with similar notions. His vainglory had not yet had a chance to become uneasy. He was the ruler of Rome, and his wife, lovely and young, had her own guard of honour as she progressed from her palace to call on Romans of noble birth whose very presence in other days would have caused her plebeian heart to flutter with embarrassment and fear.

NO historian can describe Cola di Rienzi as a great man. He was just one of those picturesque adventurers who have cropped up from time to time in Europe's sad story. He had all the weaknesses of the fanatic and the failings of the self-seeker. He imagined flourishes more important than thoughts. Carried away by the success of his revolution, he encouraged the aggrandisement of his relatives. One of them, a barber, appeared on the streets of Rome in a golden equipage with an escort of knights in armour.

The Tribune of the people decided to make himself a knight, and went through all the ceremonies in the presence of ambassadors from most of the courts of Europe. Even this extravagance did not satisfy him. He decided he must be crowned, and when the Pope temporised, decided to do without Pontifical sanction. On the day of the Assumption he took his place on a throne in St. John Lateran and was there solemnly crowned by various ecclesiastics with symbolic wreaths of herbs and plants that grew in the shadow of the arch of Constantine. There was ivy because he loved religion, and myrtle because he hated bribes. He followed this latest extravaganza with a huge banquet, to which all the old-time nobles were invited. They did not dare refuse to sup with the dictator and assembled in silence. Rienzi had them all arrested and decorated the hall with red and white cloth, the symbols of execution. The great bell was rung and the nobles prepared for death.

The Tribune then addressed them and said he would obey the divine precept and forgive their past delinquencies. He commanded each noble be given a new robe of silk and fur, and that they ride with him through the city to show the people they were their humble servants. The infatuated Rienzi, himself clad in a glaring habit of scarlet, did not realise as he headed the triumphal procession that his tragic jest had steeled every Roman noble heart to undying hatred of the new cause. Those haughty Romans felt their necks chafe with the fur of their new tunics as they rode under the Capitol before the people. Rienzi had carried his histrionic jests just that stage beyond which there is no redemption or forgiveness.

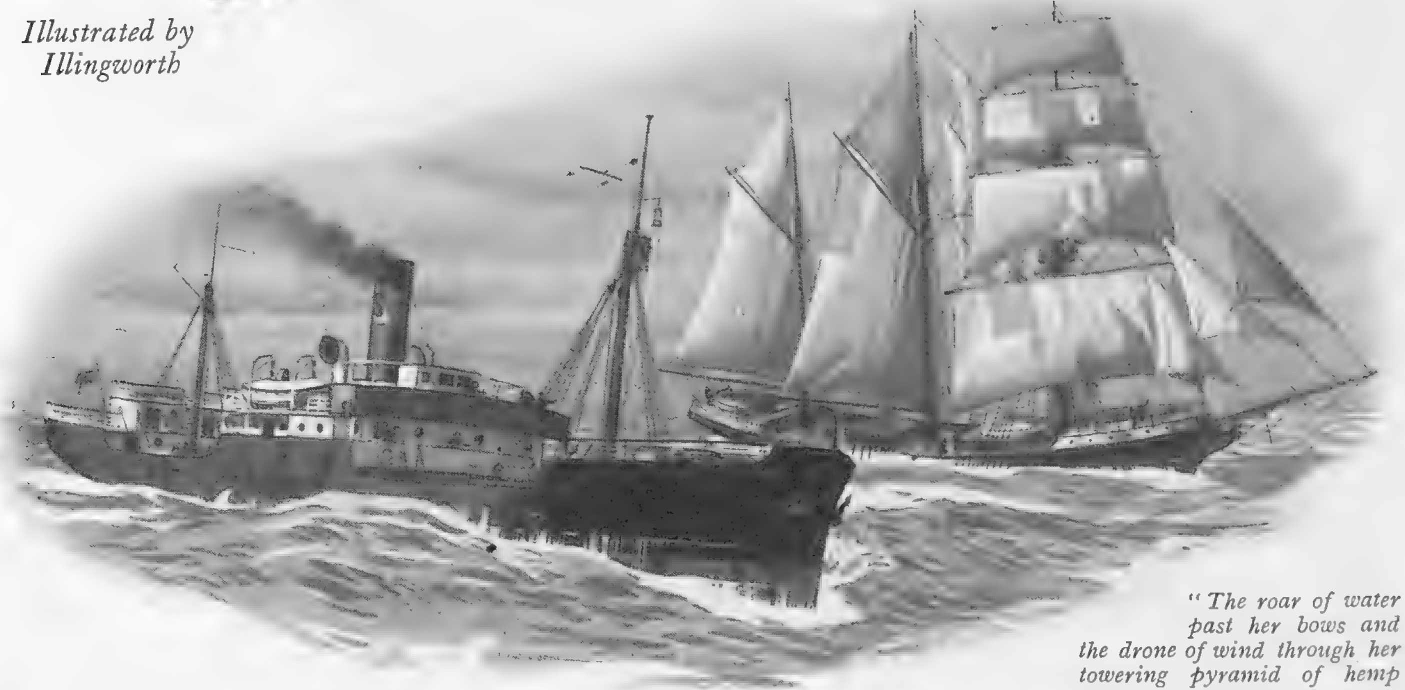
The Roman nobles retired to the country and gathered forces together for the overthrow of the dangerous lunatic who had so recently placed their lives in jeopardy. They were determined that an end be put to Rienzi's reign, and marched on the city. The Romans entered into the contest with zest. It was like a return of old times. The "buono stato" with its justice and orderliness had proved both costly and dull. Taxation had piled up and tax collectors could (*Continued on page 124*)



His wife had entered a convent of the Poor Clares during the days of his wanderings

The Flaming Chariot

Illustrated by Illingworth



"The roar of water past her bows and the drone of wind through her towering pyramid of hemp and canvas made a hymn to honour the passing of a queen"

ANOTHER amusing story of the inimitable Mr. Glencannon, in which our hero is involved in an adventure of anchors and anchorites

By Guy Gilpatric

IT was an afternoon of lowering skies and leaden seas on which the white-caps gleamed with that unaccountable brightness which presages a storm. A wind that had swept across four hundred miles of Mediterranean since it took its leave of Africa was whisking away these white-caps, turning them into spray, and then sullying the spindrift with clouds of Tyne-coal soot which belched from the funnel of a singularly ugly tramp steamer. This vessel was the *Inchcliffe Castle,* and she was snouting her way Northward past the Balearics towards Marseilles at a spanking clip of seven knots an hour.

Now it happened that this rate of speed, although considerable for her and being, in fact, about twice as fast as a man can walk, was by no means satisfactory to Mr. Montgomery, the mate. Therefore he growled impatiently to himself, strode to the speaking tube, and whistled the engine room. "The bridge'll speak to the Chief," he said. "Oh, are you there, Mr. Glencannon?—Well, I s'y, ayn't there nothing you can do to choke another knot or so out of 'er? There's a chap out 'ere 'oo's sculling past us in a punt!"

"Ah, noo!" replied a voice in which were combined the tin of the tube and the timbre of Aberdeen. "What ye say, Muster Montgomery, is inaccurate on the vurra face o' it! In the feerst place, the poont is a type o' craft unknown in these waters, and the waters is too deep for it anyway. In the second place, I've got the old teapot deleevering her maxeemum, and leaking steam at every pore. And in the theerd place, I'll thank ye to leave the engines to me and mind yere ain domned business." Whereupon, with crushing finality, the tube snapped shut.

"There!" complained Mr. Montgomery to the quartermaster at the wheel. "Bly'me if there ever was a man like 'im!" And returning to the starboard wing of the bridge, he trained his binoculars astern at a three-masted barquantine which, close hauled and with all sails set, was scudding along in swift pursuit.

"Why, I never seen anything like it!" he muttered, in awed and reluctant admiration. "In another 'arf hour, that perishing old windjammer'll be showing us 'er 'eels! I'd better notify the Old Man . . ."

Shortly he was joined by Captain Ball, who borrowed his glasses and scanned the barquantine with an expert eye. "Well," he said after a thorough inspection, "he's certainly giving her all she'll take, but he'll jolly well yank her sticks out if he doesn't watch her!"

"Yes, and he'll jolly well pass us if we don't watch 'im!" said Mr. Montgomery. "'Umiliyting, I calls it, sir, being trimmed by a ruddy windjammer!"

"H'm," mused Captain Ball. "Sail beating steam . . . it is a nasty idea, at that! I'll just speak to Mr. Glencannon." And he, too, stepped to the tube and had parlance with the choleric genius who presided below.

When he returned, his face was purple and his moustache was trembling. But soon the clank of furnace-doors and the scrape of coal shovels came up through the skylights—these, and a voice raised in profane exhortation. Then the pulse of the engines throbbed swifter to the stimulus of steam, and the deckplates set up a new vibration as the *Inchcliffe Castle* protestingly increased her gait through the water.

"Ah, ha! now we're snorting!" said Captain Ball, glancing at his watch and peering through the glasses at the indicator of the patent log. "I bet Mr. Glencannon'll get a good ten and a quarter out of her."

Mr. Montgomery shook his head dubiously. "I suppose 'e could if anybody could, but just the syme, Captain, I'm afryde that blinking syle boat will shyme us yet!"

The crew now were watching the vessel astern. They stood in groups along the *Inchcliffe Castle's* well-deck, marvelling at the other's speed, waxing sarcastic about their own ship, and laying bets as to the time which would elapse before they took the windjammer's wake. For steadily, steadily, she was overhauling them.

Captain Ball beat his fist upon the bridge-rail in helpless exasperation. "Hell's bones!" he groaned. "She's an old-time racing clipper, or the ghost of one, that's what she is! I was fifteen years in sail myself, and I tell you no ordinary tub can travel like that—no, nor no ordinary skipper either ! "

" I can't myke out 'er nyme—there's no 'eadboards on 'er," said Mr. Montgomery. " My word, Captain, look—'e's planning to shyve us close ! "

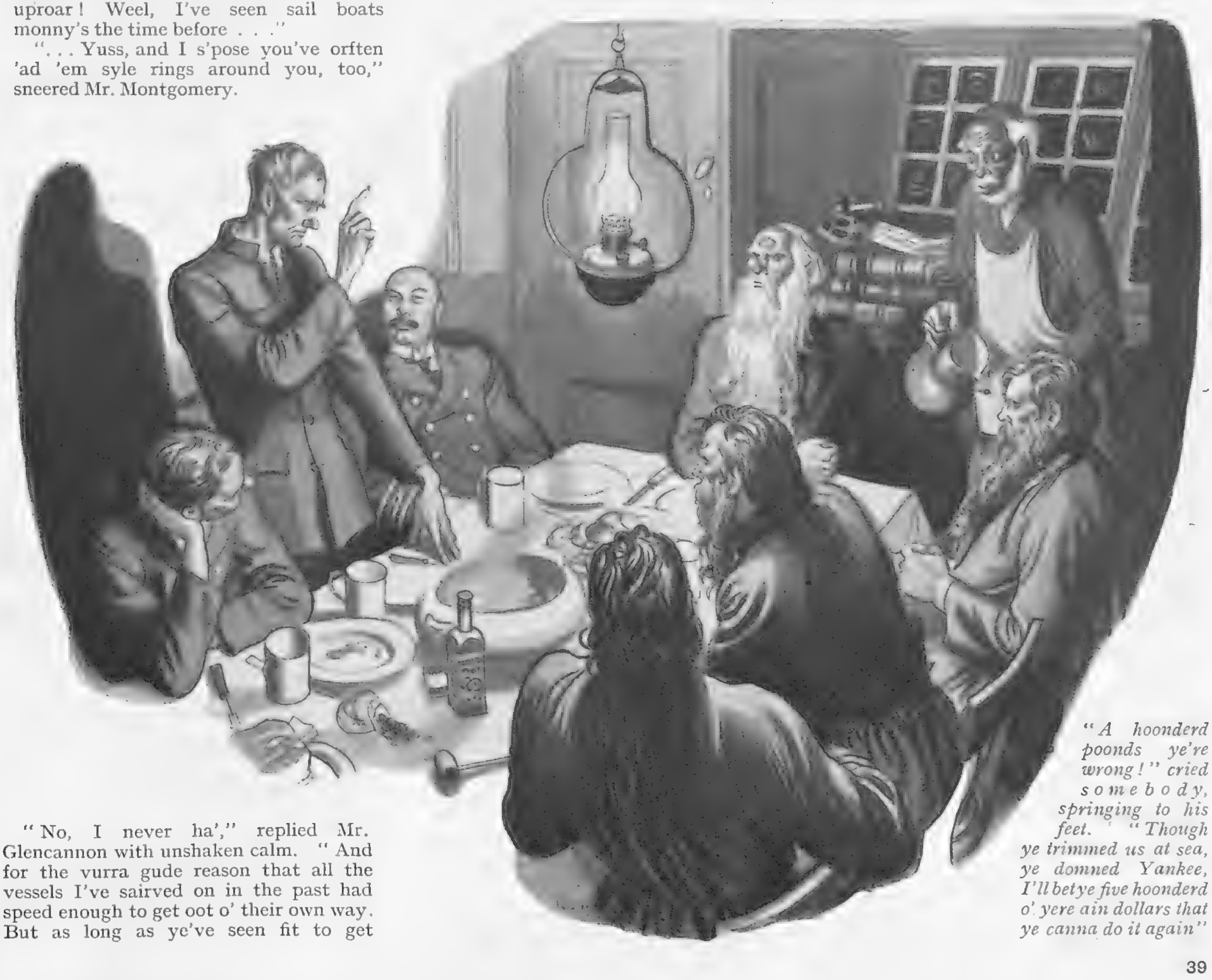
" Yes—so's he can give us the horse-laugh when he goes by," growled Captain Ball.

High aloft above the barquantine's deck, tiny figures clambered out along the foreyards, while below groups were hauling in on the main and mizzen sheets until the great sails stretched taut as drum-heads. Heeled over until her lee rails hissed whitely through the water, she charged along like a massive pile of gale-driven thunderclouds. Her sails were dirty and frayed and patched ; her black hull was streaked and lumpy as the outside of a leaky tar-barrel, and yet, despite it all, she was regal, majestic, beautiful. As she swept alongside the *Inchcliffe Castle,* the roar of water past her bows and the drone of wind through her towering pyramid of hemp and canvas made a hymn to honour the passing of a queen.

" By George, what a sight ! " exclaimed Captain Ball. " I say, just ask Mr. Glencannon to step up here. He might as well share our shame."

BY the time Mr. Glencannon, in overalls and carpet slippers, had arrived upon the bridge, the two ships were neck and neck. " Foosh ! " he said disgustedly, wiping the perspiration from his chin. " So yon's the cause o' all the uproar ! Weel, I've seen sail boats monny's the time before . . ."

". . . Yuss, and I s'pose you've orften 'ad 'em syle rings around you, too," sneered Mr. Montgomery.



" A hoonderd poonds ye're wrong ! " cried somebody, springing to his feet. " Though ye trimmed us at sea, ye domned Yankee, I'll betye five hoonderd o' yere ain dollars that ye canna do it again "

" No, I never ha'," replied Mr. Glencannon with unshaken calm. " And for the vurra gude reason that all the vessels I've sairved on in the past had speed enough to get oot o' their own way. But as long as ye've seen fit to get pairsonal, Muster Montgomery, I'll just reemind ye that . . ."

He was interrupted by a shout. Down on the *Inchcliffe Castle's* well-deck, the men were pointing excitedly toward the barquantine. " Look, look yon ! " exclaimed Mr. Glencannon, following their gaze. " Why, domned if I ever beheld such a speectacle ! "

The vessel's decks and rigging were peopled with characters who might have stepped from the pages of the Old Testament. Every man aboard her was clothed completely in black, and had hair that swept his shoulders and a beard that reached his waist ! It was a strange and eerie sight. It made one think of the *Flying Dutchman,* and to expect the Klaboterman himself to clamber gibbering into the shrouds before the ghost ship should vanish into mist.

" Lunateeks oot for a peekneek ! " pronounced Mr. Glencannon, breaking the awed silence.

" Lunatics, and no mistake, but they're great sailors all the same ! " grunted Captain Ball. " That's the skipper—the big brute there on the quarter-deck. I say, give the old shell-back a hail, Mister Mate."

" Barquantine a-hoy-y-y ! " called Mr. Montgomery. " Wot's yer nyme ? "

" What the hell is it to you ? " bellowed a voice from between the cupped hands of the bearded skipper, and its accent was distinctly American.

" Haw ! " chuckled Mr. Glencannon delightedly. " There's yere answer, Muster Mate ! Yon is a master o' reepartee and a mon after my ain heart ! " And reaching for the whistle-cord, he applauded the patriarch with three hoarse blasts of the *Inchcliffe Castle's* siren. Then, as the poop of the barquantine slid past the *Castle's* bridge, he removed his cap and waved it politely—a salute which the bearded one acknowledged by thumbing his nose.

Mr. Glencannon, outraged by this gratuitous discourtesy, leaned over the rail and shook his fist. " Why, ye whuskery Yankee goat ! " he shouted. " Get oot o' our way or we'll run ye doon ! "

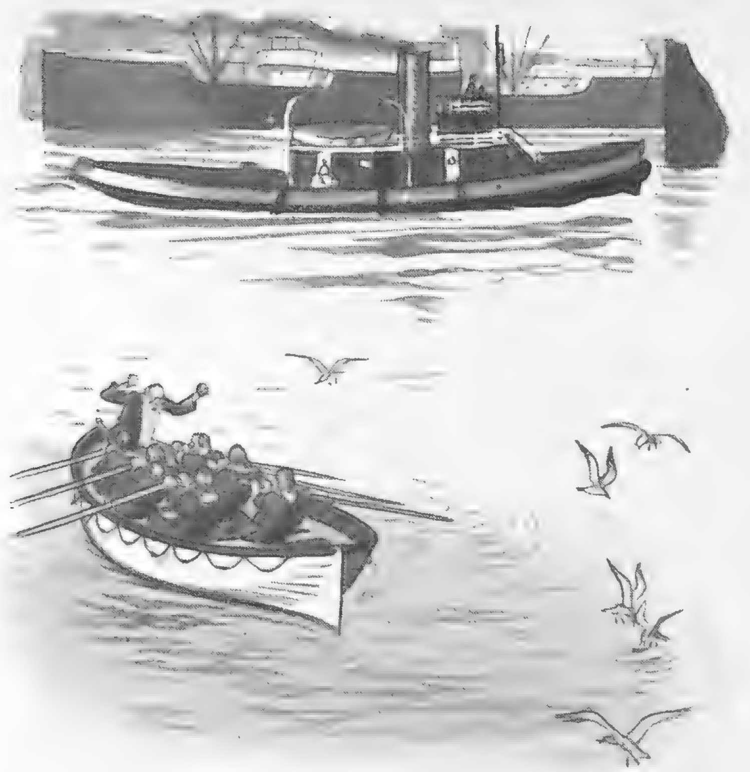
" In a blue moon you will ! " scoffed the bearded one, turning on his heel to glance into the binnacle. " Well, so-long, you limping lime-juicers—I'll tell 'em you're coming in Marseels ! " He paused just long enough to thumb his nose once more—this time over his left shoulder, and with something of a flourish.

The wind was freshening, and in response to a gust the barquantine lay over and surged triumphantly ahead.

" Well," sighed Captain Ball mournfully, as her transom hove into view. " That's that ! What's her name, anyway ? "

" *Flaming Chariot,*" read Mr. Glencannon, squinting his eyes. " *Flaming Chariot,* o' Savannah, Georgia."

WITH much coughing and churning, two little French tugs butted the *Inchcliffe Castle* between the granite



"But his eloquence was of no avail. Leisurely the 'Inchcliffe Castle's' boat crossed the line a dozen lengths ahead. As it did so . . .

walls of the Bassin de la Joliette. She ran out her lines and made fast to the wharf. Mr. Montgomery, his labours ended, waved to the bridge from the fo'c'sle head and pointed to a stately three-master berthed in the opposite side of the dock.

"Well, damme if it isn't the *Flaming Chariot*!" exclaimed Captain Ball. The Marseilles harbour pilot, hearing him, nodded and, placing his forefinger against his temple, agitated it as though scrambling eggs. "*Fou—ils sont fou*—all crezzee," he declared, indicating the barquantine. "Crez-zee *Américains*!"

"Yes, I fancy they are a bit cracked," agreed Captain Ball, observing that those members of the *Flaming Chariot's* crew who were not engaged in labour were wearing long black robes and smoking corn-cob pipes.

"Who are those chaps, anyway?"

"Crez-zee *Américains*," repeated the pilot, in full and final explanation.

For the next few days the gentlemen of the *Inchcliffe Castle* were too busy to bother about their hirsute neighbours. But one afternoon, when the cargo had been discharged and they were awaiting orders from the agent, Captain Ball yawned, stretched, and said something about paying the barquantine a visit.

"——Me wisit them impudent coves? Well, orl right if you s'y so, sir," agreed Mr. Montgomery reluctantly. "But suppose we tyke Mister Glencannon along. Arfter orl, it's 'im we 'ave to thank for our disgryce."

"I'll deem mysel' honoured to accompany ye, Captain," said Mr. Glencannon. "I'd like to mak' an inspection aboord yon Yankee zoo. The boorish behaviour o' that whuskery skeeper still rankles beeterly."

They strolled down the dock and entered the gate at the opposite side. Over their heads soared the mighty jibboom of the *Flaming Chariot*—a spar which jutted from her bow out over the traffic to the very centre of the Rue Sainte Pauline.

"An old clipper hull—of course—I knew she was a clipper!" declared Captain Ball. "Look at the taper of her; why, she's built like a wedge!"

"Vurra curious," conceded Mr. Glencannon somewhat absently, as he abhorred all sailing ships, and this one in particular. "But whoosh, Captain, do ye look at the rust and feelth o' her. 'Tis a wonder the old tub stays afloat."

"You bet it's a wonder. Why, do you realise, gentlemen, that this craft must be at least sixty years old? Before they rerigged her as a barquantine, I wouldn't doubt if she'd done seventeen knots or better."

"Only fawncy!" remarked Mr. Montgomery, casting a sour glance at Mr. Glencannon. "Seventeen knots and not a hengineer aboard 'er! Bly'me, look!" and he lowered his voice. "Look there, Captain—the silly blighters are wearing sandals!"

With their flowing black robes tucked up under them, a number of the crew were sitting in the shade of the deck-house rolling dice. Two or three of them were smoking, and from the condition of the adjacent scupper it was apparent that the remainder chewed tobacco. They looked, talked and behaved like a conclave of renegade saints.

Aft, beneath the awning, the skipper was engaged in darning a pair of red flannel drawers. Beside his deck-chair stood a two-gallon jug and a tin cup, to which he referred frequently and with gusto. It was during such an interval that he spied the delegation from the *Inchcliffe Castle*.

"Well, damned if it ain't the limping limejuicers!" he roared. "Howdy, brethren, howdy! Come aboard and rest your hats!"

"A-weel," murmured Mr. Glencannon. "He seems a bit more ceevil, but I dinna trust him. There's the ladder to yere left, Captain Ball . . . after you, sir."

THEY were welcomed on the deck by the bearded skipper, who towered at least six feet seven in his sandalled feet, and was broad and resonant in proportion. "I'm glad you all dropped in, brothers!" he boomed. "We're clearing with a cargo for Barcelona tomorrer night. Jest unjoint yourselves under this here awning while I go to my room and break out a fresh jug. Sho', it's the slickest home-made cawn you ever tasted! I can't abide these namy-pamby dago liquors, can you?"

Shortly he reappeared with a jug and three tin cups. "Aft, the Mates!" he shouted, and then, uncorking the jug, "The Mates is my sons," he explained. "I'd like for you all to shake hands with 'em."

They were joined by three hairy, bearded huskies who stood fumbling with their robes and digging shyly at the deck-caulking with their horny bare toes.

"Gents," said the skipper, "these here's my sons—Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Tell the comp'ny howdy, boys. You, Meshach, take your fingers out of your nose!"

"Do ye look at yon Meshach," whispered Mr. Glencannon, plucking at Mr. Montgomery's sleeve. "I saw him this morning, wiping up the dock wi' five French stevedoors."

"Yes," the skipper was saying, as the trio shuffled away, "they're three good boys and three good mates. And now I'll interduce myself. I'm Ezekiel the Prophet." Quite oblivious to the startled expressions of his visitors, he shook hands all round.

"I s'pose I ought to ax pardon for the way I acted, t'other day," mused the Prophet, as he tilted the jug over the crock of his mighty arm. "I'm always kind of short-tempered when I'm at sea. And then, besides, we'd lost the Prophetess only the night before."

"Oh, noo, let me understand ye, sir," said Mr. Glencannon, with ready sympathy. "Do you mean to say that Mrs. Ezekiel is—er—dead?"

"Yop, you got the idea," nodded the skipper airily. "During the night Ma heard the Call, so she clumb up to the cross-trees and jumped overboard. It was a mighty slick passing, I'm here to state!"

"Weel, weel, weel, I never!" breathed Mr. Glencannon in amazement.

"Why, sure, you never!" beamed the Prophet. "I reckon it all sounds strange to you, brethren, because you don't understand our religion. Well, it's a danged good religion. I'm the boss of it, back in Savannah. I wrote it all myself." And helping himself to a sizable snifter of corn whisky, he raised his cup, bowed politely, and tossed it off.

"Dawg-gone!" he exclaimed. "That there's the stuff for your bunions! How does it set with you, gents?"

"It's vurra deleecious," said Mr. Glencannon. "It tastes a wee bit like petroleum, only sweeter. But aboot yere releegion, sir, ye interest me. I'm a member o' the Kirk in gude standing and a bit o' a theologian mysel', so I wonder wad ye just briefly expoond yere doctrines for my benefeet?"

"Well, they're pretty complicated," said the Prophet guardedly. "Besides, we don't want no Scotchmen in our religion anyway."

"Oh!" said Mr. Glencannon, gagging as the corn whisky reached his tonsils, and therefore failing to feel the kick which Mr. Montgomery landed on the bulge beneath his deck chair. By the time he had finished his drink and refilled his cup, the Prophet was telling Captain Ball about the ship.

" Why, sho', she's one of the oldest and fastest ships afloat ! " he declared. " She was a clipper, built to run the blockade out of Charleston during the War, and . . ."

" The War ? Well, that ayn't so long ago," chimed in Mr. Montgomery.

" Aye," agreed Mr. Glencannon, taking his nose out of his cup and feeling to see if his moustache was on fire. "I reecall the War as though it were yusterday ! "

" From 1863 to now ain't long ? And you, Mister Scotty—you say you can remember it ? Oh, why hell, boys, it's the Civil War I'm talking about—the American War of the Rebellion—not the German War ! "

" Oh," said Mr. Montgomery. " A bit of a family brawl, so to s'y. Well, I 'adn't never 'eard of it."

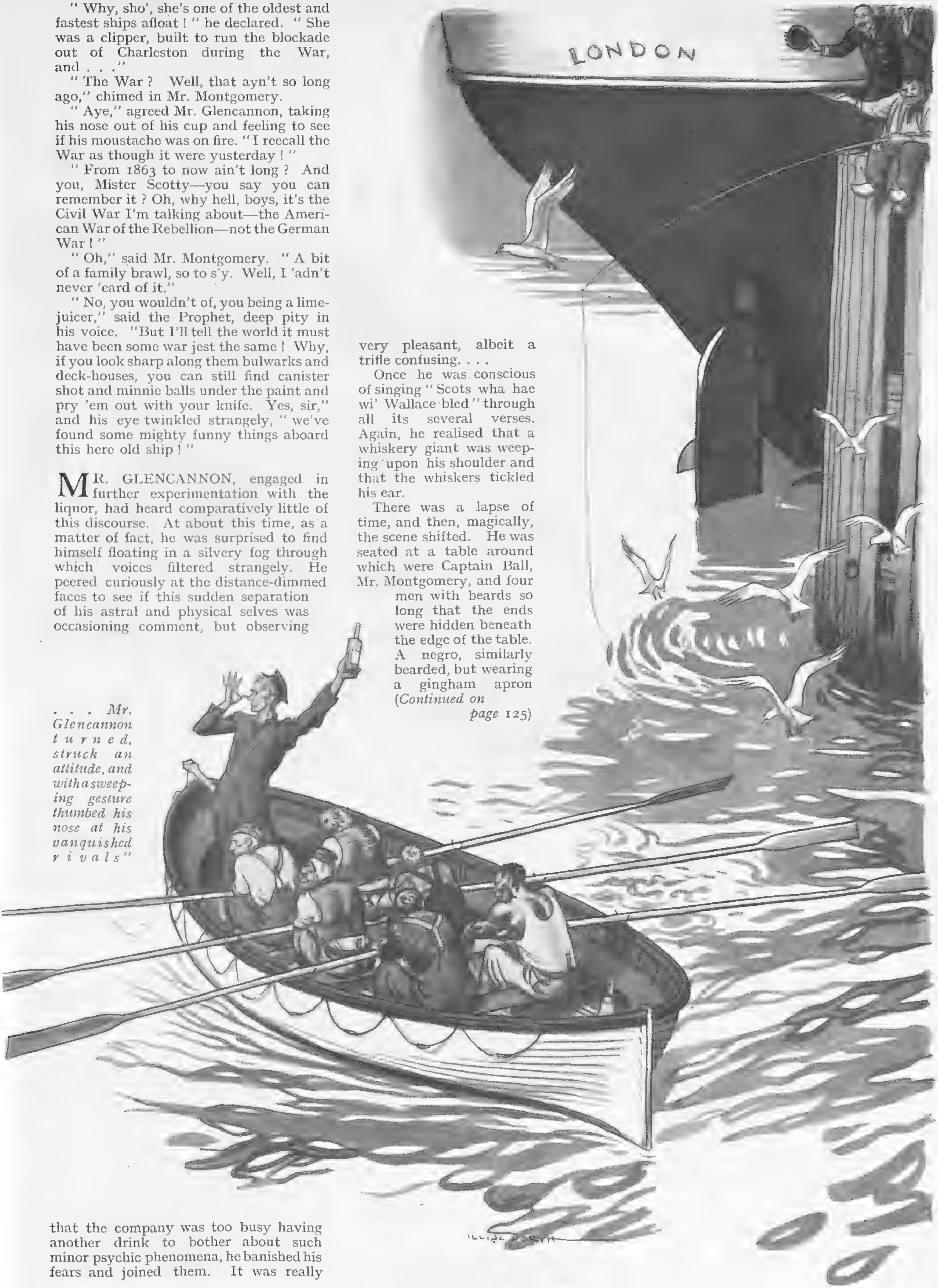
" No, you wouldn't of, you being a lime-juicer," said the Prophet, deep pity in his voice. "But I'll tell the world it must have been some war jest the same ! Why, if you look sharp along them bulwarks and deck-houses, you can still find canister shot and minnie balls under the paint and pry 'em out with your knife. Yes, sir," and his eye twinkled strangely, " we've found some mighty funny things aboard this here old ship ! "

MR. GLENCANNON, engaged in further experimentation with the liquor, had heard comparatively little of this discourse. At about this time, as a matter of fact, he was surprised to find himself floating in a silvery fog through which voices filtered strangely. He peered curiously at the distance-dimmed faces to see if this sudden separation of his astral and physical selves was occasioning comment, but observing that the company was too busy having another drink to bother about such minor psychic phenomena, he banished his fears and joined them. It was really very pleasant, albeit a trifle confusing. . . .

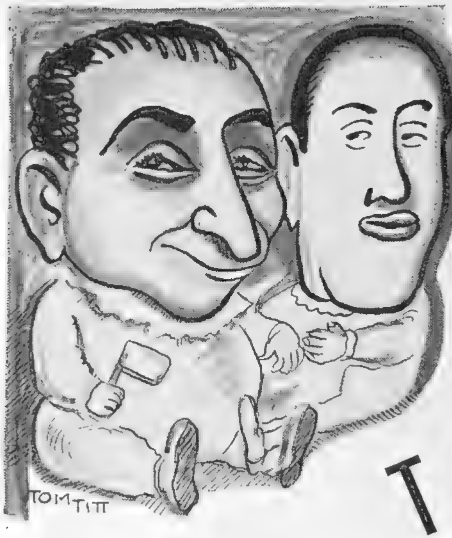
Once he was conscious of singing " Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled " through all its several verses. Again, he realised that a whiskery giant was weeping upon his shoulder and that the whiskers tickled his ear.

There was a lapse of time, and then, magically, the scene shifted. He was seated at a table around which were Captain Ball, Mr. Montgomery, and four men with beards so long that the ends were hidden beneath the edge of the table. A negro, similarly bearded, but wearing a gingham apron

(*Continued on page 125*)

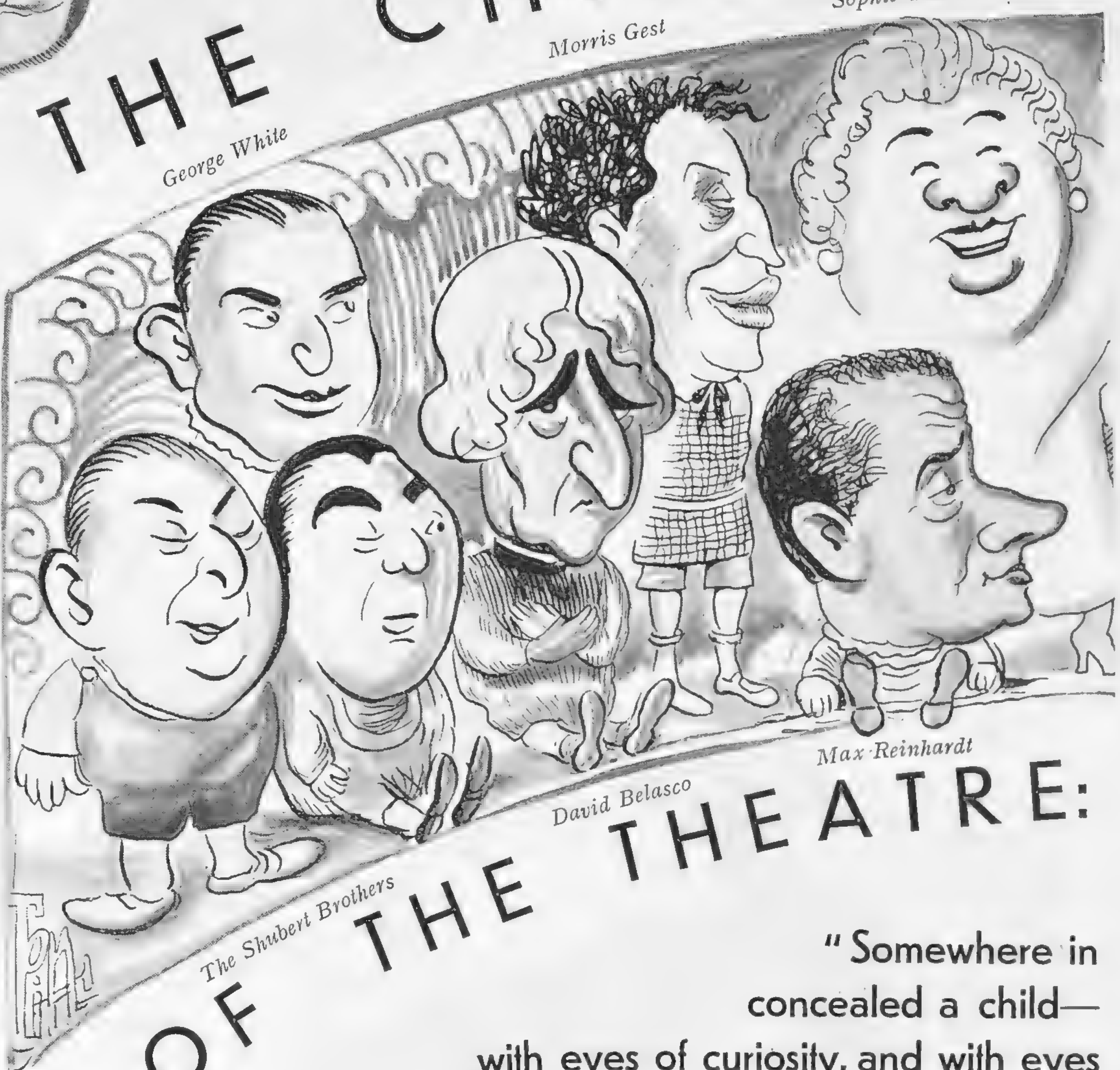


". . . Mr. Glencannon turned, struck an attitude, and with a sweeping gesture thumbed his nose at his vanquished rivals"



Irving Berlin started his money-making career by adapting negro rhythms, and George Gershwin, another Jew, has made more money by similar means

THE CHILDREN OF THE THEATRE:



" Somewhere in concealed a child— with eyes of curiosity, and with eyes waiting for the

IF there were no Jews there would be no theatre. They are its patrons; they are its parasites. They endow it; they bleed it. They are in the forefront of its most daring experimentalism. Yet, at the other end, they have commercialised it even more than the Gentiles try to do.

Reinhardt is Jewish. Tree was Jewish. Belasco is Jewish.

These are three typical specimens of the Jewish producer, courageous, visionary, original.

Yet Jews have given us most of our worst revues.

Reinhardt, before the war, had dreamed nearly as daringly as any film producer of recent years. He had thought in vast spectacle. He had a passion for colour and design, and then he had the brains to carry it out. He lives, now, in a castle in Salzburg.

" The Miracle " lost a lot of money at Olympia, of course; but it inspired many other people, and was a landmark in the history of the modern theatre.

Tree's attempt to don the mantle of Irving would have been more successful but for the fact that Tree, one of those contradictions of the statement that the Jew worships money, tired of self-expression the moment it had been expressed. He preferred a phrase to a bank balance. He was a strange mixture of a gentleman and a comedian.

You may talk about what other managers have done for our national poet. His annual Shakespeare Festival at His Majesty's stood alone.

DAVID BELASCO, a Jew born in San Francisco, is now the veteran of the American producing managers. Rivals profess to laugh at him. " The old charlatan!" they say. " He grabs the credit of other men's work." He dresses like a clergyman.

They tell how there is a spy-glass in his office, from which he can watch the production on the stage so that he can interfere, just to show his authority. They say how he will let his assistants work on for days, and then come in to alter things, just to keep himself important.

They talk like that of all men who achieve.

David Belasco was a master of lighting long before the Germans developed their modern ways.

He could make almost any actress by taking her up, and break her, usually, by just dropping her.

" The Darling of the Gods," although produced long before the war, stands out as one of the most ambitious productions of our time. It was his own dramatisation; he conceived it; he carried it to trans-Atlantic success.

Yes, in every department of the theatre to-day there is the Jew. He gets more blame than credit. The truth is that he is the first to throw his money away more often than he is the first to start picking someone else's money up.

JEWISH love for the theatre began, I am certain, in the literal acceptance of the commandment, " Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in Heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth."

There was something very definite about this, you see.

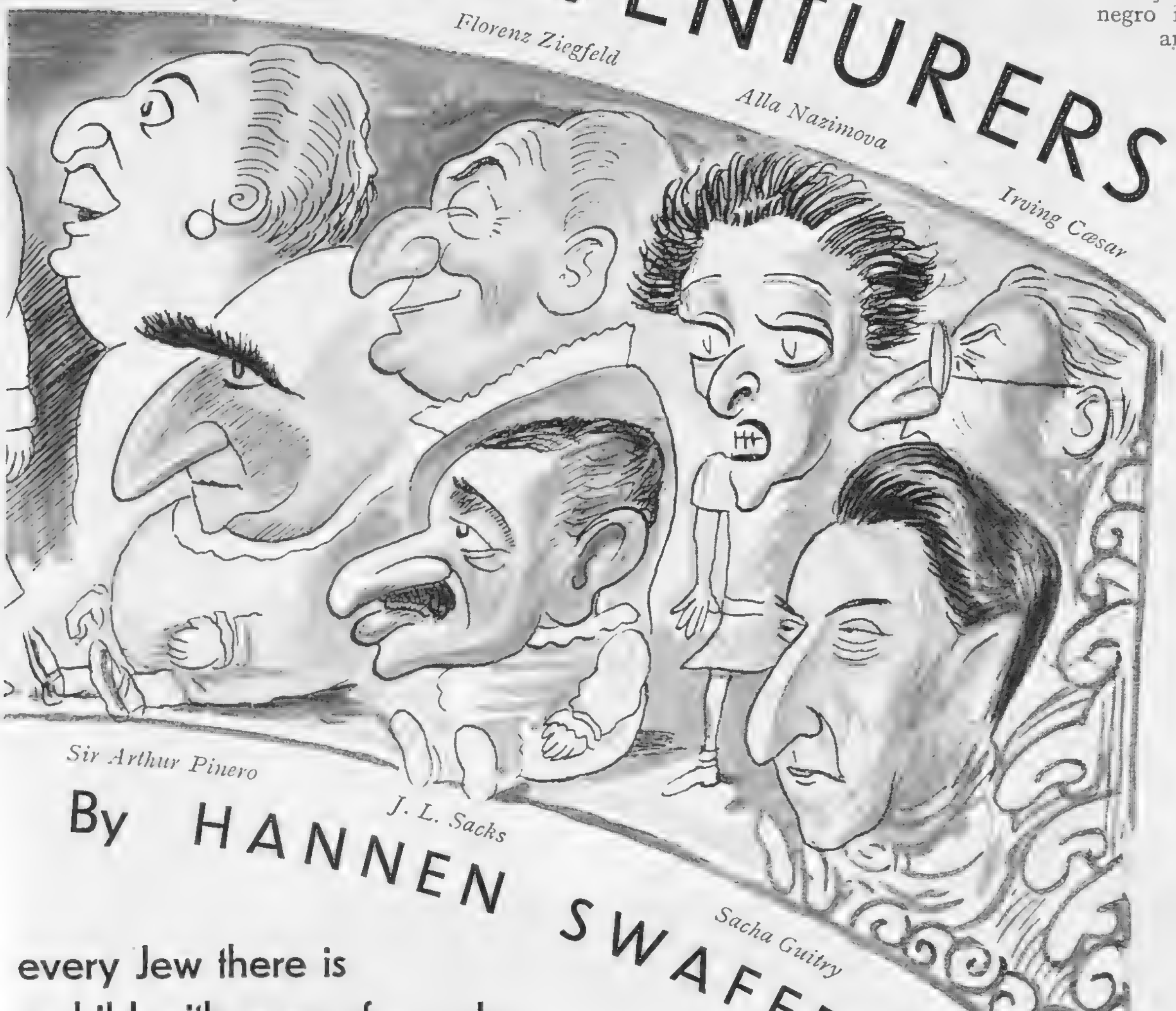
No " graven image of anything," no " likeness of anything." That ruled out sculpture, and painting, and etching, and drawing with a pencil, or chiselling on a precious stone.

It was so rigidly obeyed that, so recently as forty years ago, Alfred Wolmark, then a poor boy in the East End, was cadged to for a penny by a Jewish beggar, who, when he offered to pay him a shilling to sit for him with his beautiful white beard, spat with the contempt of all Israel and talked about " the laws of Moses."

So the Jews, for many years suffering in their souls from the persecutions that befell them, facing the strange adventures of an Oriental people in a Western civilisation, whose hatred they returned, had to express all they felt in terms of music, and then in terms of acting. They were

AND ADVENTURERS

By HANNEN SWAFFER



> every Jew there is a child with eyes of wonder, of hope. This child is always curtain to go up"

actors long before they started to paint scenery and design dresses.

When they did venture out into the world of Art, the pent-up feelings of centuries found an outlet that became a pouring stream.

Besides, the theatre, you know, demands, not only a flair, a showmanship, and an enthusiasm that overwhelms, but also a childish outlook on life. And the Jew, with all his subtlety, remains very simple, even when he has achieved greatness. He is accused of cunning. He is accused of lust for gold. He is accused, indeed, of most things, just as, in Russia, not long before the war, he was accused of stealing Christian babies for a blood sacrifice!

THE plain truth about the Jew is that he is a strange mixture of a simple child and a great adventurer, and that most Jews are not successes, but failures—yes, and strangely unbusinesslike failures too.

For every rich Jew there are a thousand Jewish failures. Yet they keep on . . .

It is all very well to point to the Jewish music-hall agent with the finger of scorn. It is all very well to speak with contumely of those fly-by-night adventures in which managers, very often Jews, lose the money of other people.

If you look on any forward movement in Art, there, usually, is the Jew, daring as much risk as anybody, knowing there is no reward, but going on . . .

Epstein is a Jew.

The Jew dominates the world of films chiefly because he is the greatest financial adventurer in the world.

If he entered an old-fashioned bank, I have no doubt, its tradition and its rule-of-thumb method would frighten him. He would not understand it. He looks for an adventure where there are no rules, where you can blaze the trail. And the theatre, if it is to be vital, must always be changing its rules. Its peril, to-day, is caused by its commercialised traditionalism.

IN the film industry there was no tradition. There was no set method. The Jew threw in all he had, and it came off. By his superior astuteness, he kept at the top. Nearly all the heads of the film industry are Jews, adventuring still.

There would be no syncopated music to-day if there were no Jews. There is a strange similarity of thought, and a strange sympathy, between the negroes, from whom syncopation came, and the Jewish composers who spread syncopation right across the world. The black people of America to-day are going through troubles similar to those which the Jew endured fifty years ago.

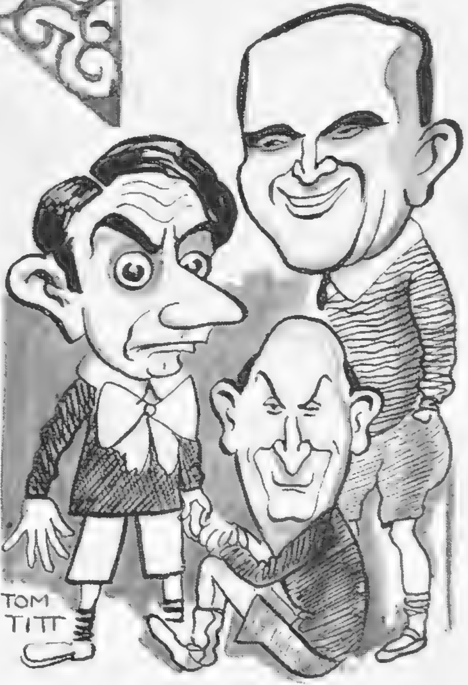
The Jew has little colour prejudice. The negro songs of suffering and oppression appeal to him.

Irving Berlin, now a millionaire, started his money-making career by adapting negro rhythms. George Gershwin, another Jew, has made even more money by developing his splendid musical talent in the same direction. Romberg and Jerome Kern are Jews. There are scores like that, right across America, industrious, clever, rich.

Then there are all the lyric writers and plot hatchers, who use strange names like Irving Cæsar and Oscar Hammerstein II. Yet they are Napoleons in their own business, anyway. They make a lot of money. They work harder than the Gentiles around them, or they would not have got on.

Al Woods, who made a fortune out of cheap dramas like "Nellie the Cloak-Room Model," is a Jew, whose real name is Herman. The Shuberts, masters of theatrical real estate, are Jews. Florenz Ziegfeld and George White, whose revues outrival everyone's on Broadway, are Jews. Lew Leslie, the only man who can understand negro actors and actresses, is a Jew. Most of them have met ups

(*Continued on page 127*)



Eddie Cantor, Leon Errol and Al Jolson started poor and have all made money

"All *the* World—*and little* Billing"

Universal *and* Parochial T*hemes* and T*reatment* in recently *shown* Pictures

By Sydney Tremayne

In "Sous les Toits de Paris": Edmond Greville (right) as Louis, the hero's friend, who wins Pola's volatile affections in the end

Heroine and villain: Pola Illery as the girl in dispute and Gaston Modot as the chief of the Apache gang

IT is not customary for critics to eat their words: that is the prerogative of a certain school of young actors and actresses who swallow whole sentences without so much as a hiccough. But last month I disposed, somewhat summarily, of recent German and French films, and almost immediately afterwards I was confronted by an outstanding and stimulating picture from each of these countries. I must, therefore, recant.

Réné Clair, who was responsible for "Simple Souls" (shown at the Avenue Pavilion during the French Season there); directed "Sous les Toits de Paris," and "World Melody" was conceived and produced by the German, Walter Ruttmann, an experimentalist in absolute forms on the screen, whose famous picture, "Berlin," epitomising a day in the life of a great city, actually achieved "popular" success as well as doing much to initiate the intelligenzia into the mysteries of film-fanship.

It is possible that by the time this is published neither of these two pictures will be "showing" in England, but they cannot be ignored by anyone interested in the history, mechanics and creative forces of cinematography. They have a place and a significance. If the exhibitors and the public are not frightened off by the French title, "Sous les Toits de Paris" will be delighting provincial audiences as it has delighted London audiences by the art with which its human interest is presented. And if a potential booking of "World Melody" for a London "long run" house eventuates, the picture will probably create a sensation. It has been shown by the Film Society but, for a chance to see this remarkable picture, the general public is dependent on the foresight and daring of exhibitors who are curiously reluctant to learn the lesson set by "Chang," "Grass," "Dassan," "The Mystery of Life," the "Secrets of Nature" series, etc., etc., and to realise that there is a large public for unusual, instructive, mentally exciting films apart from the grosser tribes somnambulistically enjoying repetitive rhymes and melodies, dizzied by views of agitated choruses seen upside down, sandbagged into uttering acquiescent "Yeahs" to the murderous antics of gunmen!

"Sous les Toits de Paris" was shown at the Alhambra as an experiment. It was claimed that, in spite of talking sequences in French, the film was comprehensible to

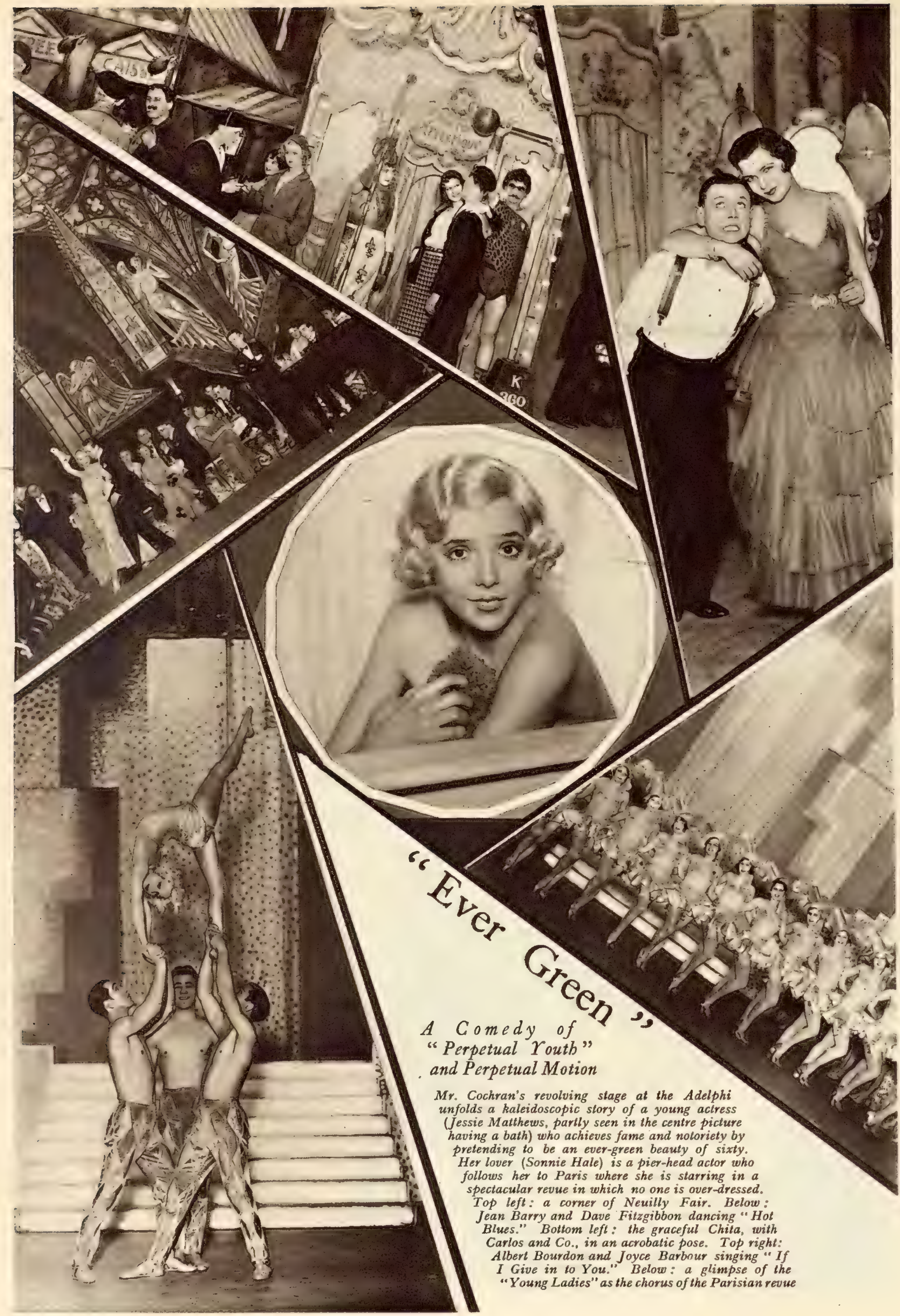
(*Continued on page 49*)

A street fight with knives between the Apaches, in which lighting and photographic angles are dramatically used

"VIENNESE NIGHTS"

SCENES FROM
THE ORIGINAL
SCREEN LIGHT
OPERA

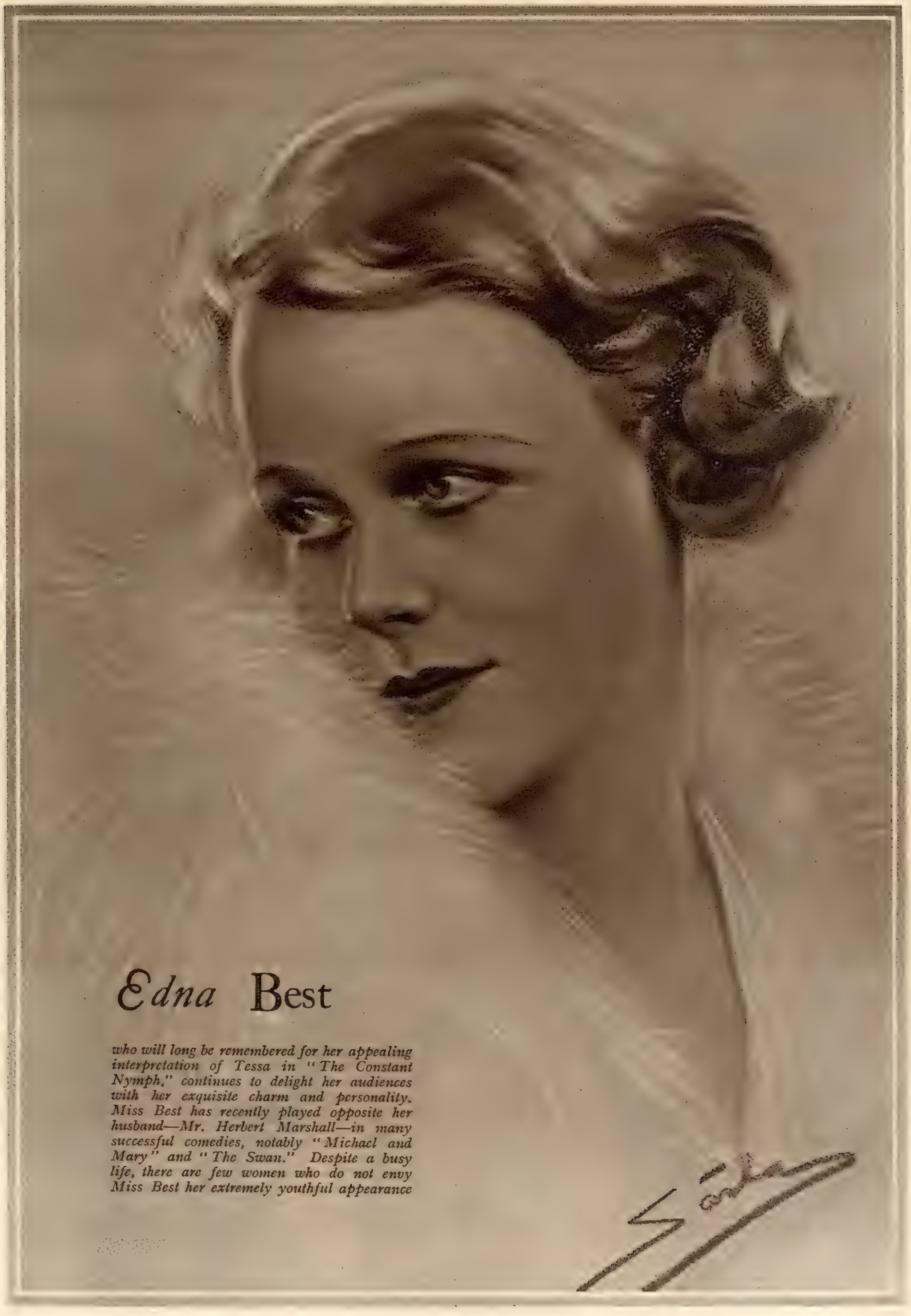
Love, laughter—and tears in Vienna . . . . a struggling musician and a beautiful lady, a rich nobleman and some haunting music, are some of the inviting ingredients which, combined with the whimsical charm of Miss Vivienne Segal and her debonair masculine counterpart, Alexander Gray, make " Viennese Nights " a film that one really " must see " !



"Ever Green"

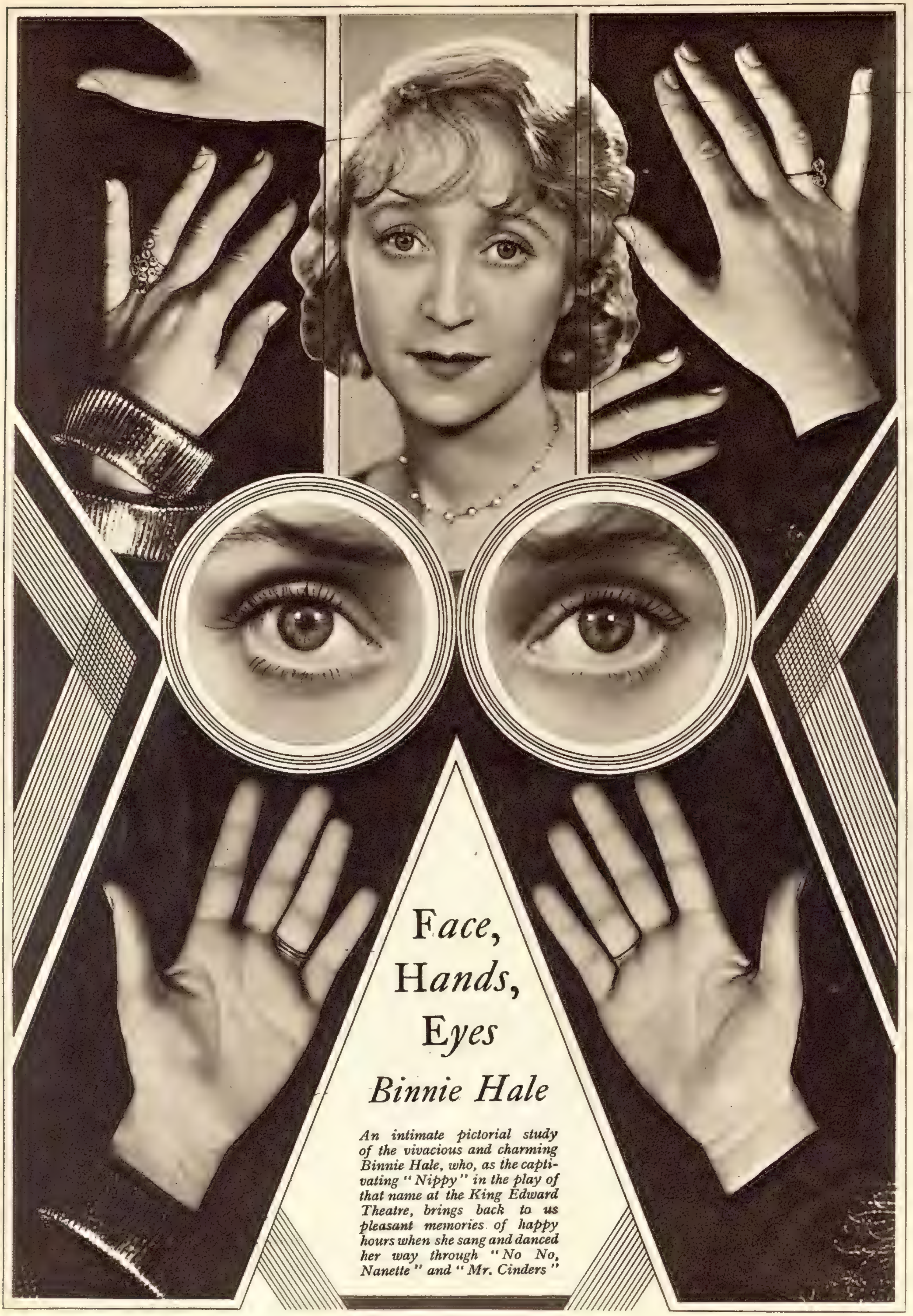
A Comedy of "Perpetual Youth" and Perpetual Motion

Mr. Cochran's revolving stage at the Adelphi unfolds a kaleidoscopic story of a young actress (Jessie Matthews, partly seen in the centre picture having a bath) who achieves fame and notoriety by pretending to be an ever-green beauty of sixty. Her lover (Sonnie Hale) is a pier-head actor who follows her to Paris where she is starring in a spectacular revue in which no one is over-dressed. Top left: a corner of Neuilly Fair. Below: Jean Barry and Dave Fitzgibbon dancing "Hot Blues." Bottom left: the graceful Chita, with Carlos and Co., in an acrobatic pose. Top right: Albert Bourdon and Joyce Barbour singing "If I Give in to You." Below: a glimpse of the "Young Ladies" as the chorus of the Parisian revue



Edna Best

who will long be remembered for her appealing interpretation of Tessa in "The Constant Nymph," continues to delight her audiences with her exquisite charm and personality. Miss Best has recently played opposite her husband—Mr. Herbert Marshall—in many successful comedies, notably "Michael and Mary" and "The Swan." Despite a busy life, there are few women who do not envy Miss Best her extremely youthful appearance



Face, Hands, Eyes

Binnie Hale

An intimate pictorial study of the vivacious and charming Binnie Hale, who, as the captivating "Nippy" in the play of that name at the King Edward Theatre, brings back to us pleasant memories of happy hours when she sang and danced her way through "No No, Nanette" and "Mr. Cinders"

Sasha

"All *the* World—*and little* Billing"

(*Continued from page* 44)

English audiences. The non-linguistic Press assented to this and gave the outline of a story about people of the Paris underworld. The bare bones thus revealed proved what artistry the director must have used to make the film what it is. The audience was moved, amused, excited; and since it is the aim of film producers to induce these reactions, it might be worth their while to analyse M. Réné Clair's means to this end. The general effect of the picture is one of extreme naturalness. The characters are consistent; they act and even move in the way one would expect them to in the circumstances. The atmosphere of their surroundings is authentic. One literally goes with them from the clear, uncompromising daylight of the street into the smoke-dimmed interior of a bar, the half-light of a staircase, or the bleak, sky-lit interior of an attic.

Actually these effects are achieved by excellent camera work and lighting. Every shot has its significance and contributes to the form and the intention of the whole picture. For instance, in the final shot, the camera moves over the roofs, with which we have become familiar, and finally rests on the chimney stack which opens and logically bounds the story, thematically reverting to the title.

There are ingenious shots of each floor of the house in and outside of which (as in "Street Scene") most of the action takes place, showing the residents busy with their normal occupations—putting hair in curlers, having a mustard footbath, and making love, while humming and strumming the infectious theme song which the hero teaches in the streets, selling the words and music while one of his friends unobtrusively indulges in a little pickpocketing among the rapt vocalists. These glimpses of the protagonists "at home" may be a directorial and photographic trickery, but they familiarise the audience with these people so that they *know* them instead of accepting them as puppets in a crook drama.

One of the thousand and one "flashes" in the brilliant German film "World Melody" made by Ruttmann, the director of "Berlin": a side show in an amusement park

The sailor, whose travels give a thematic continuity to the universality of "World Melody," returns to his sweetheart

THE talking sequences are used ideally—for explanation and the elimination of captions. One is really in the position of onlooker and eavesdropper, participating in the hopes and fears, jokes, jealousies and passions of these people on the fringe of the underworld of Paris, knowing their homes and haunts, their petty expedients, their small-scope heroism, without consciousness that they are puppets playing for our pleasure and our pence.

The acting throughout is faultless, which points to perfect direction. The heroine is winsome and inconstant. The hero, Albert Prejean, looks rather like the Prince of Wales, and acts and sings rather like Chevalier; so he has everything in his favour.

"SOUS les Toits de Paris" is an object lesson in what can be done by sympathetic and intelligent handling of a "human interest" theme. Ruttmann's "World Melody" is devoid of human interest in the personal and fictional sense. It depends on a human interest which is universal, reaction to novelty and suggestion and realisation of hitherto unimagined relationships. It flatters the audience by asking them to correlate and read for themselves the rhythm and significance of pictures and places widely separated by time and space. One critic has complained that the transitions (from ancient pagan temples to Buddhist shrines, to Christian churches, for instance) defeated their own purpose by being too rapid for the average person to see and focus and understand. But this whimper is but a personal confession from a slow working mind.

"World Melody" is great in conception, aptly titled and brilliant in execution. It shows the universal rhythm of life in all its aspects and all its expressions. Music, women and children, animals, religions, art, food and sport are among the subjects that come within its scope. The man who cut this film is a cinematic genius. "World Melody" is at once a record and a spur, a pictorial feast and an education.

There is a Northamptonshire expression which refers with delightful, parochial complacency to "all the world and Little Billing." The two films I have described are, in the true sense, worldly—of the world. Their appeal is not limited by nationality, language or education. The (*Continued on page* 115)

BOOKS: *Reviewed by* Arnold

Torrents *round* the Rock *of Ages:* Coming *up* for *the* Third, *and* Last, T*ime*

Aldous Huxley

A New Series

The Dolphin Books: Vulgarity in Literature by Aldous Huxley
(Chatto and Windus, 2s.)

LIGHT and graceful in appearance and low in price, *The Dolphin Books* should be sure of a market. They are admirable in design, and excellent material has been used in the production. Moreover, the list starts bravely with Mr. Huxley (as above), a new story by Mr. R. H. Mottram, a translation of the *Alcestis* by Mr. Aldington, and unspecified works by Lytton Strachey, Richard Hughes, and Sylvia Townsend Warner waiting to be born.

The series is introduced by Mr. Huxley in his very best form. It is often said that the immediate future of the English novel lies in his hands, but this statement, flattering as it sounds, may do him less than justice, for it assumes that he will continue and end in being a novelist. Mr. Huxley's numerous essays, not only by their brilliance but also by the inquisitive and exploratory temperament they reveal, suggest that it is unwise for anyone to consider the author as settled.

In the paper under notice, Mr. Huxley examines various manifestations of vulgarity, especially the forms exhibited by Poe, Balzac and Dickens. Thus, although he sets out with the idea of deciding precisely what he means by literary vulgarity, or vulgarity in the artist's soul, he finds it difficult to be more exact than to define vulgarity as pretentiousness. One of the results of this choice of definition is that Mr. Huxley's examples come, for the most part, from zestful, prolific writers, and he hardly glances at the vulgarity which shows itself as refinement and preciosity and literary attitudinising. Mr. Huxley himself, for instance, is guilty of etymological vulgarity in using (page 7) an imitation-amber word like "exhibitionism" when "exhibition" would serve. In short, this stimulating and amusing essay does not exhaust the theme. It would be pleasant to think that it is merely a chapter or so from a book on which the author is now engaged.

AT the moment of writing, the publication figures for 1930 are not available. But I anticipate that they, like all other figures except those referring to unemployment, will be down. Trade depression has made publishers shy of risks, particularly publishers of novels. So, at least, it seems to me. Throughout the autumn, and even throughout the year, there have been fewer "unnecessary" novels on my shelves, and I have had less cause to wonder at the optimism of publishers and the digestive powers of the public. Once upon a time I should have regretted the decrease in output, for I used to argue that great men and great works were not forthcoming save in periods of great activity. But the experience of conducting a literary page has made me modify that opinion. I could not help noticing that the flood of new books, and especially of new novels, almost submerged the solid landmarks of criticism. In the hurly-burly it was hardly possible to hold on to standards, to values, to anything. Literary criticism, once an art and a glory, was—nay, is—becoming fatigued and wilful; either querulous or slackly indulgent, and in any case hasty. Reviewers, who should be and used to be in the van of the best readers, are falling back to the rear ranks of the worst.

Olive Moore, whose second novel, "Spleen," is reviewed this month

There are too many books for them to judge; and, since there are no prizes to be awarded, they hesitate to condemn. Hesitation takes time, and they have no time; and so they are soon, like overworked *douaniers*, chalking their approval feverishly and indiscriminately on everything within reach. Such a state of affairs is fatal to literature as a whole. It is also dreadfully discouraging to the more serious, less popular writers who would, in any case, find it hard to win general recognition, and are now denied the assistance of those from whom they have a right to expect at least sympathy and a wish to understand. I don't think a protest like *Satire and Fiction*, by Wyndham Lewis (Arthur Press, 1s. 6d.), will do any good. However much discouraged, authors shouldn't whine; moreover, Mr. Wyndham Lewis is as "difficult" a writer as can be; and, in no matter what age he had been born, would have made slow progress. But he has one of the most interesting minds of the day, and he has invented his own methods of expressing it. In this pamphlet, for all its petulance and wounded vanity, you will find evidence of the harm and suffering which a too-free publication of mushy fiction may inflict upon a lonely and independent artist.

The Horrors of Cayenne, translated from the German of Karl Bartz (Constable, 6s.), is an account, by an ex-member of the Foreign Legion, of the French penal settlement of Cayenne. In so far as it is a report of the sufferings of human beings in ghastly and inhuman conditions, this is the sort of book that is said to be independent of literary considerations. But no book can have that freedom. With a little art, Karl Bartz would have made this a truer and more moving history. Being quite artless, his story is full of gaps and inconsistencies and improbabilities, and its effectiveness is enormously impaired thereby. He has a strong case, but he is such a poor advocate that I almost found my reason and my sympathies drifting across to the defendants.

If, after reading Karl Bartz, you are curious to see how the history of desperadoes should and can be written, turn to *The Horses of the Conquest*, by R. B. Cunninghame Graham (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.). This most delightful and spirited of authors is here back on his favourite ground and amongst his favourite types—the South America of Cortés and his centaurs. I have set forth so often my enthusiastic love of Mr. Cunninghame Graham's work that I am fearful of defeating my object by boring those I wish to excite. But here is a book so full of gusto and energy that it produces a physical sensation. If there is anyone left who has never yet sampled the superb South American corner of our literature—the Cunninghame Graham and Hudson reserve—he has neglected his opportunities.

HANS CAROSSA is the author of a book called *A Roumanian Diary* which attracted some attention on its appearance a year or so ago. In his new volume, *A Childhood* (Secker, 6s.), he continues his autobiography by returning to the beginning. It is a good book, and I regret finding myself in the position of saying that, in my opinion, it is in danger

Palmer

of being overpraised. It is well written, straightforward, unaffected; but it is limited. Every man sees his childhood through distorted lenses, and as a result no two versions of childhood agree, and probably no one version is as true as its author supposes. Thus childhoods are difficult to compare, and one hesitates to question any man's recollections. Yet I do question Hans Carossa's. I'm afraid I don't believe that childhood and infancy are ever quite so good and simple as his. Of course he is sometimes "naughty," but it is a Molesworthian naughtiness which only makes one love him the more. It may be that Freud is too much with us to-day; but were all children like those in *A Childhood*, it is certain that Freud would have entered upon another line of business. Carossa asks us to believe in a childhood with (broadly speaking) no black despairs, no sickening ennuis, no secret shames, no shifting aspirations, no violent hatreds, no unholy joys, no hidden raptures, no budding cynicisms, no suppressed rages, no contempt, no resentment. This happy, healthy little boy, who did oh! so believe in fairies—did he really ever exist? I had always supposed him a figment of Sir J. M. Barrie's imagination.

Before the early novels of the Spring season are loosed upon us, I want to mention a product of the end of last year—*Spleen*, by Olive Moore (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.). Miss Moore's previous book, *Celestial Seraglio*, a story of life in a convent, was original and of good quality, so that without any effort at all I remembered her name and watched for her second book. Now that it has come, I am impressed, and in only one particular do I feel anxiety. She has again shown herself to be an original writer, with a note and an accent of her own. *Spleen* is a Hymn, a rather dark and bitter hymn, to the Sun. It is the story of a woman who passes a long, self-imposed exile in an island off the coast of Italy. The book has interested me deeply, though it is discordant with the irreconcilable claims of a mature mind and a mutinous resentment. Miss Moore shows that she can write even better than before, but she also shows a new tendency to force the note at times, to overwrite. Her work is not faultless, but it demands to be judged by very high standards and on the whole it survives this test. I am rather surprised that Miss Moore's worth has not been more quickly recognised. Recognition must come, if she perseveres; and her work has none of the marks of the "quitter." I am not so sure of the literary future of Mr. Richard F. Russell, author of *Foreword to Life* (Arrowsmith, 7s. 6d.). Here is yet another young writer who has begun by tackling that most difficult of themes, life at a public school. A much humbler beginning and a long apprenticeship are needed if Mr. Russell is to become a novelist. Indeed, I do not believe that he has found his true career.

Chardonne

"Eva," by Jacques Chardonne

(Gollancz, 6s.)

Jacques Chardonne

JACQUES CHARDONNE is one of the most famous and important of contemporary French novelists; yet his literary history is brief. The child of a French father and an American mother, he published nothing until 1921, when he was already 37 years of age. His first novel was called *L'Epithalame*, and besides securing immediate recognition in France it won for its author the Northcliffe Prize in England. Five years later came his second novel, *Le Chant du Bienheureux*. In 1929 he published *Les Varais*, and in 1930 *Eva*. On these four novels, two of them of quite recent appearance, a surprisingly solid reputation stands.

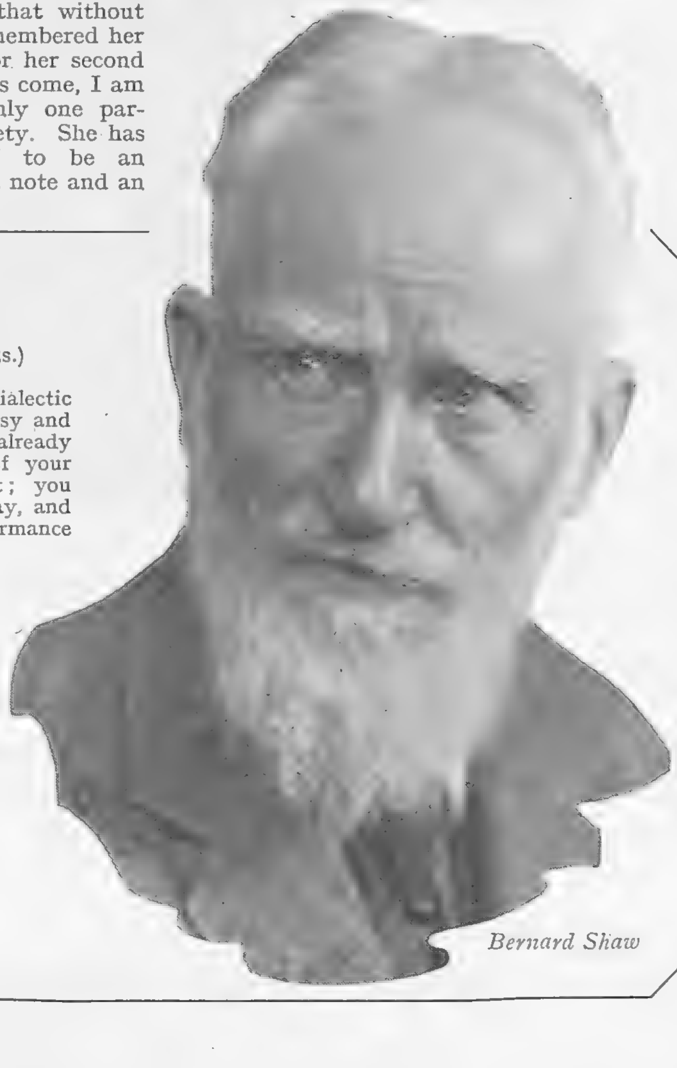
Eva is a short book of only one hundred and fifty pages. It has been hailed with the enthusiasm which invariably greets the works of M. Chardonne. I share this enthusiasm, but for reasons differing from those given by some of the author's admirers. Mr. Arnold Bennett, for example, calls the story "true as any novel could be." At no time, while I was reading it, did the story strike me as "true." Like the work of most English and all French novelists, it is informed by a unifying idea. In the lives and experiences of such people as I have observed I do not find these unifying ideas; and thus (though I am branding myself an artistic anarchist) I am not a thick and thin supporter of "form" in the novel. But I do recommend, as strongly as I can, *Eva*, for I am convinced that if it is not the truest it is one of the wisest of books. It is packed with quiet and unassertive wisdom; and for this reason, even more than for its charm of manner, I advise every reader to make its acquaintance.

Picking up the Fruit

"The Apple Cart," by Bernard Shaw (Constable, 5s.)

GIVEN Mr. Shaw's swift vitality, his mastery of prose and dialectic—a not inconsiderable assumption, one must admit—how easy and amusing must be the writing of prefaces to plays which have been already successfully produced! You collect all the dramatic criticisms of your work; you note what meaning or meanings are attributed to it; you invent a significance nobody has thought of; you pin it to your play, and cry "Wrong again!" The proper metaphor for this sort of performance lies surely in the three-card trick, not in the fruit market.

Mr. Shaw pretends to be convulsed with mirth at the idea that the audiences left *The Apple Cart* with a suspicion that his belief in Democracy was weakening and his belief in Autocracy was growing. Yet what other opinion could they form? Admittedly Mr. Shaw has never been much of a democrat. Admittedly he loves to keep the world astonished. Admittedly he distributes his good lines indiscriminately in all his plays. Nevertheless, the whole play, not merely in its writing but also in its production and casting (matters in which Mr. Shaw is notoriously despotic), centred sympathy on to Magnus and ridicule on his ministers. Reperusal of the play does nothing to correct this bias; but it certainly makes the highly amusing preface still more amusing. Had the preface been written before the play was produced, it might have been as amusing as the preface now actually accompanying the work, but it would have been utterly different. Perhaps such a preface was written; and then the author, finding that his play was understood, destroyed it and wrote another preface to maintain his fond belief that he is misunderstood.



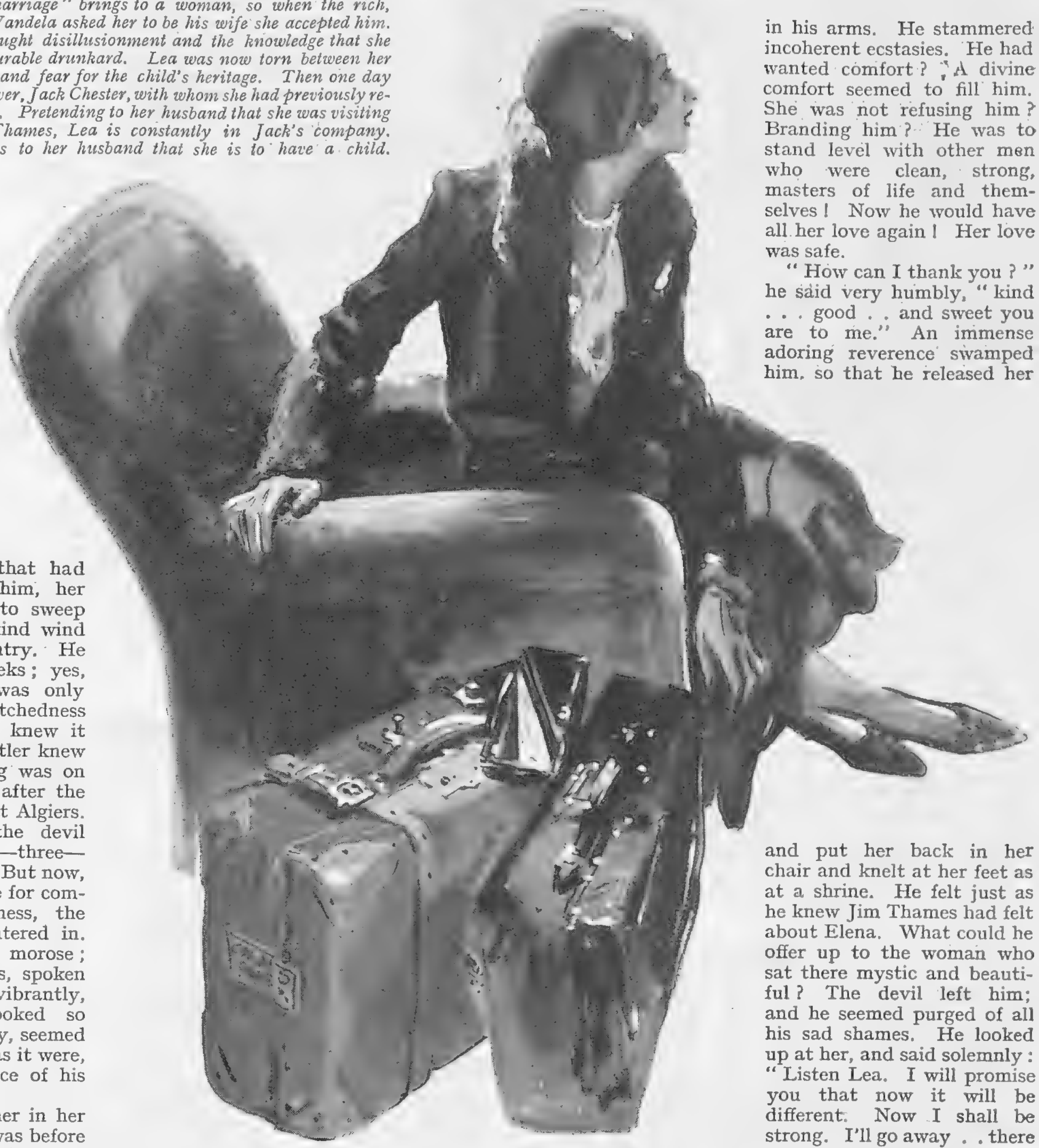
Bernard Shaw

EVERYWOMAN:

Part 2: Conclusion

The Story so far:

LEA, a mannequin of Lambière's salon, desired the love and safety that a "good marriage" brings to a woman, so when the rich, passionate Dorian Vandela asked her to be his wife she accepted him. The honeymoon brought disillusionment and the knowledge that she had married an incurable drunkard. Lea was now torn between her wish to have a child and fear for the child's heritage. Then one day she met her former lover, Jack Chester, with whom she had previously refused to face poverty. Pretending to her husband that she was visiting her friend, Elena Thames, Lea is constantly in Jack's company. Finally she confides to her husband that she is to have a child.



THE brazen flagrant imposition came so easily and naturally thus:

She said: "Dorian, after all, I want to talk again."

Through all the restless urge that was pricking him, hurting him, the craving that had begun to torture him, her soft voice seemed to sweep like a little cool, kind wind in a parched country. He had had terrible weeks; yes, terrible. And it was only because of his wretchedness concerning her—he knew it and Bennett the butler knew it—that the craving was on him again so soon after the shameful debauch at Algiers. Why, sometimes the devil left him for two—three—months at a time! But now, because of his desire for comfort, for forgetfulness, the devil had again entered in. He was moody and morose; and then her words, spoken so queerly and so vibrantly, and her look, looked so queerly and so softly, seemed to arrest the devil, as it were, at the very entrance of his being.

They were together in her dressing-room. It was before dinner; an evening in May; and she had sent her maid for him.

The devil, who could make him do and say cruel things even to the beloved, breathed to him sullenly: "Don't go." But he went, for he still had possession of himself; defeat was still hours—or possibly days—ahead. And he saw his wife looking so soft, so beautiful, so glowing, so beneficent, sitting before her mirror, but turned towards the door, watching for him. He came over and sat close to her. "After all," she said, "I want to talk again."

There was a marvellous light and colour in her face.

"Yes, Lea?"

He was very quiet; the quiet before his storms, with which, after all, she was not yet really familiar.

She stretched out a hand for a caress.

"Darling, I've been hard, stupid in the things I've said. After all, we're going to have what we both want most in the world. A child."

For a moment he looked at her transfixed. Then he had her in his arms. He stammered incoherent ecstasies. He had wanted comfort? A divine comfort seemed to fill him. She was not refusing him? Branding him? He was to stand level with other men who were clean, strong, masters of life and themselves! Now he would have all her love again! Her love was safe.

"How can I thank you?" he said very humbly, "kind . . . good . . and sweet you are to me." An immense adoring reverence swamped him, so that he released her and put her back in her chair and knelt at her feet as at a shrine. He felt just as he knew Jim Thames had felt about Elena. What could he offer up to the woman who sat there mystic and beautiful? The devil left him; and he seemed purged of all his sad shames. He looked up at her, and said solemnly: "Listen Lea. I will promise you that now it will be different. Now I shall be strong. I'll go away . . there is that treatment beasts like me can have—" Sir Benjamin had tried to persuade him to that years before, but, flaming with insult, he had resisted—"I'll go. I'll do everything; everything. I'll make myself whole for you and for—*him*."

He bent down and kissed her.

"I'll make you a promise here and now. If ever I am *like that* again—if I can't conquer myself—I'll shoot myself for the dog I am."

They looked each other in the eyes. Her heart seemed to stand still.

"I mean that," he said very, very quietly. "I will shoot myself."

The room became strangely still. "It's an oath," he said, yet more solemnly.

In the great stillness of the room he asked her a question, simply and directly:

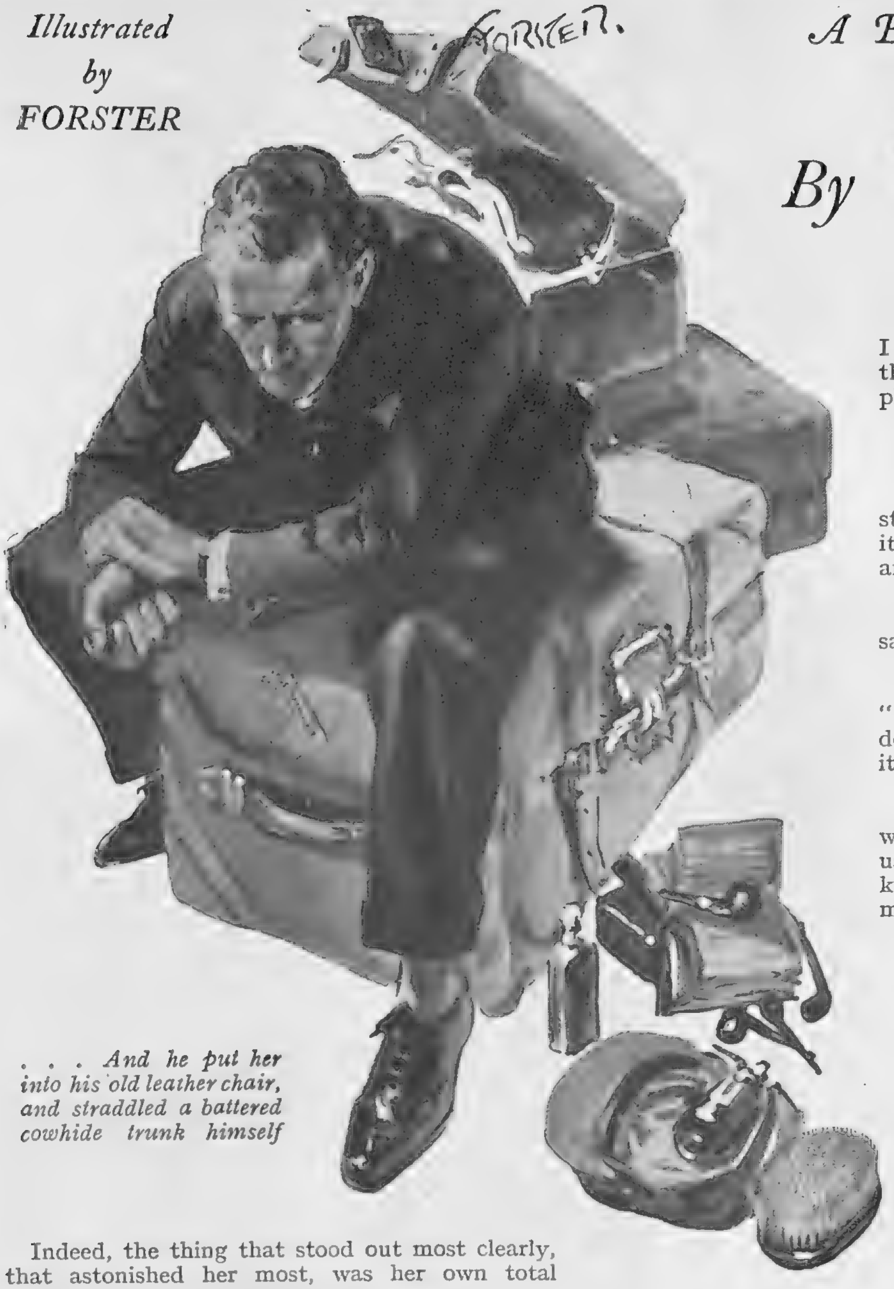
"You're not afraid any more?"

"I'm not afraid, Dorian!"

Illustrated
by
FORSTER

A Brilliant Problem Picture of Modern Marriage

By May Edginton



. . . And he put her into his old leather chair, and straddled a battered cowhide trunk himself

Indeed, the thing that stood out most clearly, that astonished her most, was her own total fearlessness of what she had done.

BETWEEN the happy revelation to her husband and the farewell to her lover she had thought very sharply, clearly, and providentially. She had been, in her inmost mind, what men would have called "hard." Had men—with few exceptions, and those few so scientific or emotionally bloodless as not to count in the life of a full-blooded woman—known the way of her thinking, they would, in their various terms, have said: "My God! for sheer cold ruthlessness commend me to a woman. Women *are* . . . !" Yet she was neither cold nor ruthless. She was warm; even if something in her suddenly became as the most savage of soldiers. She was awake to the penalties with which men—in their fear and distrust of Nature—have set about any indiscipline in the natural savage in people. After she had thought about this, very sharp and clear, before that farewell to Jack, she went to see Elena.

"Darling!"

"Darling!"

"I kept this half-hour absolutely free for you when you said you were coming."

"I thought you would."

"Lea, your husband thinks you have spent a good deal of time here the last three weeks. You haven't been here once. I didn't tell Jim. I just said: Oh yes, you looked awfully well. . . Oh yes, I would talk you round any difficulties if I could. I said . . ." Elena stopped. "Where have you been, Lea?" She stopped again and cried: "No, for heaven's sake, don't tell me."

"Don't be afraid I'll tell you, darling. I won't."

"It has been lucky that, just the times they thought you were with me, Jim wasn't with me either. I've been able to hedge nicely."

"Thank you, Elena."

"You're crying!"

"I'm not. I feel glorious. I have some news. I suppose it's rather soon—as most of us look at things; but I'm going to have a baby. Dorian's so pleased."

Elena caught her breath: "And you?"

"I'm so pleased, too."

They looked steadily at each other.

Elena turned, and arranged some lilies to stand straighter in a high vase. "Oh dearest, how well it is settling itself . . . Of course Dorian went to Jim, and Jim to me——"

"I supposed it might be so."

"So I knew it all. And now—there's so little to say except: how lovely!"

"Everything else is better left unsaid."

A pause. "I was afraid," said Elena, at her lilies, "that from what Jim told me, you might go mad, my dear, and do some unaccountable thing. Because it seems you felt so strongly—"

"And rightly."

A pause. "And rightly. And rightly. Oh yes, who can say your feeling wasn't *right*? But few of us can manage to do quite *rightly*; and . . . you know, Lea, knowing you, I was quite afraid you might fly to some other man; and—catastrophe!"

"'Catastrophe'!"

Lea sat down and watched Elena very closely.

"Oh well, my dear; now supposing you had flown off to some old lover—say, a man like Jack Chester. And supposing—knowing your craziness—."

"'Craziness'?"

"Oh, well, my dear, let the word do. Supposing you had, let us say, had this child by a lover—let us say Jack Chester for example—after all, it would be born in wedlock. Legally it's a Vandela. Legally, your husband would be the father of the child. I have known a woman have a child by a lover and think 'this will be mine.' But the law assigns the child to the husband. So that I am very glad you have not been crazy, Lea. I am very glad——"

"So am I, Elena."

They looked now into each other's eyes.

With a faint smile Elena continued: "The world has taught me most strongly to believe in averting tragedy."

STRAIGHT from Elena Thames's house she went, in a taxicab—having carefully sent the car home, on a pretext—to Jack, who was awaiting her.

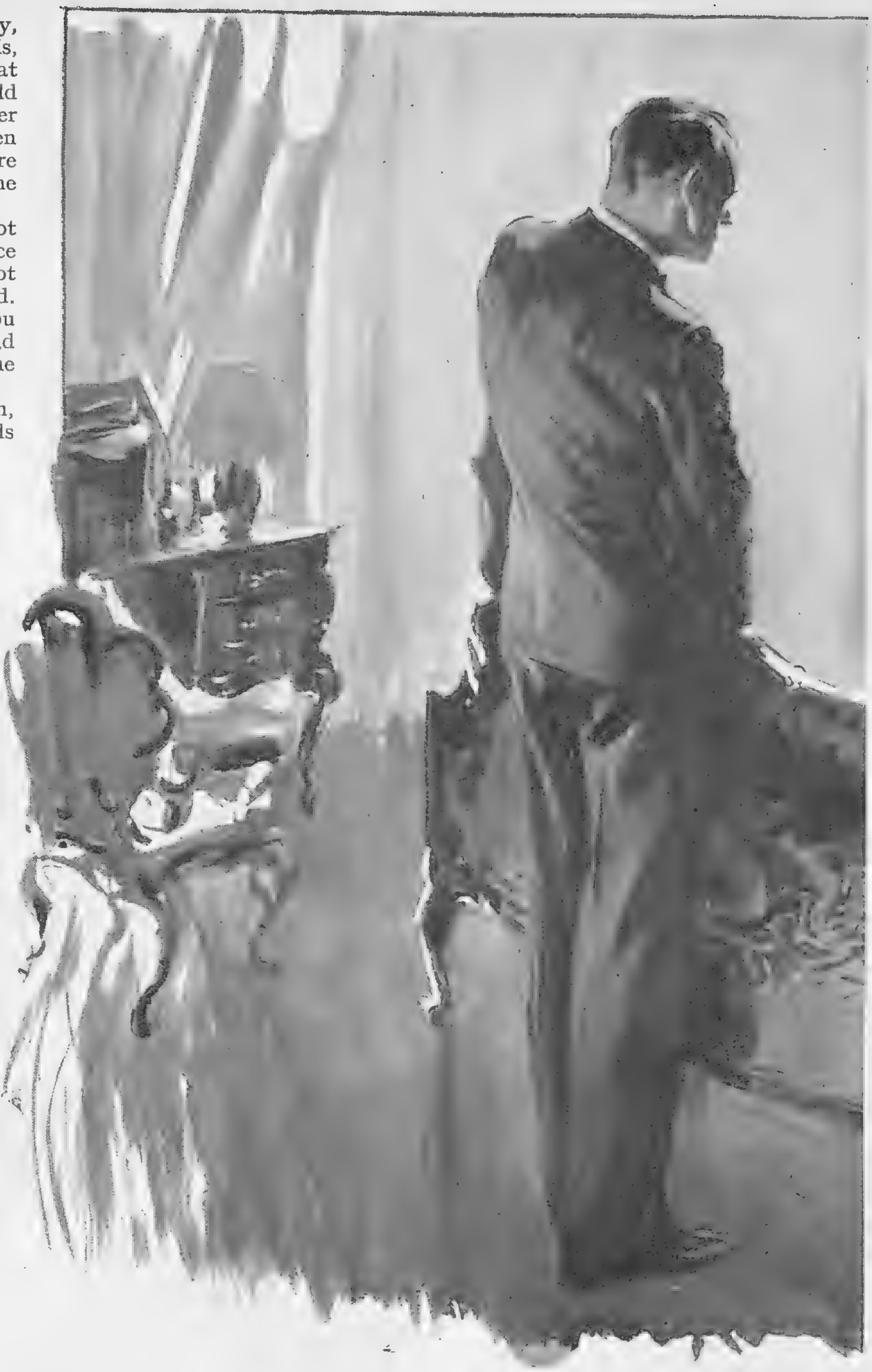
She had not known whether or not she had been meaning to tell him the news; devastate him with the news. But she was very sure of her procedure now.

His rooms seemed full of strapped-up luggage ready for his early start to-morrow. He opened the door to meet her, shut the door and put his arms about her. He adored her, and it was anguish to say "good-bye." But he had thought it all out painfully. His duty was to the firm, who wouldn't want a new representative with a scandalous label already attached, going out to Rio; but also there was their love—his and Lea's; and the months of separation. He began at once to tell her of the final struggles in his mind: "I want to carry you off with me. Just take you; make you go. But then—I'd have nothing for you. Oh, my sweetheart, how can I leave you——?" Then the serenity which informed her began stealing miraculously over him too. And they went, arms intertwined, into the sitting-room, and he put her into his old leather chair, and straddled a battered cowhide trunk himself.

"Listen, Jack," she said very serenely, "We can wait. We've been so happy. We can wait."

He stared at the floor frowningly. "It's the best thing for your sake, sweetheart. I know that. To wait and see—see if—when I come back, you really would——."

"And if you really would, Jack."



"You're all the world to me, Lea," he said steadily, and she knew she was. And he would—she knew this, too, now—have been all the world to her, except that she had another world, secret, within her. The world within her made all the difference; accounted for her ruthlessness and her serenity. He went on: "When I come back, I shall be just the same; and if you're the same, my dearest, then I would let you make the sacrifice."

But she was as steady as himself, though he did not know it. She would never, now, make the sacrifice of rich man for poor one; ease for struggle. She got up, murmuring: "I can't stay." They embraced. "Good-bye . . . good-bye. I won't even write. You shall forget me, if you want to, dearest. I'll just find out—whether you've forgotten or not—when I come back. And if you haven't—you're mine?"

She told him nothing. If he knew . . oh heaven, if he knew! She could vividly see him pulling worlds down about him. The stars would fall.

She began to love him terribly in that moment; but not so terribly as she loved what was within her. She would have liked to throw herself into his arms; to cry: "I'm coming with you!" But she knew, with him, that this was impossible because of his firm—his new job—his anxiety for making good at a time when armies of millions of competitive men (such as he) fought and strove for the means of living. She conquered her impulse towards chaos all the more easily because of what was within her. She breathed: "When you come back. . ." And again she longed to tell him, triumphantly and desperately; even against the knowledge that her new heaven would fall.

As Vandela walked into the well-known room his soul was sick but proud; desperate but triumphant. He came to the room to be saved, as he had often come before—but this time how differently! This time he meant to be saved. And gripping Books' hand, he held on to it, feeling it, thinking: "A man without a taint—I wish I were he." Or he wished he was Jim Thames—any man like that.

"This time," he said to the doctor, "I've come to take orders and obey them. You can do what you like with me."

"Sit down, my dear fellow, and tell me——"

Vandela said in a sudden way, still standing: "I'm nearly over the edge again; and I mustn't be. I've got to conquer it. There's got to be a decent, sober Vandela."

"Sit down, my dear fellow."

"I'd rather move about."

The doctor seated himself before his big writing table and looked at the bowl of tulips on it.

"We came back rather sooner than we meant from our honeymoon."

"Did you indeed? It's often rather cold in North Africa this time of the spring; often disappointing."

"We came back because I had one of my——" he stopped moving about. "You knew how it would be when I wouldn't take your advice and put off the wedding, and go into that place for treatment."

"It would have been so easy to arrange privately, you know. My patients often——"

"I know all that. But I was crazy to get married, and I thought a fellow wouldn't drink in heaven."

The doctor smiled profoundly.

"Well," said Vandela, in a rising excitement, "my wife saw me at my worst. She was marvellous to me afterwards."

"Some women can be." The doctor leaned forward, elbows on his desk, looking across it at the slim, dark, haunted young man.

"One day you must meet her, Sir Benjamin; she is wonderful. Warm, strong, fine woman—I always felt that in her, so much warmth and strength and fineness." He gnawed at a finger. "I thought all that must save me. It didn't."

"Ah . . . it can't," said Books, sympathetically and profoundly.

"No?"

"No."

"My cure's a matter for medical calculation as cold as mathematics?"

"That is a rather too precise way of looking at it."

Vandela said again: "You must meet my wife, you know."

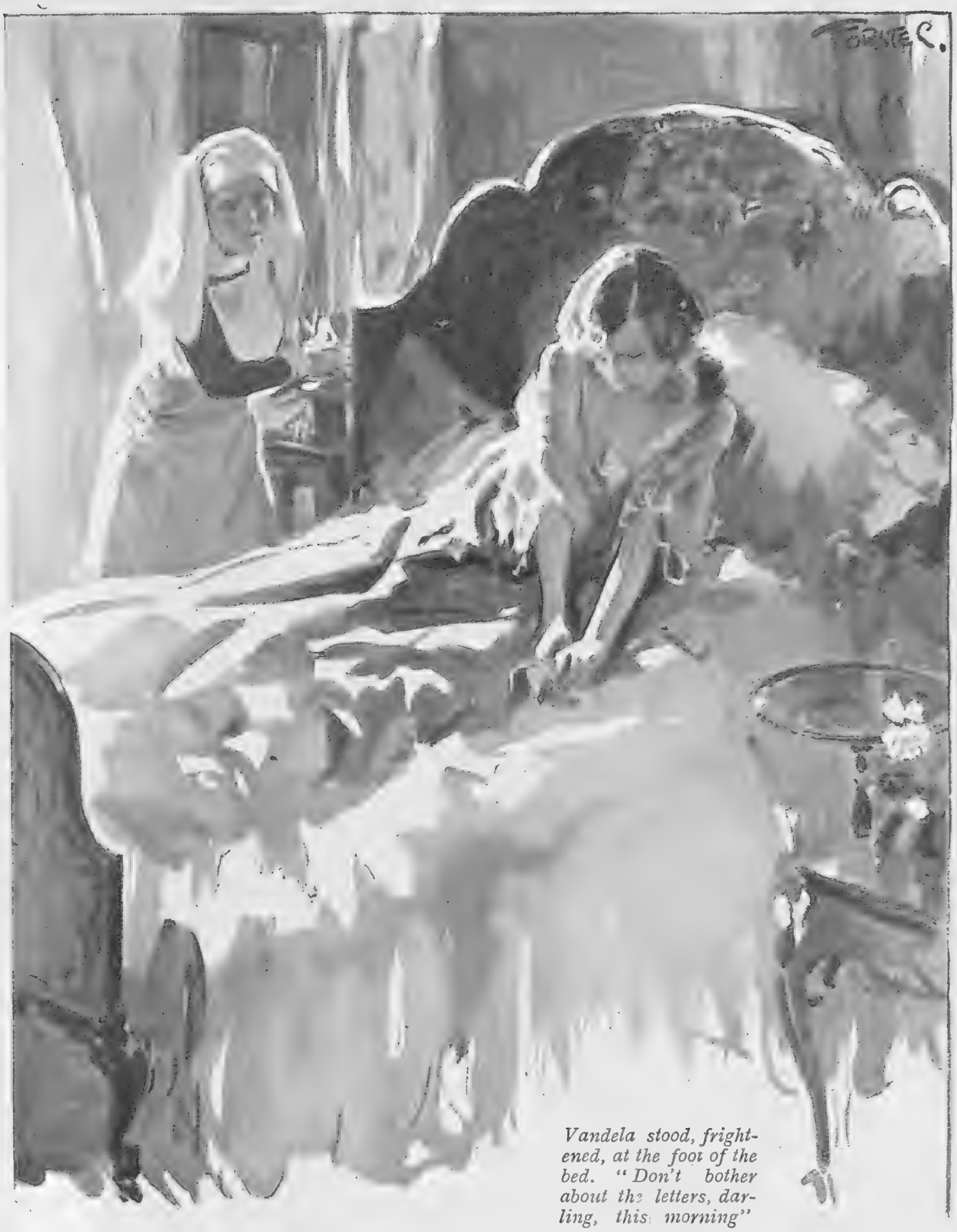
"It would be a great pleasure." The doctor saw her now, as she had sat in the chair beside his writing table, just as Vandela had said; warm, strong, proud. And how beautiful! How vital! "A great pleasure," he repeated. And for a moment even to him it seemed as if he watched high tragedy in that procession of wives who came to him secretly, behind their husbands' backs, and besought him to tell them this or that about their husbands.

"I'm bad stock; bad stuff," said Vandela, looking at him intently. "We are—all of us. We're what you doctors think of as unsound stock. I know."

"This is one of your difficult times," said Sir Benjamin, with a deprecating motion of the hand as if he waived such statements as entire exaggerations. He was, in truth, faintly surprised—and he was not often surprised—that the man had summarised his expert opinion so exactly. Bad stuff; unsound stock; the Vandelas had been mostly that for generations, so far as he had been allowed to probe their intimate history through the confidences of the Vandela who now stood before him.

"Do sit down," he said again encouragingly.

"This *is* one of my difficult times," said Vandela. "I'm craving!" He burst out with it, and then withdrew for a moment into one of the reticences which the doctor knew so well. And he went on more calmly: "You'll be surprised to



Vandela stood, frightened, at the foot of the bed. "Don't bother about the letters, darling, this morning"

know that the first thing my wife said when she knew was: no children."

"I am not easily surprised, my friend."

"But she altered her mind. All women of her sort want children. We're going to have one."

"You mean, that is a fact?'

"A fact," said Vandela in triumph, but sombre.

The doctor would have followed the brief pause—in which his mind swiftly assessed the probabilities—with stereotyped congratulations. But Vandela cried: "As a doctor, you can't say much for it!"

Again Books waived this aside: "I'm glad to know that you must both be feeling happy——"

"Sir Benjamin, you can do something for me?"

The doctor in Books knew that it was merely a question of more or less; long time or short. But the man in him said feelingly: "Yes."

"Thank God! I give myself up to you entirely, doctor. Do you know what I've promised her? What I've sworn to her?"

"You'd better tell me everything, with no reserves."

"I've sworn—next time I'll shoot myself."

The doctor said abruptly: "Well, we'll make a fight for it. You love her."

"Love her!"

The doctor said to himself: "Poor devil."

Vandela stammered: "There's a lot of thought these days—not only among you medicos—and I know it: that women—well, and men too—should know more about each other before marriage. *She* ought to have known this! And do you suppose I don't see that any doctor would think so too? Now 'Yes' or 'No.' 'Yes' or 'No,' Sir Benjamin!"

Sir Benjamin said: "Precepts. Precepts. Between the precept and the perfect practice there is a great gulf fixed. Now I want to begin. . ."

THERE commenced the regeneration of Dorian Vandela, and Lea began, in a very gentle way, through all the fierce soft defences she put around her work of creation, to love him, rather. She rather loved him now just for his struggle and his kindness and his pitiful anxiety to win.

She helped him.

"You can help him a lot," Books said to her. "You are not anxious about the child, are you?"

He looked straight into her face, and she looked straight back. For doctors were safe confessors. "I am not afraid about the child, Sir Benjamin."

So he knew.

And it seemed as if the enemy that had been stealing up on Vandela again at the time that she told him her proud news, had retreated. The hitherto unconquerable assailant had gone back into waiting.

Chester had kept his promised silence for all the time of his absence; not a word from him had reached Lea; and while she had hungered for him often during the long waiting, not a word went out from her to him. For she was going to guard ferociously the treasure within her. But, just after she had awakened Dorian one morning—an hour before her breakfast tray would come—crying: "Dorian, it will be to-day!" the post brought a letter from Jack Chester. As she lay, terrified but exultant, knowing that it would be to-day, the letter came up on the breakfast tray, flaming out from the other letters as if written in fire.

Her nurse was in the room; and her husband; and she was in pain, and the pain passed; and she took up the letter.

Vandela stood, frightened, at the foot of the bed. "Don't bother about the letters, darling, this morning." He moved to get them. "I'll open them for you and read them to you while you have your coffee."

"I wouldn't trouble about your letters just now, Mrs. Vandela," said the nurse very quietly and soothingly. "Let Mr. Vandela look over them for you as he says; and if there's anything really important he can tell you. But you're the most important thing just now, my dear."

But she had Chester's letter in her hands; alone, out of all the other letters, she had seized his.

The nurse looked at her very attentively; for she saw that the letter could be no ordinary letter to bring that look to a woman's face in the time of ordeal; a look complex with excitement, eagerness, happiness—and fear.

"Fear," thought the nurse. "Fear. She's afraid." She said smoothly: "Just that one, then, my dear."

"How can I be calm?" Lea thought. But she steadied herself and took some coffee before she

(*Continued on page* 106)

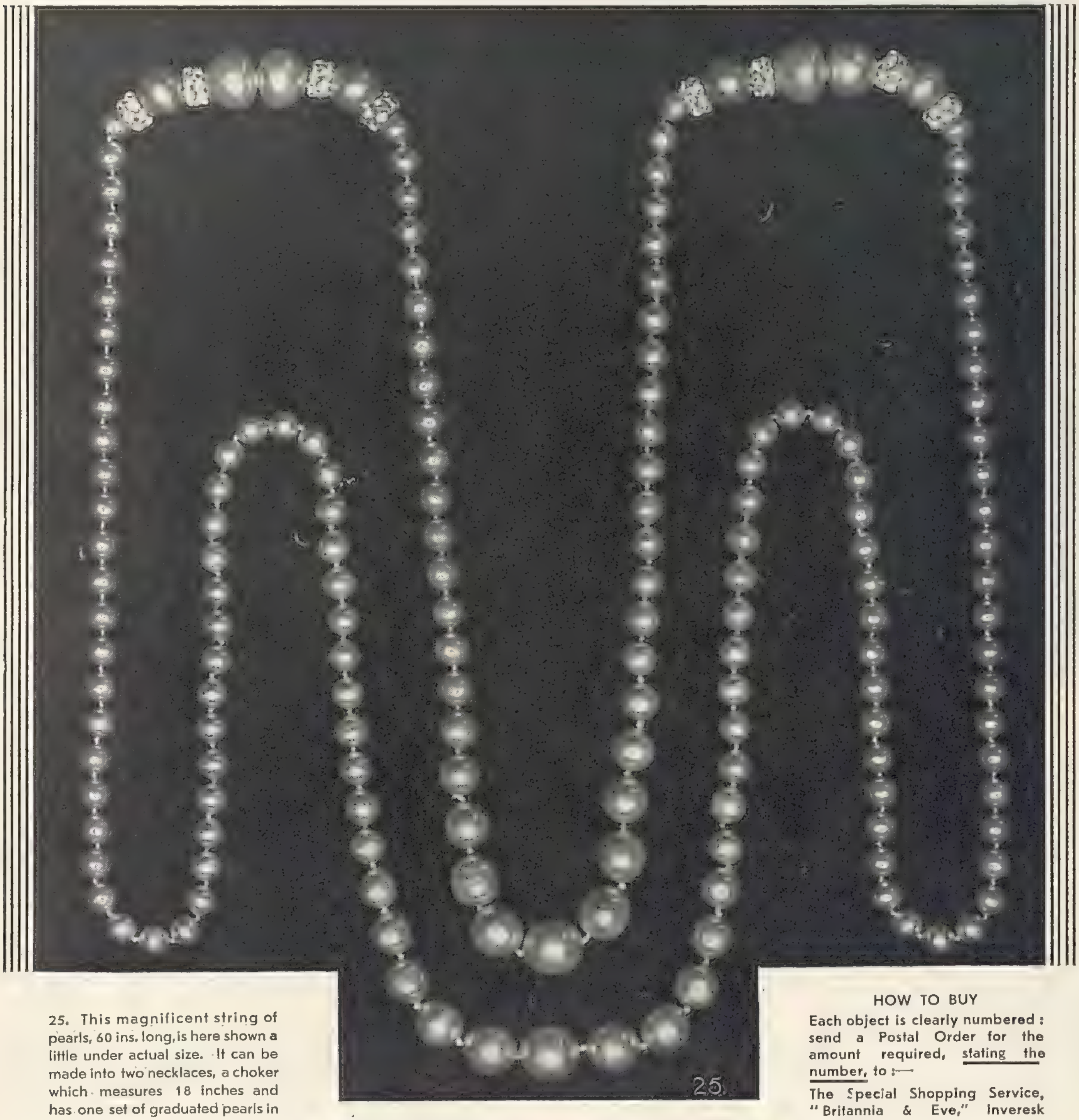
OUR SPECIAL SHOPPING SERVICE

How to buy the latest accessories at their lowest prices

As we stated last month, we have inaugurated this new Shopping Service for the benefit of our readers. Our aim is to offer the newest and most attractive novelties, whether for personal use or for the decoration of the home, at the lowest possible price. The mart of the world for all such novelties is Paris, and the objects shown on this and the following pages come from Paris, where they are chosen by an expert—an expert who is on the spot, who knows the market, knows the trend of fashion and can buy for you advantageously at the actual source.

You may want to go to Paris and be unable to, or you may go to Paris and be unable to find what you want. But we will search the treasure stores of Paris and offer you the fruits of that search. We will show on these pages, month by month, the most fashionable parures which are being worn at the moment by the smartest women, the latest handbags, the newest jewellery—and at a price which places them within the reach of all. Furthermore, we will often assemble together two or three accessories which match each other and form an ensemble—such as the parure shown on page 58—and so save you all the trouble of trying to find one thing to match another.

Each object will be numbered, clearly shown, and described in detail. On receipt of the stipulated sum, the object will be forwarded post free to you, but remember that these things really *do* come from Paris, and that each one will be ordered specially for you; therefore we cannot guarantee delivery under *ten days*.



25. This magnificent string of pearls, 60 ins. long, is here shown a little under actual size. It can be made into two necklaces, a choker which measures 18 inches and has one set of graduated pearls in the centre, and a long necklace of 42 inches, with another. The screws are hidden in the double pearls flanked with brilliants.
Price £2.12.6

A SUPERB NECKLACE WHICH UNSCREWS TO MAKE TWO, ONE LONG AND ONE SHORT

HOW TO BUY

Each object is clearly numbered: send a Postal Order for the amount required, stating the number, to:—

The Special Shopping Service,
"Britannia & Eve," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

These accessories come from Paris; therefore about 10 days will elapse before the chosen object will reach you, post free.

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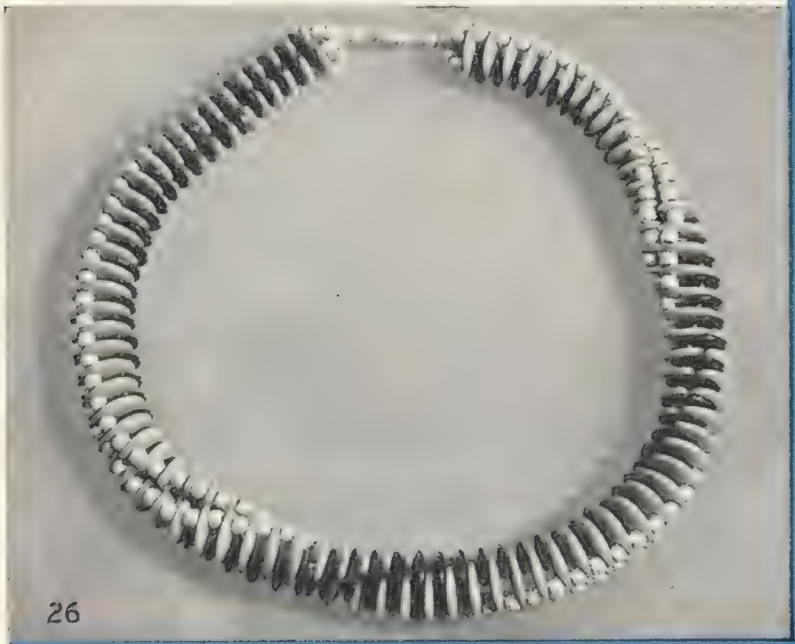
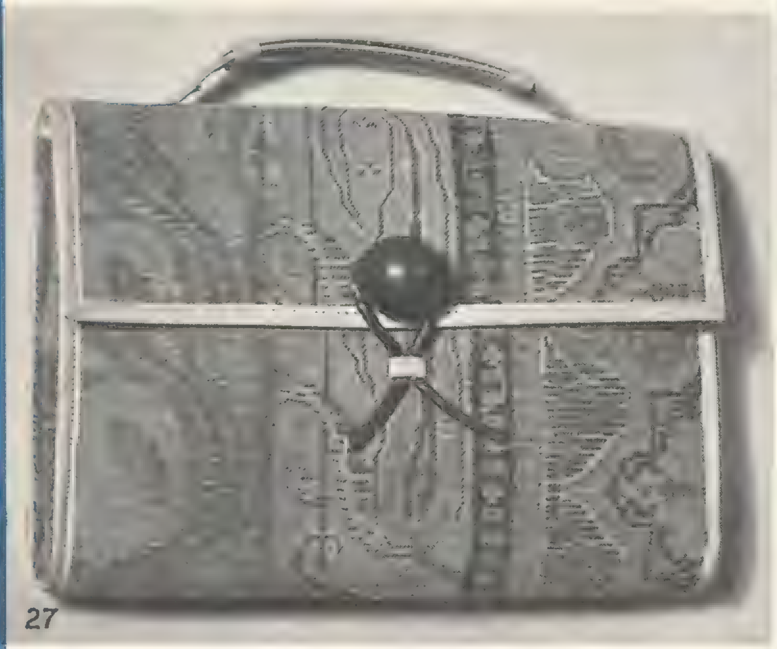


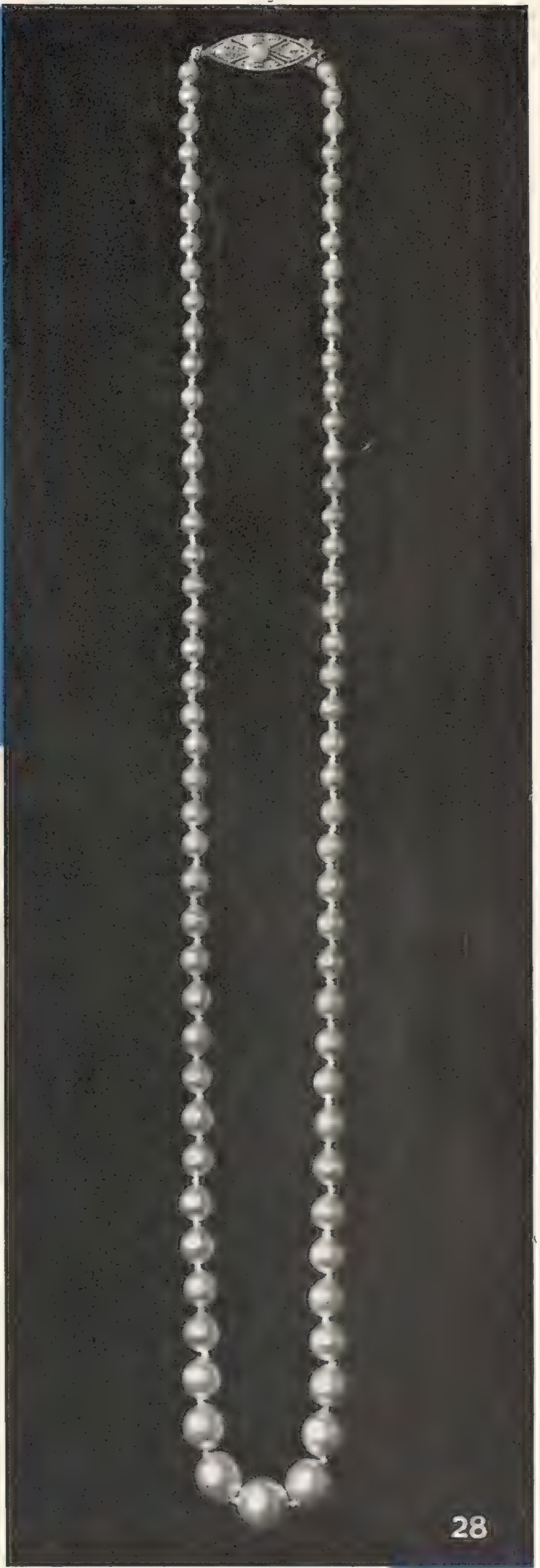
26

26. This novel choker is 15 ins. long. It is composed of bean-shaped black and scarlet beads interspersed with tiny silver balls, and is amusingly twisted. Price 12/6



27

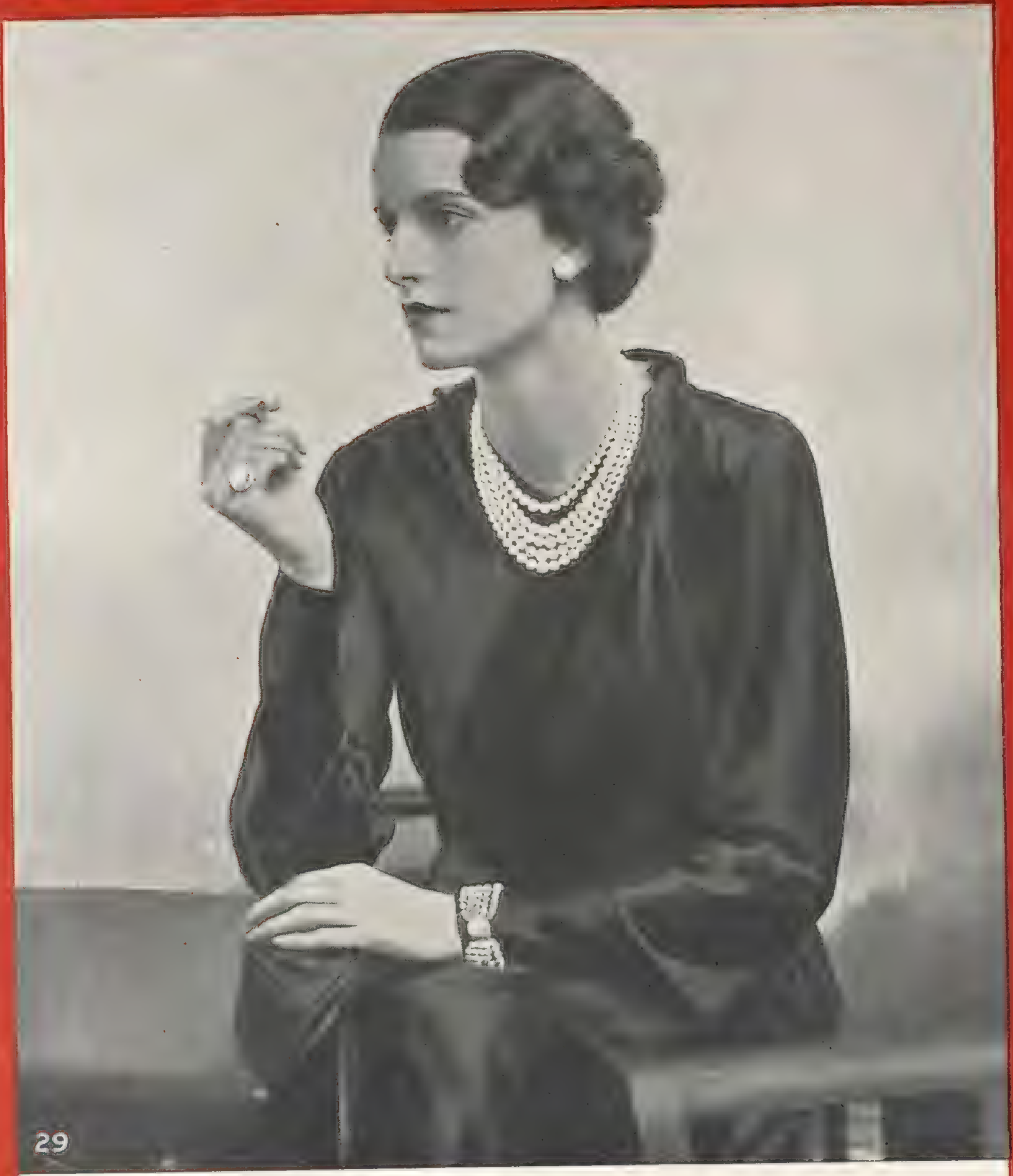
27. An unusual pochette, measuring 7½ × 5½ ins., is made of Paisley material bordered with beige kid and lined with moiré. It fastens with a wooden knob and a leather thong, and is fitted with a mirror and purse. Price 27/6



28

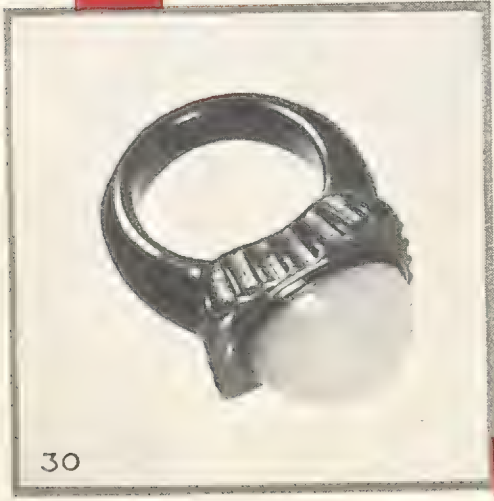
28. This exquisite necklace of graduated pearls, an exact copy of a real one, measures 17 ins. long and has a pearl and diamond clasp. It is sold complete in a satin-lined box and costs 12/6

OUR SPECIAL SHOPPING SERVICE



29

29. An attractive parure which is being worn by many chic women in Paris, consists of a necklace, bracelet, earrings and ring of white china beads. It looks immensely smart when worn with a plain black dress. The five-strand necklace costs 15/-, the five-strand bracelet 12/6, the button earrings 5/- and the button ring 2/6; therefore the entire parure may be purchased for £1/15/0; but each object may be purchased separately if desired

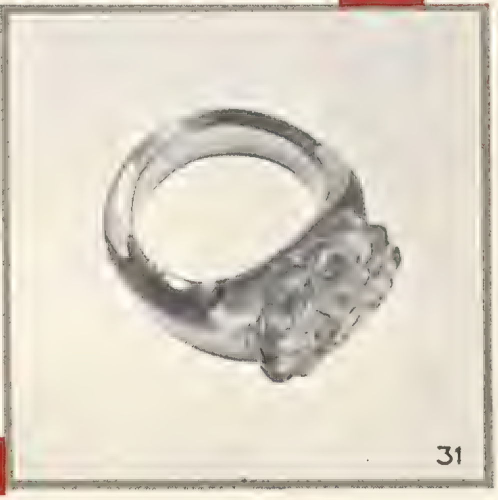


30

30. A very smart ring is made of black onyx, with an enormous turquoise-coloured stone in the centre. It can also be had with a coral, lapis-lazuli, white or jade green centre. It costs 9/6

31. The very newest ring is made of aquamarine blue glass, and has a flower design stamped on it. It can also be obtained in ruby red, sapphire blue or rose pink glass. It costs 9/6

When ordering rings please
state diameter required



31

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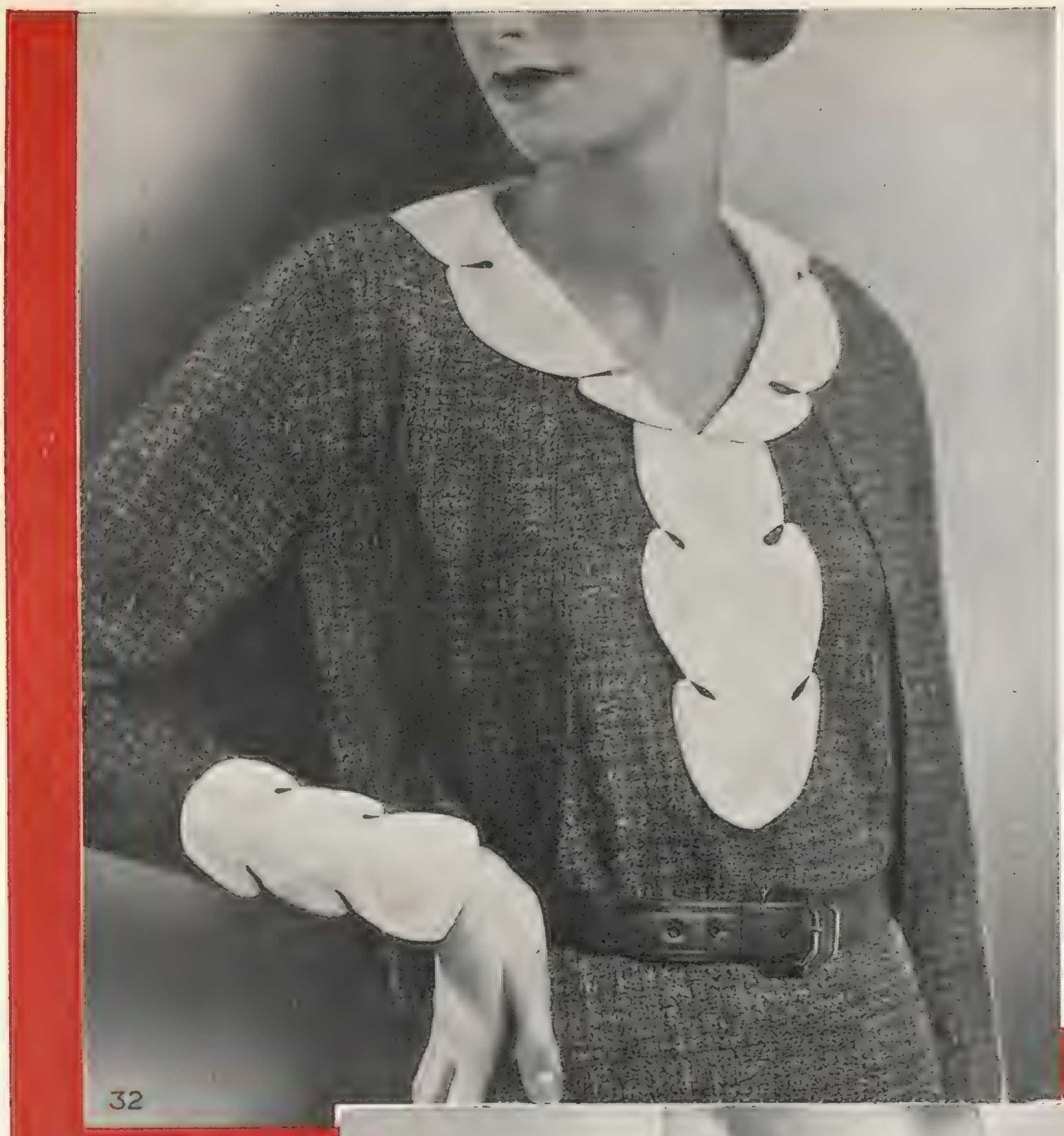
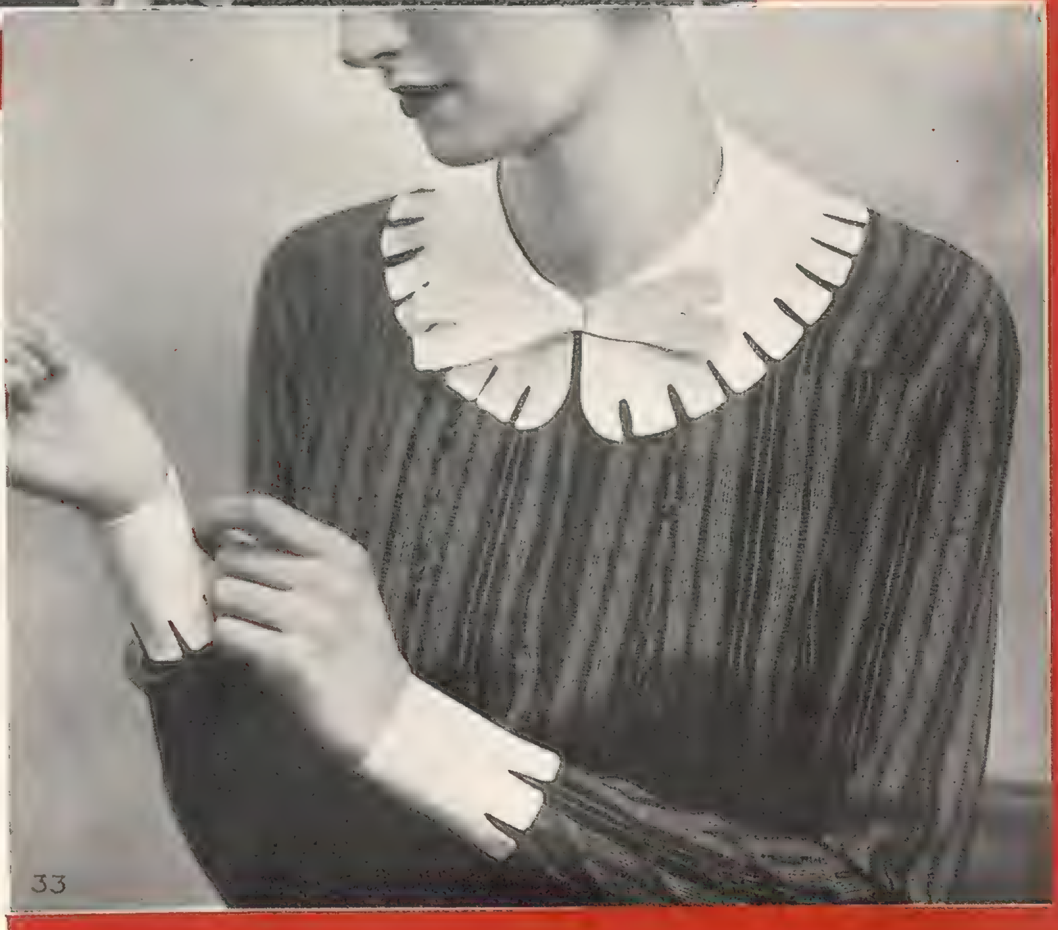


32

32. An attractive lingerie set consisting of a collar, jabot and sleeve-piece is carried out in the finest white lawn, and the deeply-scalloped edge has a narrow border of pale pink. It is entirely hand-made and the collar measures 26 inches round the neck. Price 12/6



33

33. Nothing is more becoming than a fresh, crisp white collar, and there is no quicker or simpler method of renovating an old dress or lending variety to a new, than new collar and cuffs. Here a novel set is made of white piqué, stiffly starched, and with the edges deeply cut out. The round collar is finished by an amusing bow of white piqué. The set costs 15/-

• OUR SPECIAL SHOPPING SERVICE

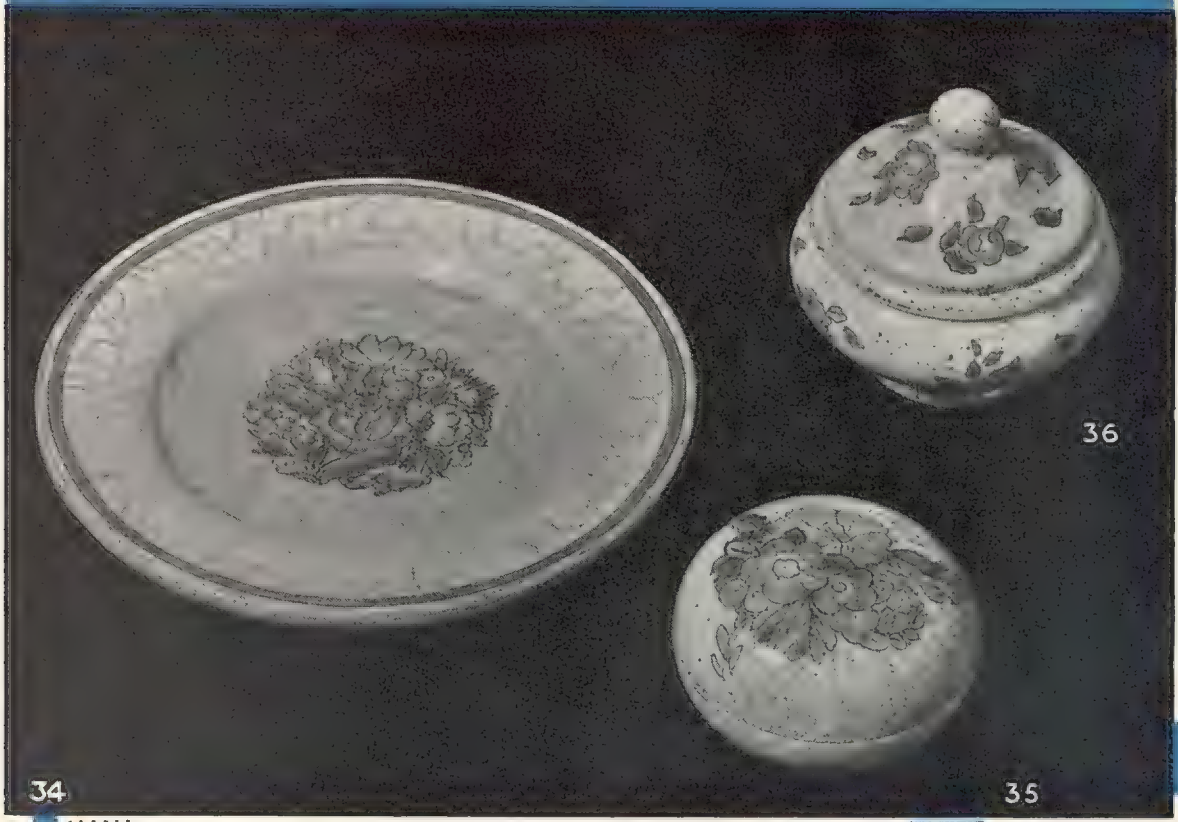
HERE ARE

THE NEWEST

DECORATIVE

ACCESSORIES

FOR THE HOME



34. A wooden plate, painted cream and lacquered, has an exquisite flower design in the centre and a blue border. Price 8/- ● 35. The round wooden box painted with a similar design, costs 4/- ● 36. The powder bowl (above) has a cream ground, decorated with crimson roses. Price 5/-

HOW TO BUY

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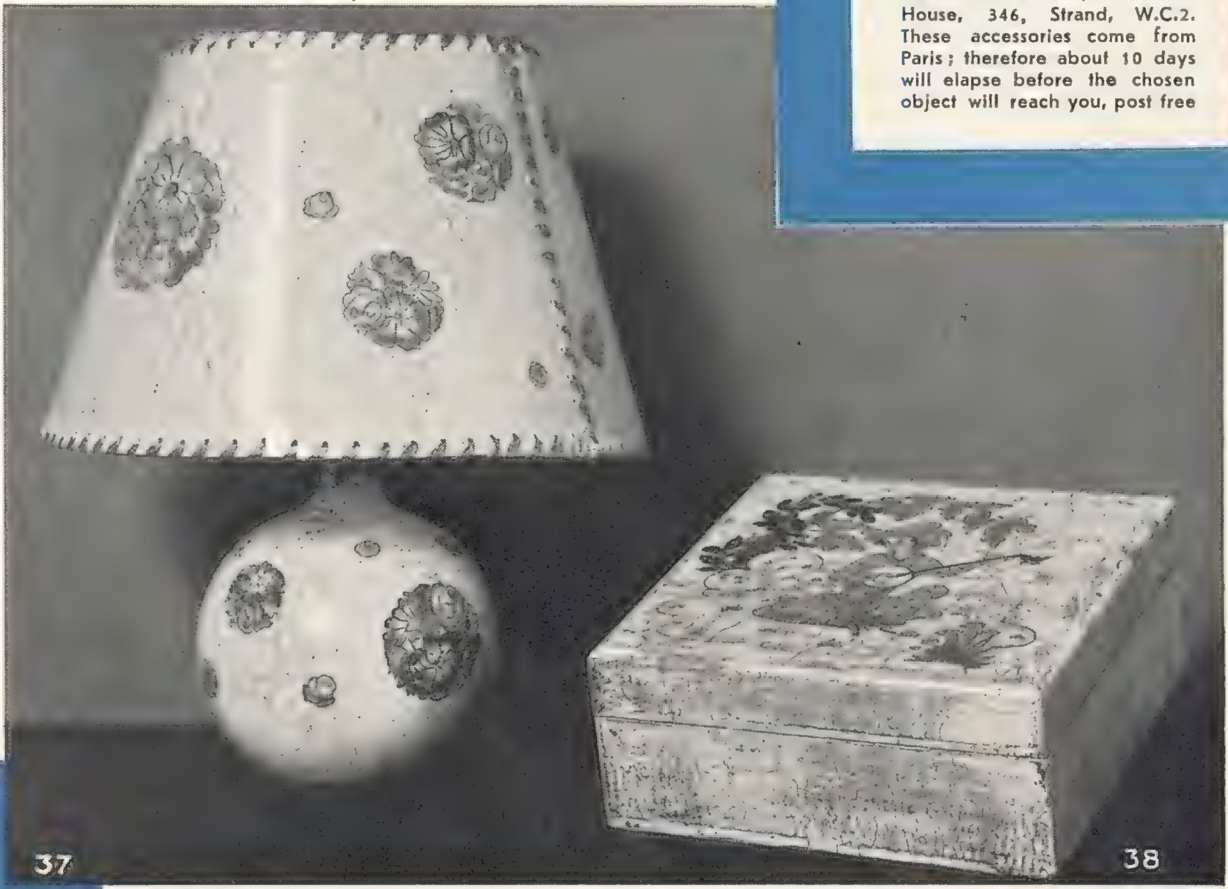


37. A round wooden lamp, lacquered cream colour and decorated with gay flowers, has a parchment shade painted to match it. The lamp and shade together cost 20/- ● 38. The square wooden cigarette box, beautifully finished and painted in a Persian design, costs 10/-

CROSS CURRENTS IN CURLS

Longer Hair must add Youth, not Age, to our Silhouette

IT was inevitable that more elaborate coiffures should accompany our lengthened gowns; a very small, close-cropped head on top of a long full skirt looks grotesquely out of proportion. On the other hand, a cluster of curls on the nape of the neck can hardly be considered suitable for the golf course. The problem of millinery we have solved by practically eliminating it, and the minuscule bits of felt, ribbon and chenille which we place on the back of our heads are not of sufficient size to warrant discussion.

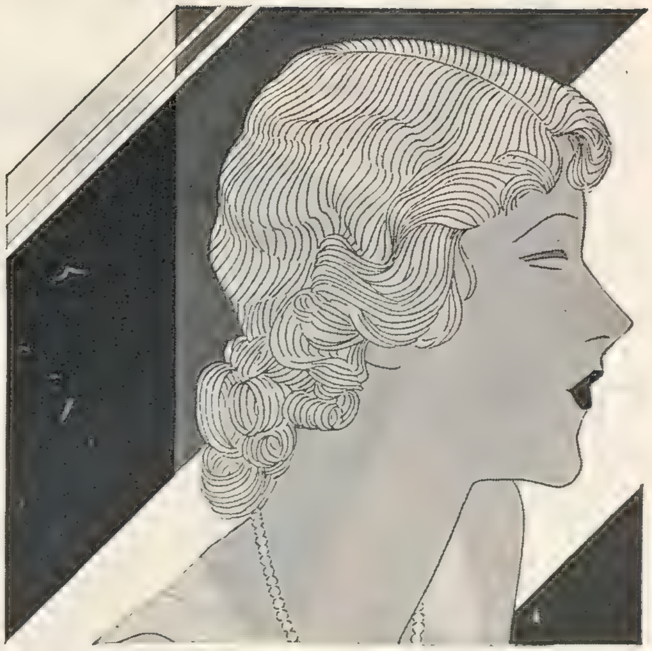
But with those few exceptions to whom very short hair is both natural and becoming, we have grown our hair anything from two to four inches longer than it was two years ago. But now that we have it, what are we going to do with it? Two things are certain. Coiffures, whether of long or short hair, are curlier and softer in outline, and although the hair may be grown long, it is seldom permitted to become a " bun." This one-time inevitable appendage has been voted ageing by most women, and is shunned accordingly. It is rarely seen save in the hunting field, and then it is pinned on for the occasion. Numberless women have grown their hair long enough to make it into a chignon and then have immediately cut it off again—partly because of the discomfort but chiefly because it made them look older. There is no doubt that the back of a head adorned with short curls gives an infinitely more youthful effect than that of a heavy chignon.

The most popular method at the moment appears to be a short roll across the nape of the neck, achieved by curling up the hair until it stays in place without any pins—an optimistic coiffure with good intentions but a bad back view. Some cynics start out with a long metal pin over which they roll the hair; this ensures a tidier coiffure, but one which is rather hard, and difficult to finish off at the sides. A series of curls at the back is favoured by many and is easier to achieve than one would imagine—provided that one has a good permanent wave, a setting by a professional once a week, a setting lotion and clever fingers at home! But, of course, many hairdressers advocate a separate attachment of curls which may be left off during the day and only put on when dressing for dinner—though how many of the younger generation will risk the ridicule of their companions and the fear of losing their costly coiffure remains to be seen.

IN most cases the hair is cut shorter at the sides than at the back and is waved over the ears, sometimes finished with one or a series of curls. Side-partings are more popular than ever, fringes are never seen, and straight hair but rarely.

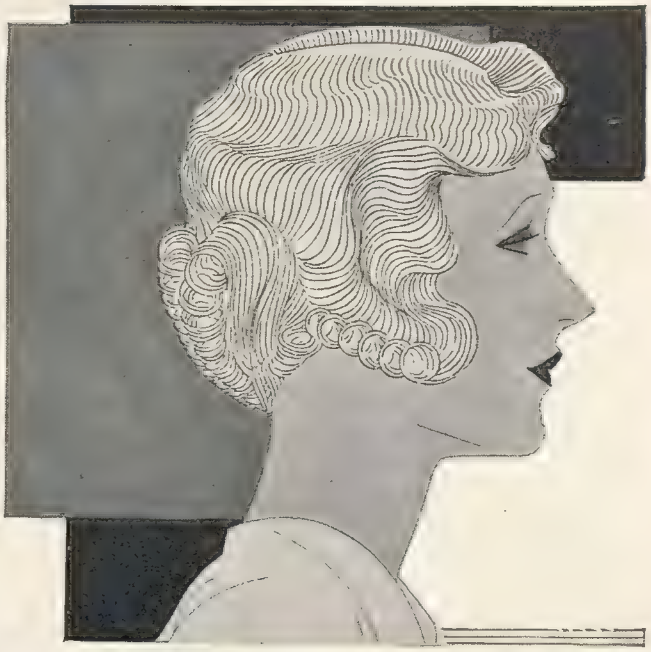
From the point of view of *chic* the present mode, charming and becoming though it is, has the disadvantage of offering unlimited scope to the untidy, and the average Englishwoman's head is always apt to be less carefully dressed, less sculptured than her Latin sister's.

Still, the fear that our new-found sense of line will be overwhelmed by a return to excessive elaboration should not be too seriously entertained. Compromise, typical of the eternal feminine, will probably come to our rescue, and we will wear our hair neither very short nor very long, neither brushed flat in masculine style nor exaggeratedly curled. We can but hope so.



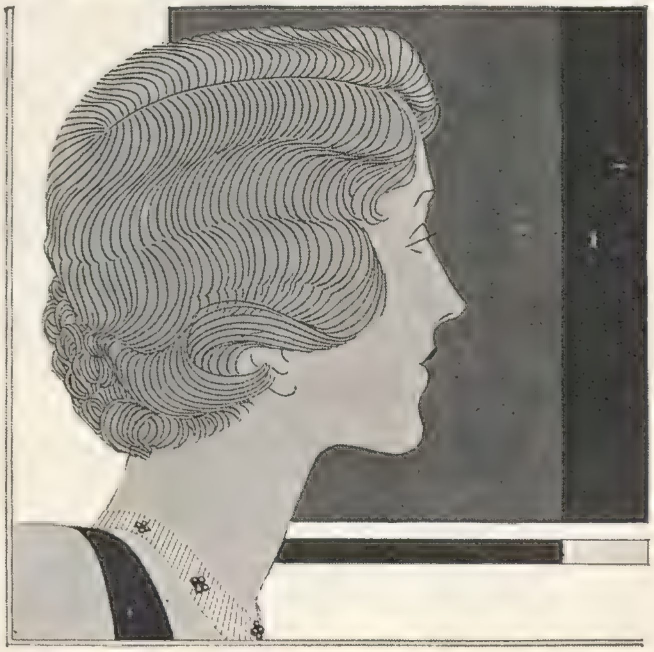
THE moderately long side bits are waved and caught behind the ears, and the back hair is arranged in loose curls down the nape of the neck

From
MAISON NICOL



HERE the hair is cut short and arranged in a row of curls over the ears, while the longer back hair is crossed over from side to side and finished in curls

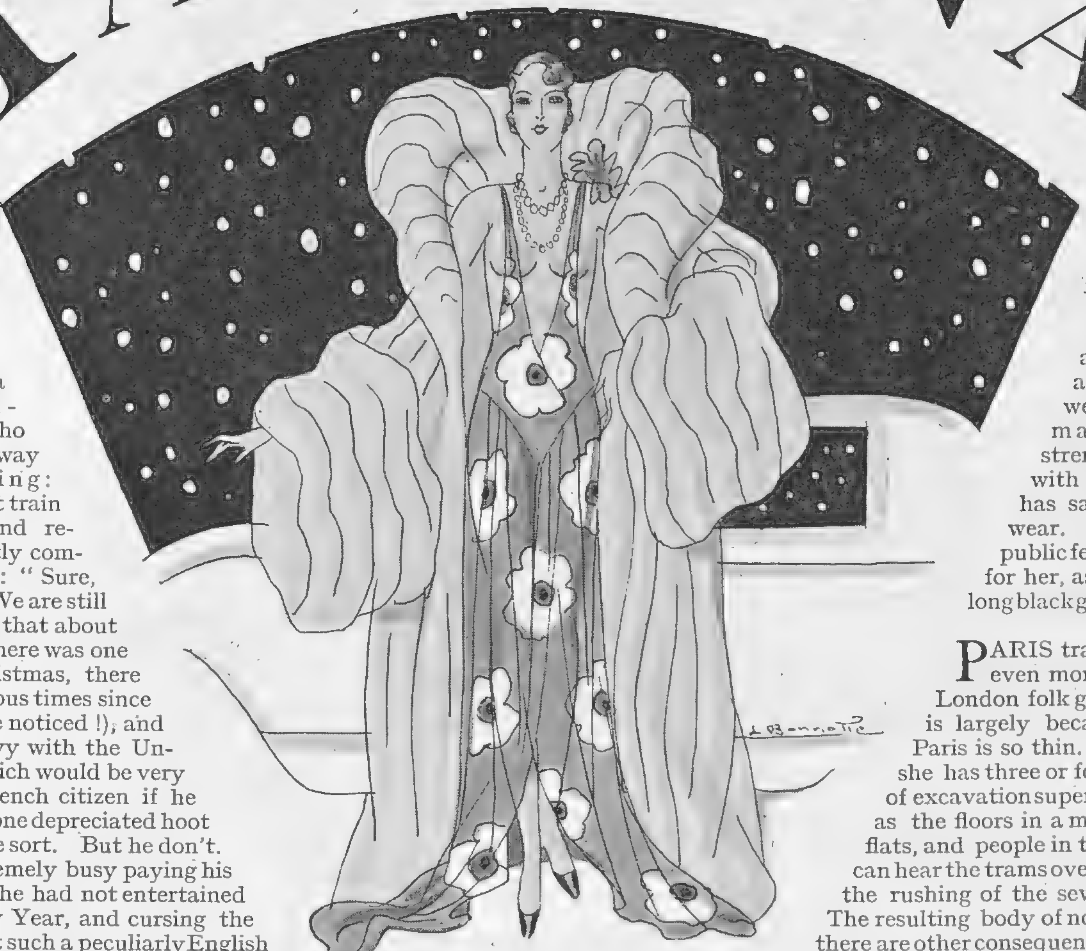
From
VASCO



A VERY short curl on the forehead, a longer one behind the ear, and a lot of small, short ones at the back of the head distinguish this coiffure

From
VASCO

PARISIANA



The Medes and Persians were mere boiled macaroni for strength compared with Paris when she has said what one is to wear.

Illustrations by BONNOTTE

THERE was once a would-be passenger who dashed into a railway station crying: "When's the next train for Dublin?" and received the perfectly comprehensible reply: "Sure, it's just gone!" We are still feeling rather like that about political crises. There was one batch before Christmas, there have been troublous times since (as you may have noticed!), and to-morrow is heavy with the Unknown. All of which would be very baleful for the French citizen if he happened to care one depreciated hoot for anything of the sort. But he don't. He has been extremely busy paying his rent, and wishing he had not entertained his family at New Year, and cursing the weather (this is not such a peculiarly English winter sport as the English imagine), and wondering why his wife doesn't catch double pneumonia of the ankles instead of the much more expensive upstair kind, since she has ramparts of fur above, but the merest film of vegetable silk below.

Of course, there isn't much logic in fashions this spring. But they are charming, and that, after all, is their job. Not even people in the wool trade want to know whether a woman has flannel next her skin, so long as the exposed parts are pretty to look at and the covering of the rest is becoming. There isn't a single feminine gadget that the 1931 girl is neglecting. She is being gathered, and gored, and smocked, and flaired, and pleated, and trimmed, and ruched, and frilled, and flounced, as though she were Amelia Sedley herself. Only she mustn't have sleeves in the evening, still less a back to her frock. Amelia knew her spine as a thing to be put against a backboard, kept clean, rested when it ached, and not otherwise considered. Her irreverent descendant has it on parade every night.

Please wear black in the afternoon for cocktail parties, and apologise if you turn up in tweeds. It isn't done. It was in the summer, when one wore heaps of stuff as bathing-dress and hardly any in town, because a tailor-made was a nice chic little affair then. But nowadays you turn up in black satin, or black *moiré*—and every coloured jewel that you can find room for. Mr. Woolworth hasn't struck Paris yet, but it is worth a visit to England just to provide yourself with what you should wear to the cocktail parties. Rings on her fingers and very thin hose, and she will take cocktails wherever she goes.

BUT for the South everything is going to be so innocent and gay you can't think! The black *moiré* of Paris is to be left behind, and all the smartest young grandmothers of the season are to wear lily-leaf green, primrose-bud yellow, and baby-crocus mauve. The flowers of the Riviera are in for a spot of surprise; how would you like to be a geranium cascading down a wall baked by every sun since the Phœnicians came, and see people parading by in a crocus-coloured coat, Coty's latest scent, and a Rolls-Royce? However, Paris has decreed that this is what must be, and the Medes and the Persians were mere boiled macaroni for strength compared with Paris when she has said what one is to wear. (At any rate till public feeling is too strong for her, as in the matter of long black gloves for evening.)

PARIS traffic is occupying even more attention than London folk give to theirs. This is largely because the crust of Paris is so thin. In some places she has three or four different lines of excavation superposed as casually as the floors in a modern building of flats, and people in the Métro stations can hear the trams overhead and almost the rushing of the sewers below them. The resulting body of noise is terrific, and there are other consequences. Most visitors to Paris know the beautiful Cercle Interallié in the Faubourg St. Honoré, close to our Embassy. They must have wondered sometimes why such an historic building should have been handed over so willingly, even by a pro-Ally like the Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild, for the use of the club. It was a princely gift, and one can look it in the mouth and find all its teeth in perfect order. But he might have sold it, or let it; in any case he would not stay in it. This is one of the unwritten chapters of Paris history. The Baron owns a magnificent collection of Fantin-Latour pastels. These are rather rare in Paris, for England, the flower-loving country *par excellence*, snooped most of the Latour pastels of flowers before France had really recognised his genius. Then came the motor-buses, shaking and grinding their way past; and lorries; and taxis; and one day the Baron saw a tiny deposit of crayon-dust inside the frame of one of his cherished pastels. That was enough.

OF course, if you can collect Latour pastels you aren't exactly holding an alms-bowl at the gates of the workhouse. The pastels had a marvellous new house built for them at La Muette, in a street where only the Phantom Rolls ever passes, and people with other vehicles wouldn't dream of coming. And that's why we all have such delightful times hobnobbing with kings and things at the Interallié, while a lonely little President goes to bed ten doors off at dusk or thereabouts. But why on earth do artists go on using pastel? They do, or Montparnasse is lying; they go on doing it, with larger lorries and heavier buses and fewer Rothschilds every day!

L'Acheteuse is shortly to be revived. It was only withdrawn a few weeks ago owing to previous engagements, after a run of two hundred nights—very long for the modern Athens, where people like something new as often as possible. The return of Steve Passeur's piece may be longed for by somebody—everybody's loved by someone, they say—but I am not among the number. If you took Noel Coward and Frederick Lonsdale and any other dramatist who deals in the sharper condiments, melted them together, fried them in vinegar, and coated them with tabasco sauce, they wouldn't be as violent, as bitter, and as unpleasant as Monsieur Passeur. Every character in the play is detestable, and the " hero " simply makes one feel sick. I happened to be away from the theatre for eight or nine months. The last play I saw was Bourdet's *Le Sexe Faible* (which is still continuing its triumphal existence)—and after that interval my next was *L'Acheteuse*. Such a pair! What is the matter with French dramatists? Have they all got jaundice? If they were not so witty, and did not command such acting talent, the theatre would die, just die. Why should anybody want to spend a whole evening in the company of unpleasant people committing unpleasant acts and emitting even unpleasanter speeches? Not even Jean Max and Madame Simone can make the dose palatable, and the audience, though interested, every night made protesting noises at intervals.

The Comédie has lost Berthe Cerny. Her star rôle was *Maman Colibri*—a beautiful performance, and the play is acclaimed as a Bataille masterpiece, but it is an uncomfortable subject. The mother who falls in love with her son's college friend! On top of that, Monsieur Bataille did not hesitate to make the son trap his mother into confession by creeping up behind her when she expected his friend and delivering an unsonly kiss on the nape of the neck! Berthe Cerny is going to travel, and then return to the stage. It will be interesting to see what she plays in when the shackles of the Comédie are removed and she can do what she likes. One thing is certain: she won't cut her hair! She wears it long, folded neatly backwards across the ears, and in an abundant and always tidy mass up the back of her head. It is an old-fashioned silhouette, but very graceful and dignified.

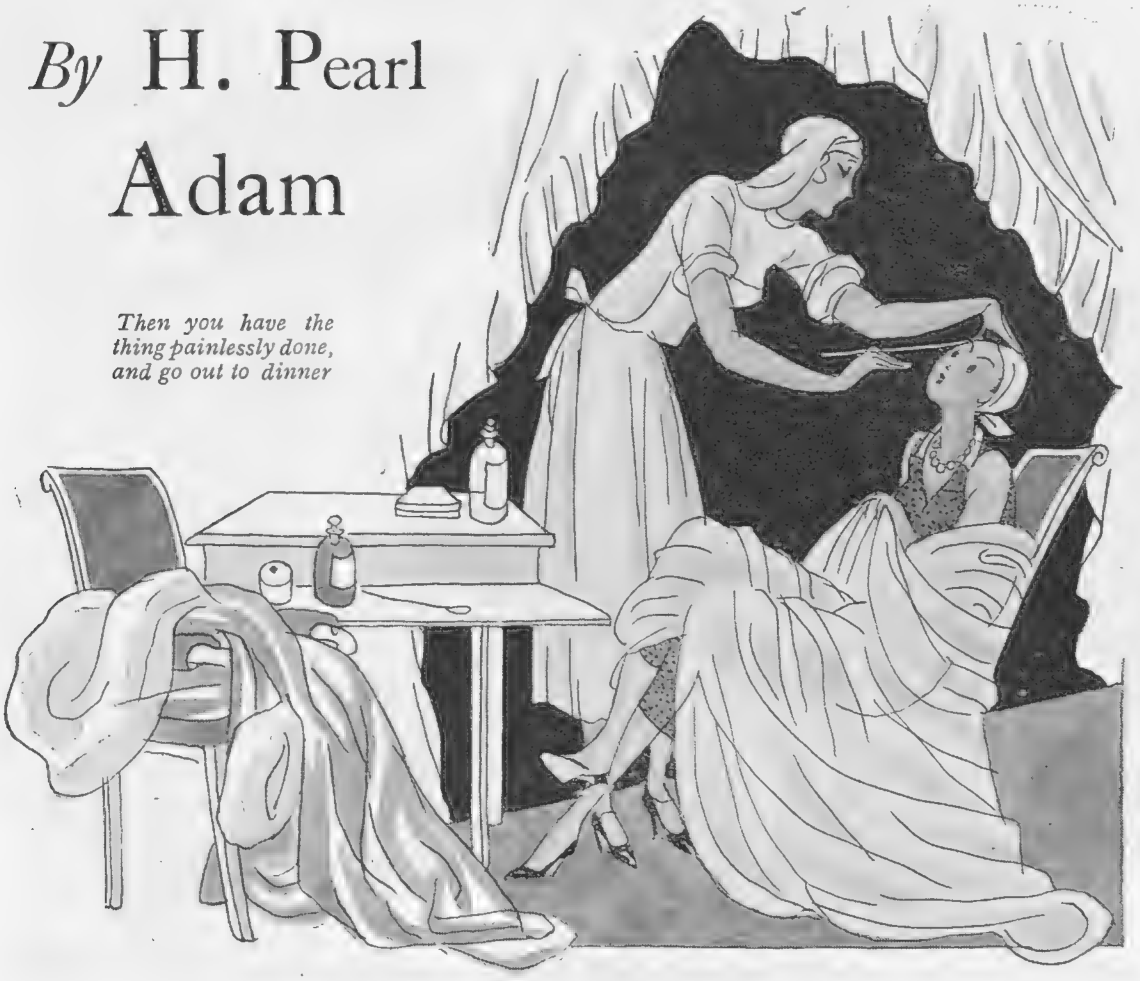
FRANCIS DE MIOMANDRE is a clever man, and a brave one. After many very successful novels he has just published a Life of Prospero! The first part of the book, where he retraces the events of *The Tempest*, is a little stiff, but one can hardly wonder, Shakespeare as a collaborator being something of an outsize. But the last part is most amusing, most interesting, and sometimes beautiful. Prospero is back in Milan, minus his grey beard, and famous people from all countries (and all centuries) crowd the famous city. The main result is a love affair between Prospero and Cleopatra. A most beguiling minx, too. Prospero is finally turned out of his dukedom once again, largely owing to Caliban, who has become a Bolshevist leader (didn't I say the author was intrepid?), and goes to Egypt and dies in really feeling and beautiful French prose. I still prefer Antony's "I am dying, Egypt, dying," but *La Vie du Sage Prospero* is interesting, entertaining, and very unexpected.

Paris traffic is occupying even more attention than London folk give to theirs

In spite of a general French conviction that English Cookery is, in the expressive French word, *infecte*, I have noticed all my years here that, whenever I do any myself, there is never any left for next day, the kitchen having made a clean sweep. It is sometimes very trying doing this cooking, with the cook watching you with an expression on her face as though the Channel was just beginning to be too much for her; and it is pleasant to think that, after all, she had been able to enjoy the result. But it is easier to do the cooking than to give her instructions, because she is always convinced from the beginning (a) that you can't possibly mean what you say, and (b) that your French is unintelligible, and (c) that in any case she won't do what you tell her.

I heard an authentic story the other day of a French chef who condescends to cook for one of the wealthiest Americans in Paris society. She had a fancy to taste a beefsteak and kidney pudding, and told her English secretary to give him the necessary instructions. These, of course, included his being told to line the basin with suet paste. When it came to table, it was seen that he had done it—only he had lined it outside! One can imagine the nasty watery pale mess it was, with the meat setting neglected inside!

By H. Pearl Adam



Then you have the thing painlessly done, and go out to dinner

Eyebrow-plucking still goes on, though the inner ends are getting thicker. As it hurts quite a good deal, an enterprising beauty doctor has invented a local anæsthetic for the operation. You have the stuff sprayed on the spot a few minutes before the plucking begins—just long enough for the enjoyment of a really good cocktail. Then you have the thing painlessly done, and go out to dinner, ready to make the most charming effects of surprise and bewilderment and all the other eyebrow emotions.

An English visitor told me the other day that people in London talked too much about the Old Vic, and he was glad to get away "from Shakespeare and all that." How I longed for him in my 'bus yesterday as it churned and roared past the statue of that chap from Stratford. A small French child opposite said to its mother: "Who is that?" thereby betraying horrible high-brow leanings, I thought. The mother very wisely quelled them. She replied: "O, c'est un Monsieur anglais, chéri." So at last he has been called a gentleman!

Globe artichokes filled with carefully scrambled eggs make an interesting first course for luncheon or Sunday supper

Vegetable Variations

FEBRUARY is one of those months in which people often begin to wonder why there are no new foods, and is therefore a particularly good moment in which to use ordinary vegetables in an out-of-the-ordinary way

By Catherine Ives

IN the big London stores (and at a price) it is possible to find many interesting vegetables and fruits almost all the year round, some of them even exotic.

But to people who do not live within reach of the big stores and do not care to order foodstuff from a distance, as also those who rely as far as possible upon their own garden produce, these facilities do not apply.

In order, therefore, to provide the amount of vegetables which modern dietetics insist upon, and to make people want to eat them, it is wise to learn how best to present the common things all of us know. Many important details which concern the simplest methods of good vegetable cookery are lacking in the education of the average English cook; and there are many ways of making the ordinary vegetables look and taste attractive.

Here is the Cold Slaw salad, and behind it a cabbage for a soup or an entrée, celery for a soufflé or fritters, the curious little Crosnes or Japanese artichokes which are best by themselves, and horseradish for a sauce or a relish

Beginning with the month of February and the letter A, we have Artichokes, Globe, Japanese and Jerusalem.

Globe artichokes cooked in the ordinary manner, with their centres filled with scrambled eggs, make a delicious beginning to a meal.

Jerusalem artichokes sliced as finely as possible and fried in deep fat like chip potatoes are excellent with chicken and sometimes with game.

Japanese artichokes with a creamy egg-enriched sauce make a delicate interlude between the joint or the entrée or the savoury or sweet.

Among the vegetable B's in February we have Beetroot, Broccoli and Brussels Sprouts. The sprouts are now past their first youth and need to be heartened by the addition of chestnuts and bacon. Creamed beetroots are very good, and not so often met with as they might be. Broccoli has the same capacity for variety as cauliflower, and makes an exceedingly good soup for one of those February days when Spring seems several weeks nearer than she really is.

The C's are too numerous to mention one by one;

but it is well to remember that celery is long past the state of crispness it needs in order to be enjoyed as an accompaniment to cheese, and appears to greater advantage braised, stewed, fried or made into a soufflé. After a very hot curry it will be exceedingly welcome in the form of an iced mould with green salad.

Seakale is best when it is simply cooked; but the sauce which accompanies it need not be so simple, and ought to be handed separately. Hollandaise is probably the most popular of its legitimate companions.

HORSERADISH deserves better things at our hands than the rather brutal addition of coarse vinegar and the invariable joint of beef. Try it as a creamy sauce served in lemon cups with fried fillets of fish or lobster; grate it finely and serve it as a fillip to tiny fillets of beef. Before fresh mint is plentiful, when mint jelly is unavailable, and, indeed, whenever you feel that you want to escape from the ordinary accompaniments of roast lamb, follow Mrs. Philip Martineau's advice and make it into a creamy, faintly blushing sauce with the assistance of a little fresh cream, a tablespoonful of mild vinegar, and one or two spoonfuls of red currant jelly.

The vegetables are more apparent than the eggs in the Spanishversion of the omelette

Chestnuts should be made full use of before they vanish from the menu.

They are invaluable as one of the ingredients in ragoûts; delicious *en casserole* instead of a second vegetable with many joints and entrées. A very simple and very agreeable sweet is made with rice boiled in milk and chestnuts made into a compôte and slightly coloured with cochineal or carmine. For a family luncheon they may be used to stuff a cabbage surrounded with chipolata sausages.

Cabbage alone may be creamed or cooked *en cocotte*; and if it has a really good heart it may be made into that particularly good salad, a Cold Slaw.

Onions are perhaps the most faithful of all our vegetable friends.

Raw, they appear in innumerable salads.

Fried in rings or slices, they accompany the simply grilled steak or the pilau of chicken.

As a separate vegetable they may be browned or creamed.

They enter into good soups and sauces, into ragoûts of vegetables or meat or both, into some casseroles of chicken, and into one or two distinctive omelettes.

ONION, POTATO AND TOMATO OMELETTE

(for four people)

INGREDIENTS.—*Olive oil, 1 oz. of butter, 5 eggs, ½ gill tomato purée, 2 potatoes, 3 medium-sized onions, salt and pepper.*

INSTRUCTIONS.—Peel the onions, chop very finely and fry in hot oil till tender, but do not let them burn. Make a purée with 1 lb. of tomatoes. Peel the potatoes and cut into small rounds. Fry these in oil till they are tender and slightly coloured. Drain carefully. Separate the whites from the yolks of eggs, remove the treads, beat lightly with a fork, then put the whites into the yolks, mix lightly with the fork and add pepper and salt. Add the tomato purée and potatoes and onion to the eggs and mix gently but thoroughly. Heat the butter in the omelette pan, pour in the mixture and finish the omelette as usual.

COLD SLAW

INGREDIENTS.—*Firm white cabbage, 1 or 2 sticks of celery, green peppers or capers or paprika, cream dressing or mayonnaise.*

INSTRUCTIONS.—Clean a firm white cabbage very carefully, drain it carefully and cut it into very thin slices.

Place it in ice-cold water and leave it there for some time. Clean the celery and cut it into equally thin but shorter strips. Mix the dressing thoroughly with the cabbage and celery, arrange this on a dish or in a bowl and garnish with finely chopped green peppers or capers, or sprinkle it with paprika.

If you use mayonnaise, it must be made with a very mild vinegar or lemon juice, and half a gill of cream blended with it will be an improvement.

RAGOÛT OF CHESTNUTS

INGREDIENTS.—*1½ lb. chestnuts, 2 oz. butter, 1 or 2 tomatoes, 1 or 2 onions, 1 small turnip, 1 small carrot, 1½ oz. chestnut flour or flour, 1 teaspoon mushroom ketchup, 1 tablespoon red-currant jelly, 1 pint stock or water, 1 small wineglass claret or port, pepper, salt, rice for border (prepared as for a border for curry).*

INSTRUCTIONS.—Peel and cut up the tomatoes and onions. Melt the butter (dripping can be used instead) in a casserole and fry the onions and tomatoes in this for a few minutes. Take them out. Stir the flour or chestnut flour into the fat remaining in the casserole and blend well.

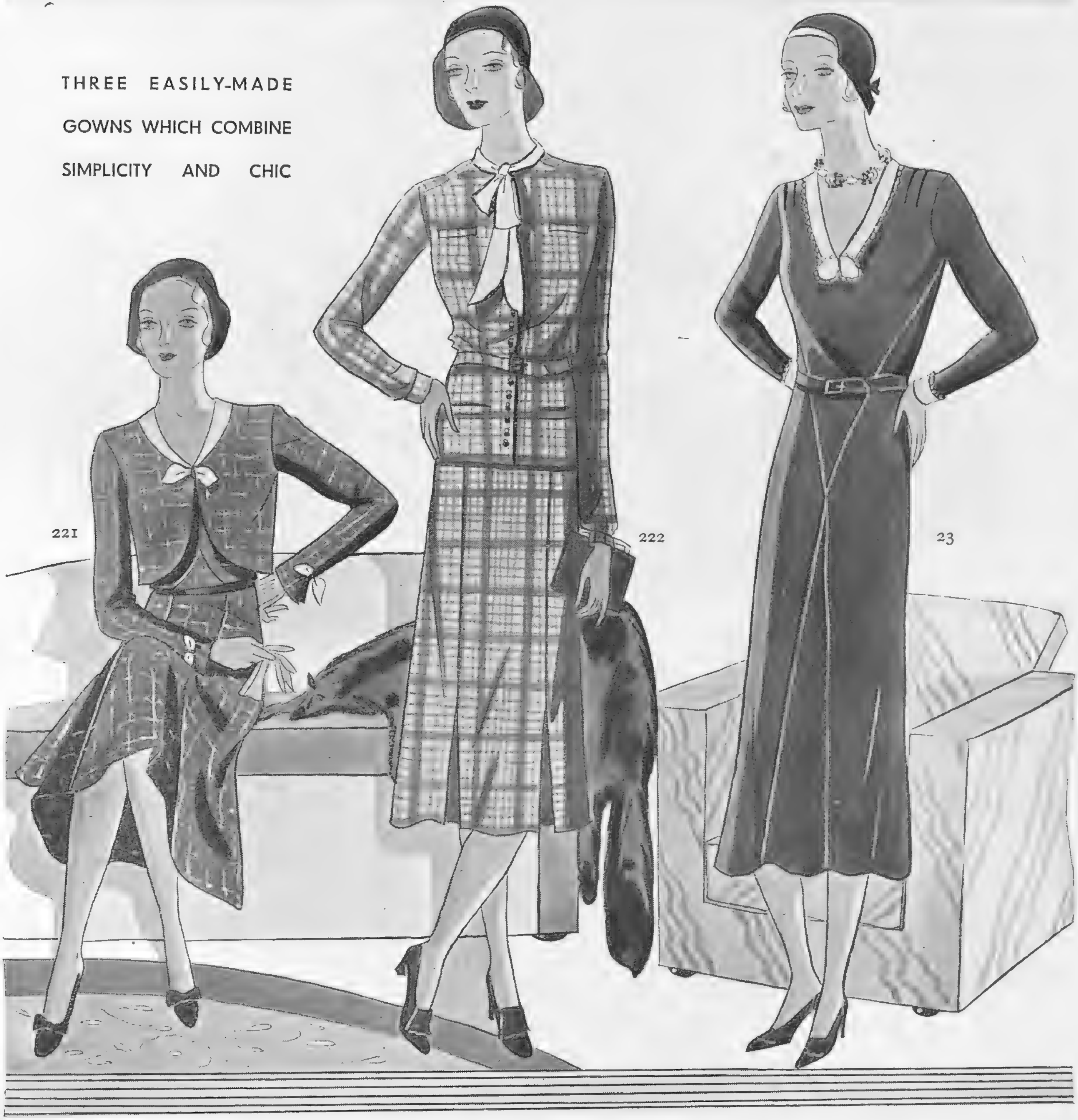
Stir in the hot stock gradually and bring to boiling point. Put in the chestnuts, turnips, tomatoes, salt, pepper and mushroom ketchup. Stir in the red-currant jelly and wine.

Put the prepared rice round the edge of an entrée dish and the chestnut ragoût in the centre. The art of successful vegetable cookery lies in remembering that whereas young and tender vegetables are usually at their best when cooked in the English manner, i.e. with the utmost simplicity and no obvious intrusion of other flavours—the more mature vegetables need careful dressing, congenial companions and well chosen surroundings to enable them to appear to full advantage.

SIMPLE DESIGNS FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

The Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins.; Hips, 4 inches larger in each case. Special Patterns cut to order, stock size 3/6 each; cut to measure, 4/6 each. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2

THREE EASILY-MADE GOWNS WHICH COMBINE SIMPLICITY AND CHIC



Materials from Gorringes

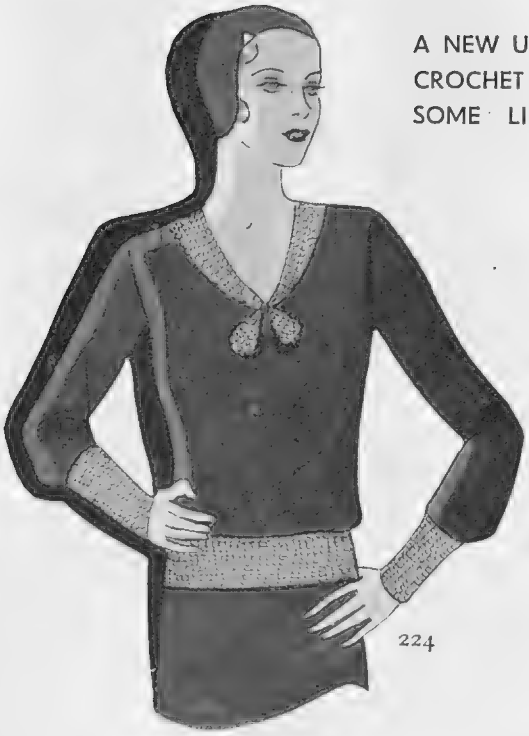
221. *One-piece frock of red fancy woollen material, 8/11 yard, with bolero effect and slightly shaped skirt. Front panel cut into high V above waist, following line of bolero. Detachable linen collar and ties. 3 yards required.* *Price* 1/6

222. *One-piece dress of brown check Visylka 4/11 a yard, 36 ins. wide, 5 yards required. Neck finished with white silk tie; bodice can be worn buttoned high or open in a V. The skirt has two inverted box-pleats back and front.* *Price* 1/6

223. *Afternoon gown of black satin, 12/9 a yard, 4 yards required. Cut on simple but effective lines. Bodice forms a V yoke in front where a circular panel is let into the shaped skirt. Collar and cuffs of white georgette edged narrow lace.* *Price* 1/6

A BLOUSE WITH A NOVEL TRIMMING

A NEW USE FOR CROCHET AND SOME LINGERIE



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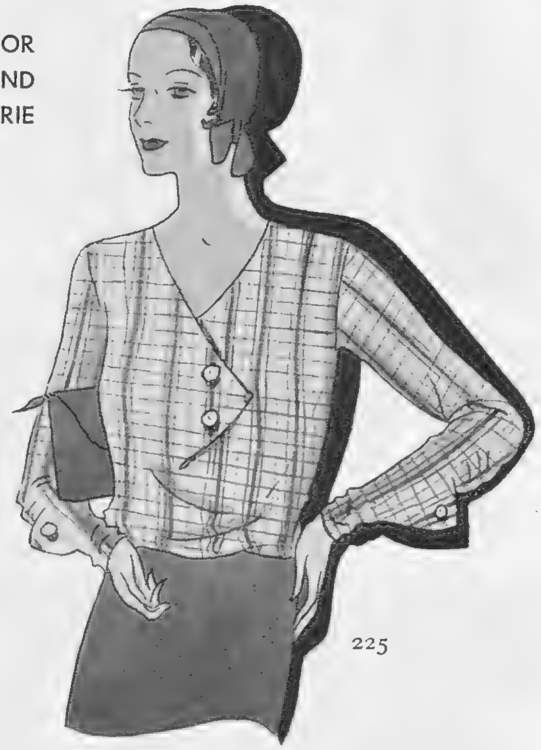

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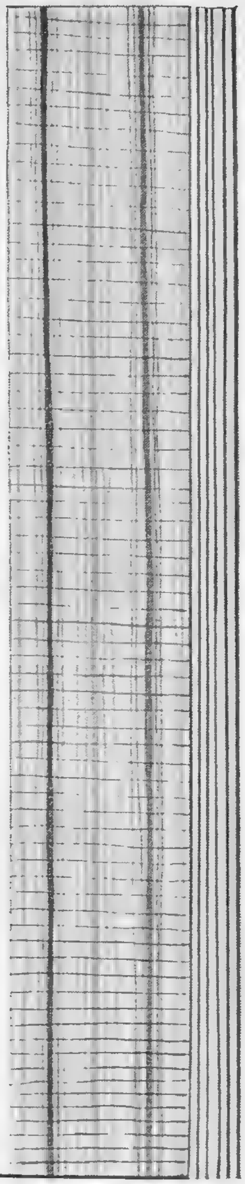
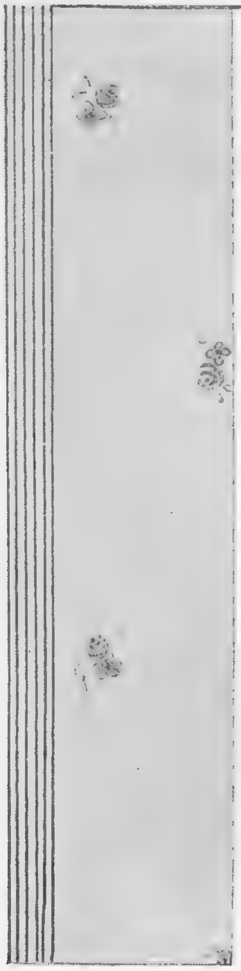
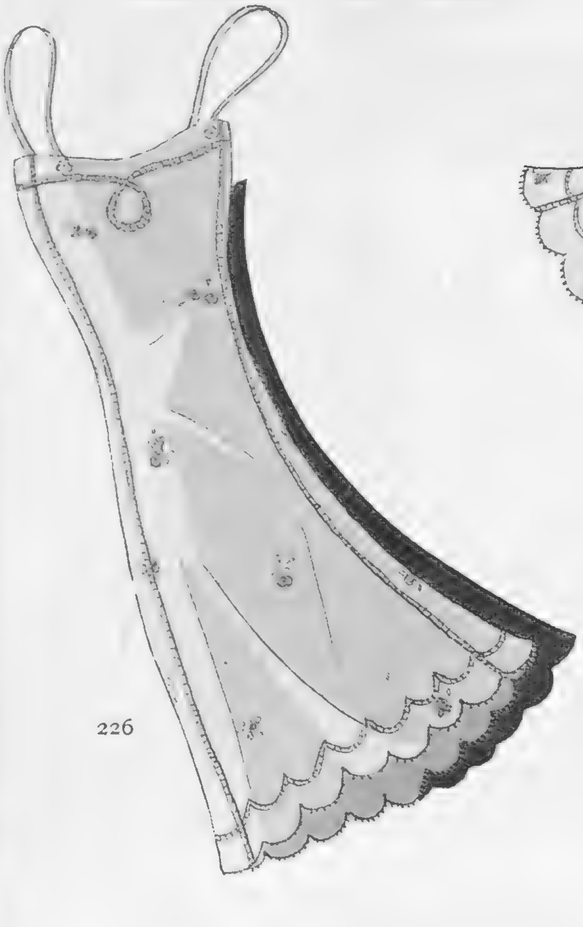


224. A novel trimming to this blouse is the crocheted wool yoke, hip-band and cuffs. Full instructions for making them are included with the pattern. 1¾ yards of crêpe de Chine required. Price 1/-

225. A useful blouse with a smart sleeve and becoming neckline is carried out in blue check British spun crêpe, which costs 8/11 a yard. 2 yards required. Price 1/-

Materials from Gorringes





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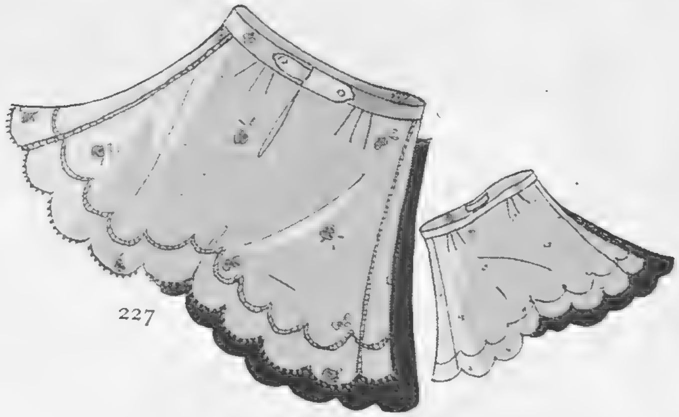

227

226. This well-fitting petticoat has a straight panel down either side and a flared skirt. The scalloped edge is picot-stitched and the hem and yoke are trimmed with buttonholing. 2 yards required. Price 1/-

227. These shaped drawers of flower-embroidered crêpe de Chine, 12/9 a yard, are fitted into an adjustable band which pulls through a slot and fastens at the back with two buttons. 1⅜ yards required. Price 1/-

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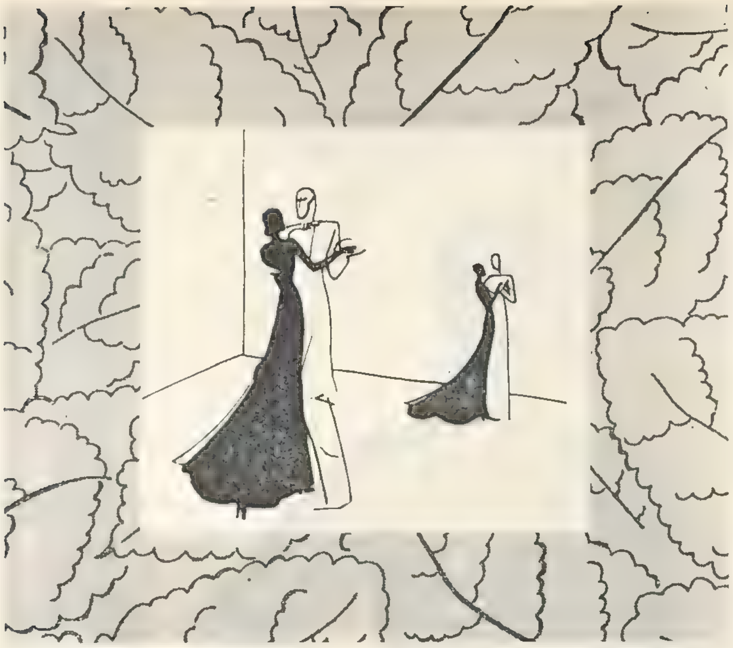
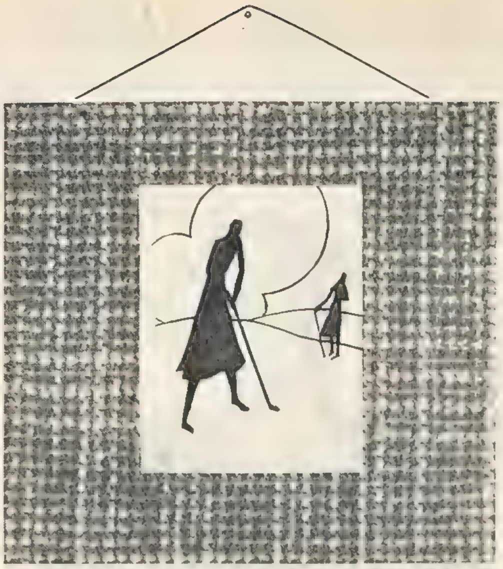
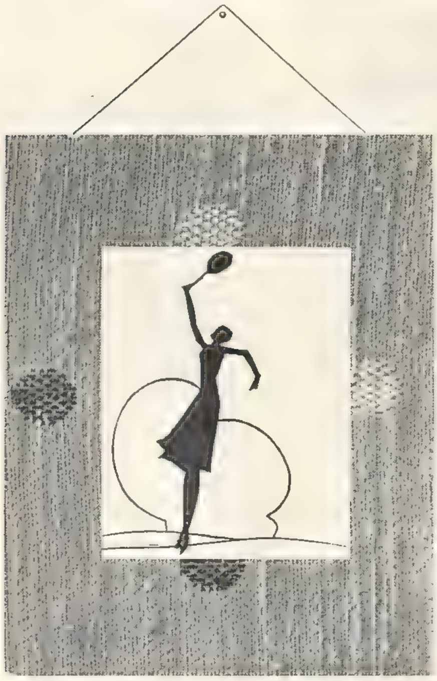
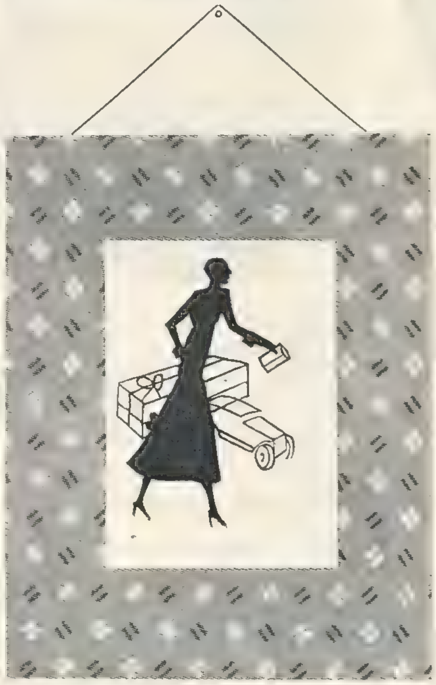
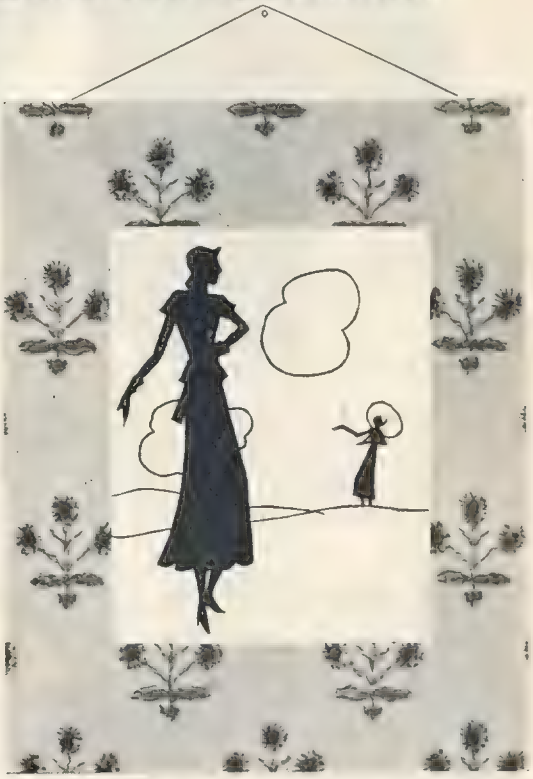










A GALLERY OF NEW FABRICS

A Forecast of what we shall be wearing this Spring and next Summer

THERE are a number of newcomers amongst the fabrics of this season, which tend, on the whole, to be fairly conservative in design but to favour unusual weaves and new yarns. There is, for instance, the novel combination of serge and chiffon, which may be obtained from Debenhams; this produces a delightful material almost as transparent as the usual chiffon, but with an added strength and solidity. Another totally new material is Rodier's Sinellic, which is neither of wool, silk nor cotton. It is washable, and can be had in a vast range of plain colours; embroidered *à jour*, like the lower right-hand picture above, spotted, or in small checks. It may be obtained from Marshalls or Gorringes, and there is little doubt about it being one of the season's successes.

Much ingenuity has been expended on varying the groundwork of the new woollens; many have a crêpe weave, others a loose square weave of much twisted rough yarn, like the top right-hand illustration, which gives a warm, light and uncrushable material; or a close uneven surface, like the illustration in the lower left-hand corner, where large multicolour spots have been added by hand-weaving to a ground of wool and tussore silk. (Rodier calls this material Tuslik.)

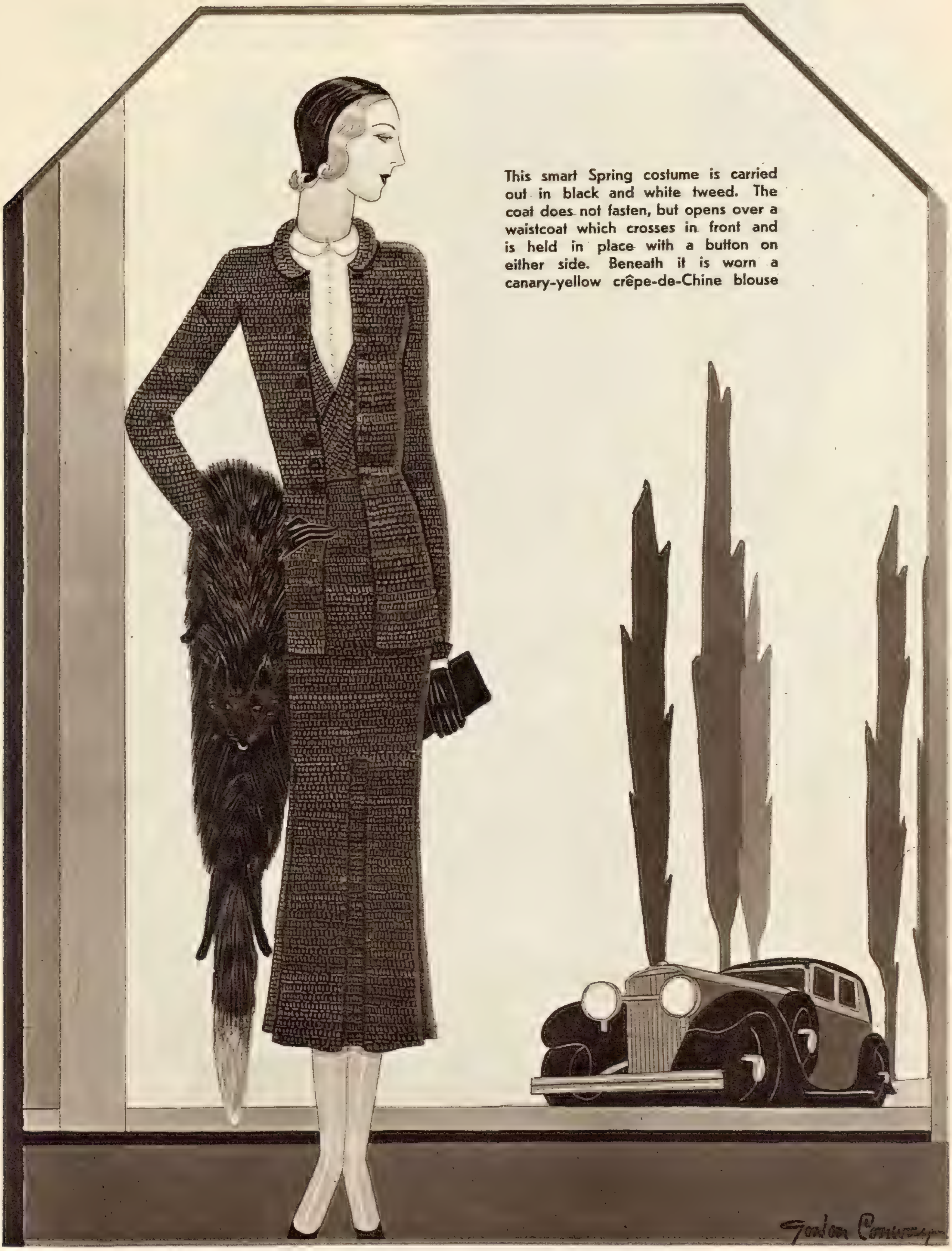
FANCY jerseys and plain woollens are woven to match, and more popular still are the plain woollens in two weights, a light weight for the dress and a heavier one for the coat, sometimes accompanied by a jersey to match, so that we can have any combination of dress, sports costume, and top-coat which pleases us.

There are a certain number of checks to be seen, but small suiting designs are far smarter and more wearable, and not for many years has the type of woollen material usually associated with Bradford been so popular.

The increased elaboration of our formal afternoon and evening gowns has resulted in a corresponding simplicity of design, and the majority of the new crêpe de Chines have small all-over patterns, similar to the silk from Ducharne's which frames the centre picture in the lower row, and every possible variation of the foulard type of silk is to be seen.

Some of the printed chiffons for evening wear have large but fairly simple designs, such as the charming example from Ducharne on the top left-hand corner, where the silhouettes of leaves are printed in black on a pale pink ground, but, on the whole, the designers appear to be willing to subordinate their patterns to the exigencies of the dressmakers, and have presented us with a vast choice of materials from whose beauty complexity of cut will not detract.

A practical ENSEMBLE for Early SPRING



This smart Spring costume is carried out in black and white tweed. The coat does not fasten, but opens over a waistcoat which crosses in front and is held in place with a button on either side. Beneath it is worn a canary-yellow crêpe-de-Chine blouse

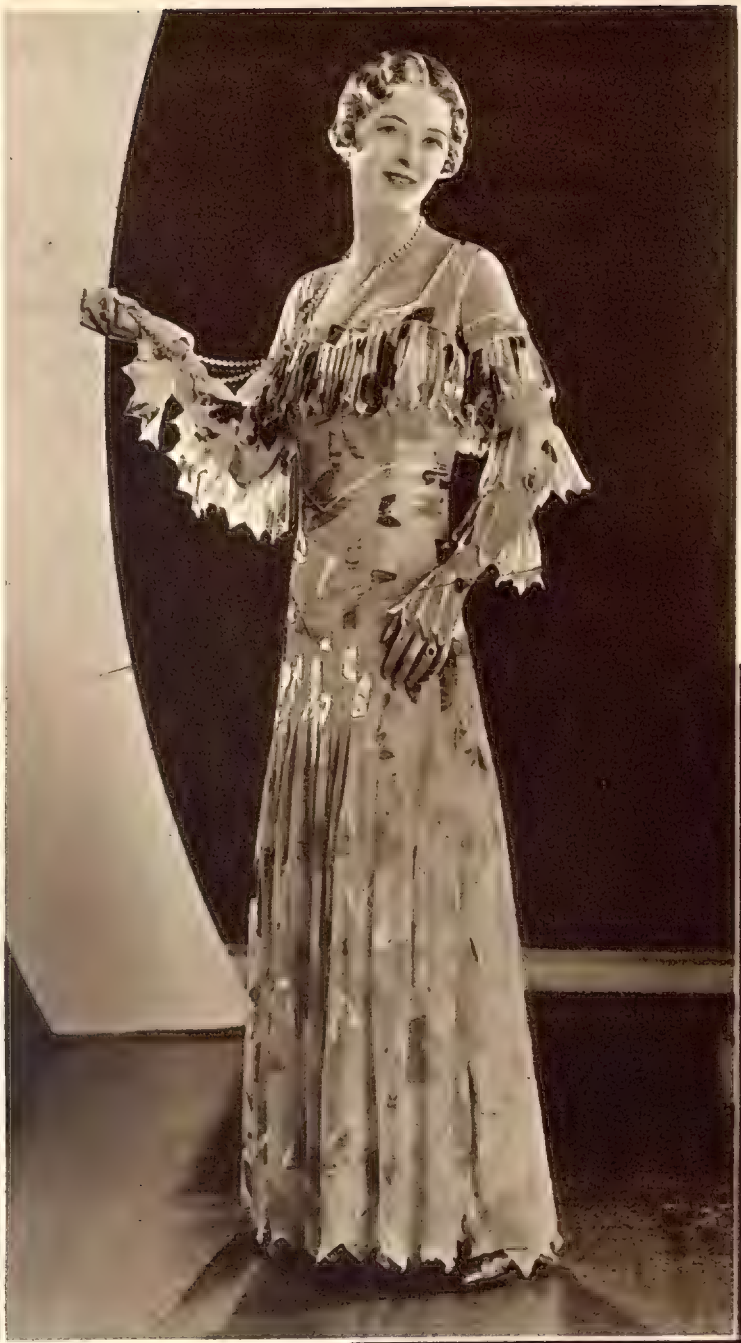
Specially designed and drawn for "Britannia and Eve"
by GORDON CONWAY

WHAT IS BEING

Continuing our Series of photographs of well-known women wearing Chic clothes of English Design

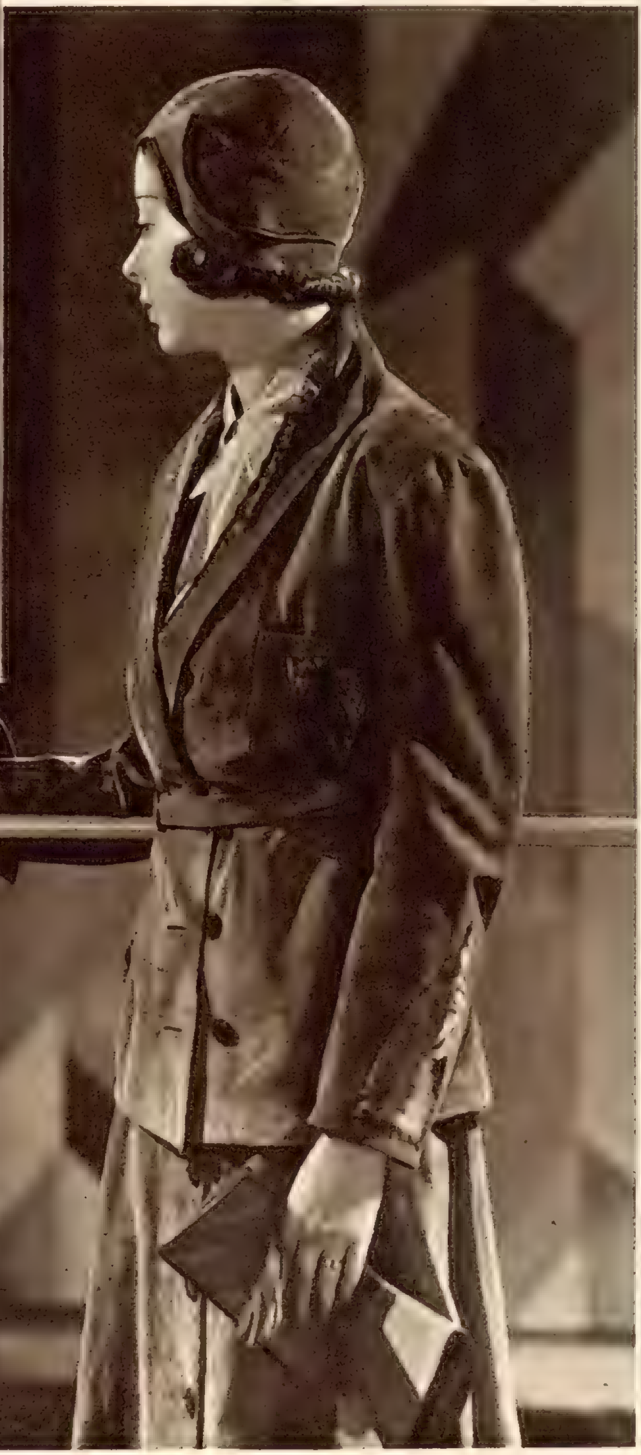
THE Countess Bosdari, who was previously Mrs. David Plunket-Greene, is wearing a most practical sports suit and close-fitting hat to match. It is made of very light and supple beige suède trimmed with imitation broadtail. The slightly flared skirt is buttoned down the front, and the single-breasted coat is smartly belted. With this is worn a yellow and brown check blouse of English washing silk, which, like the rest of the costume, was made by Leathercraft. The brown gloves with huge gauntlets are particularly smart

Photographs by Peter North



● LADY MOIRA COMBE

HERE Lady Moira Combe, who is the eldest daughter of the late Earl of Clonmel, is seen wearing a tea-gown which can also be transformed into an informal dinner-gown, because the long sleeves, composed of flesh-coloured chiffon trimmed with frills of the material, are attached to a separate yoke. The dress was designed by Lady Moira Combe herself and executed by Eleanor Abbey. It is made of flesh-coloured chiffon brocaded with pink, blue, and brown velvet butterflies, and the full skirt is attached to the tight-fitting bodice by a series of pleats



● COUNTESS BOSDARI

WORN IN LONDON TODAY BY THE REALLY SMART WOMAN

No. 2

LADY
MOIRA
COMBE

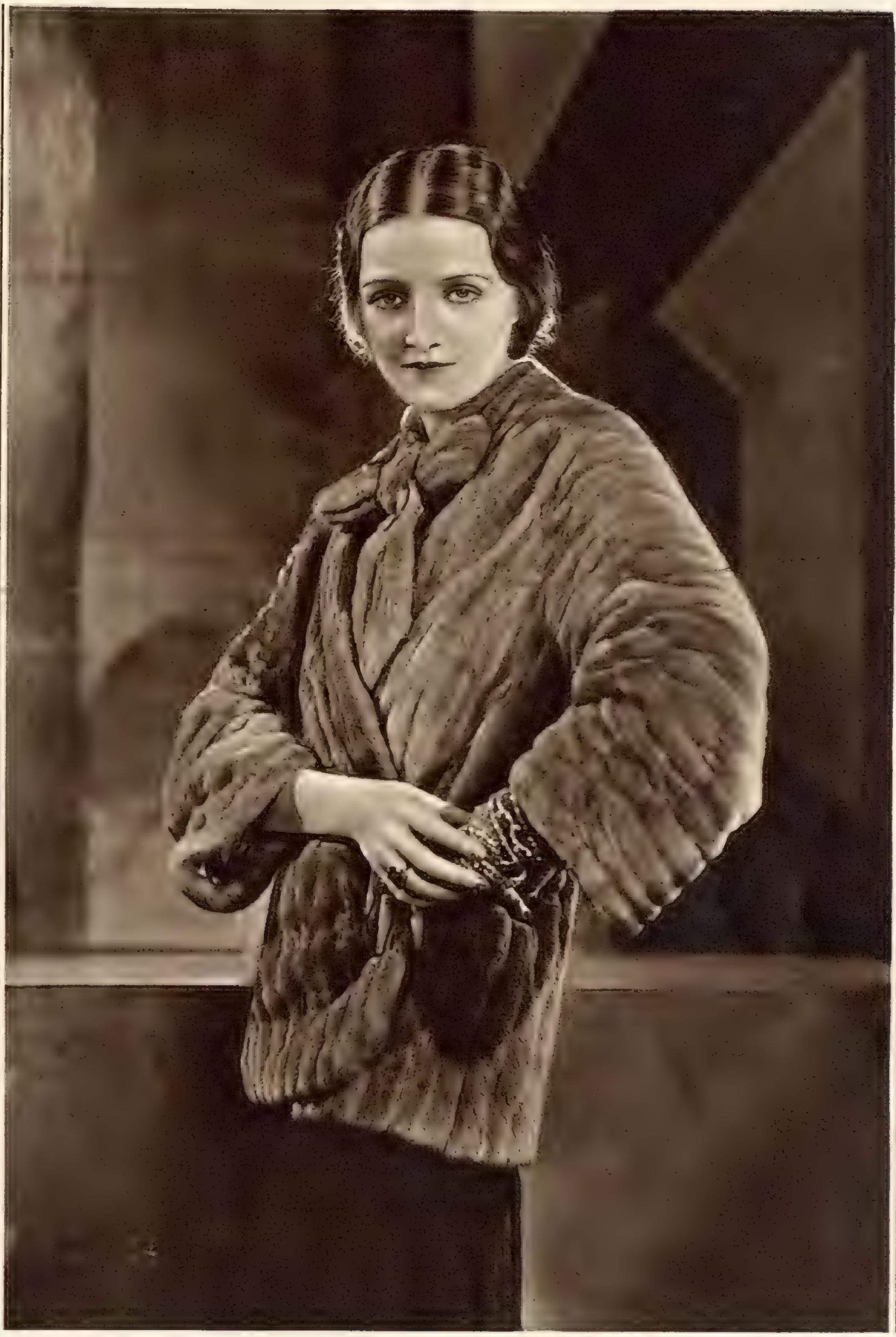
●

COUNTESS
BOSDARI

●

MRS. CLAUDE
LEIGH

●

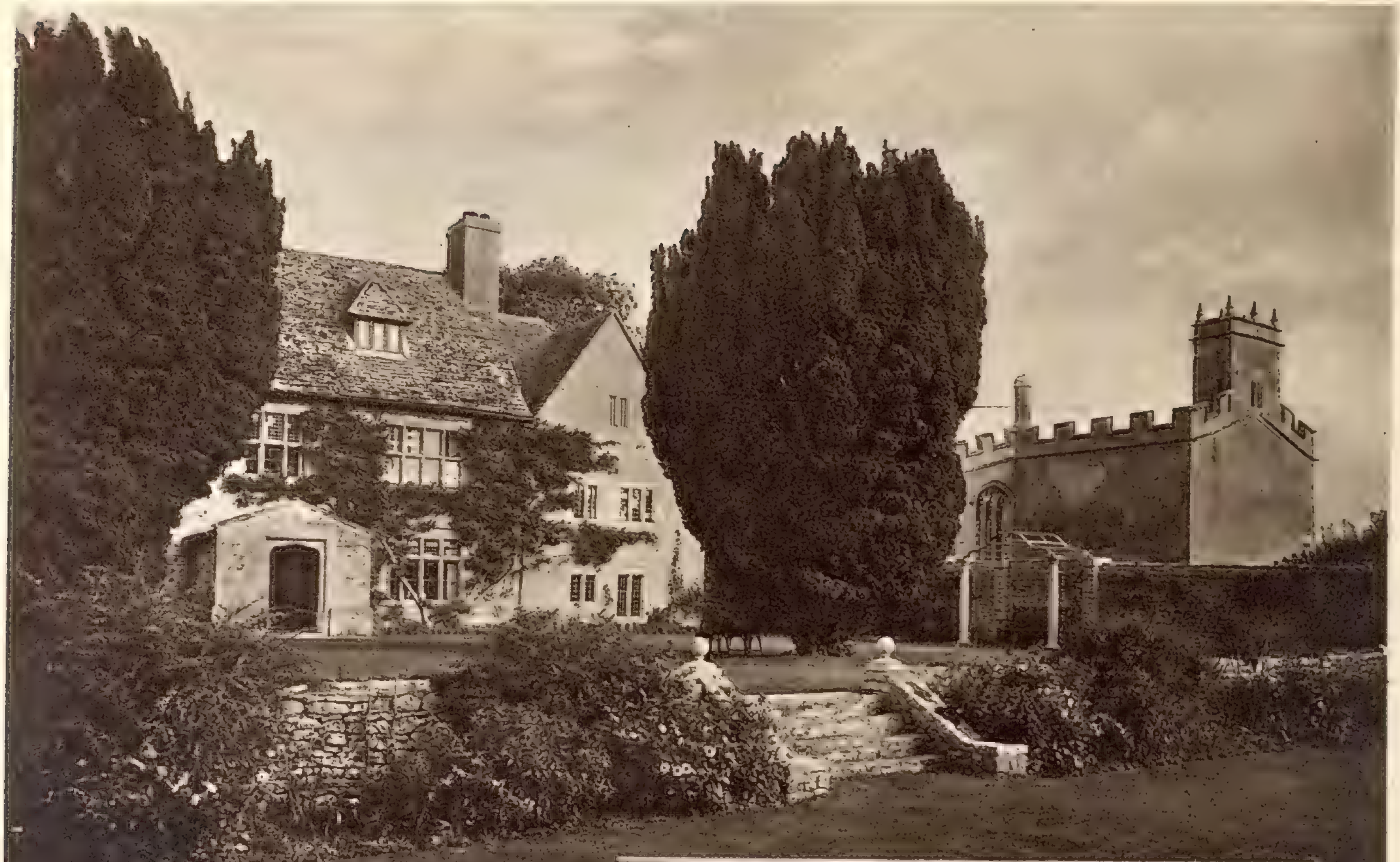


Peter North

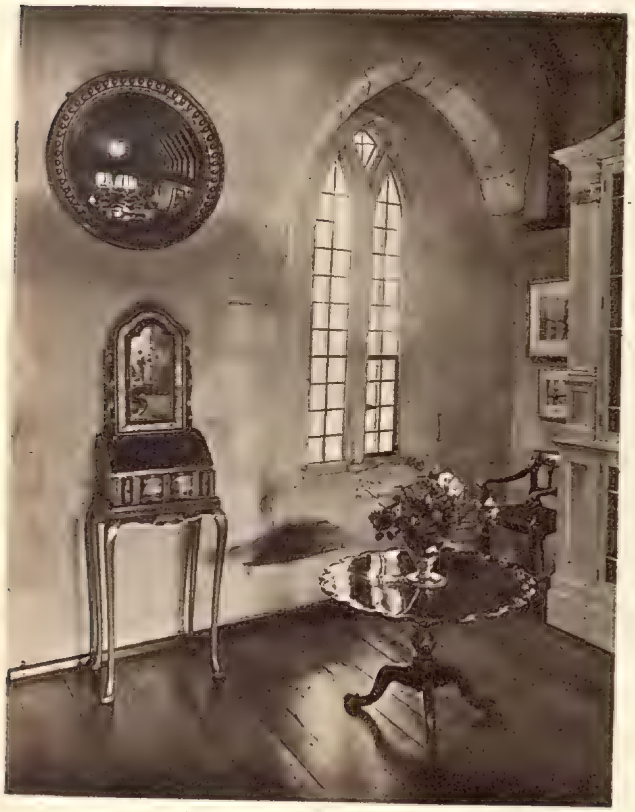
● MRS. CLAUDE LEIGH

MRS. Claude Leigh is well known for her activities in the cause of charity, and is particularly associated with the welfare work connected with the tenants of the Albany Estate, Camberwell, in which she is assisted by her little daughter, Joyce. She finds time, however, to be exquisitely dressed, and here is seen wearing a short coat of summer ermine over a dark-green chiffon gown—both of English provenance. The new three-quarter length sleeves and the scarf collar tied in a bow are smart points to be noted

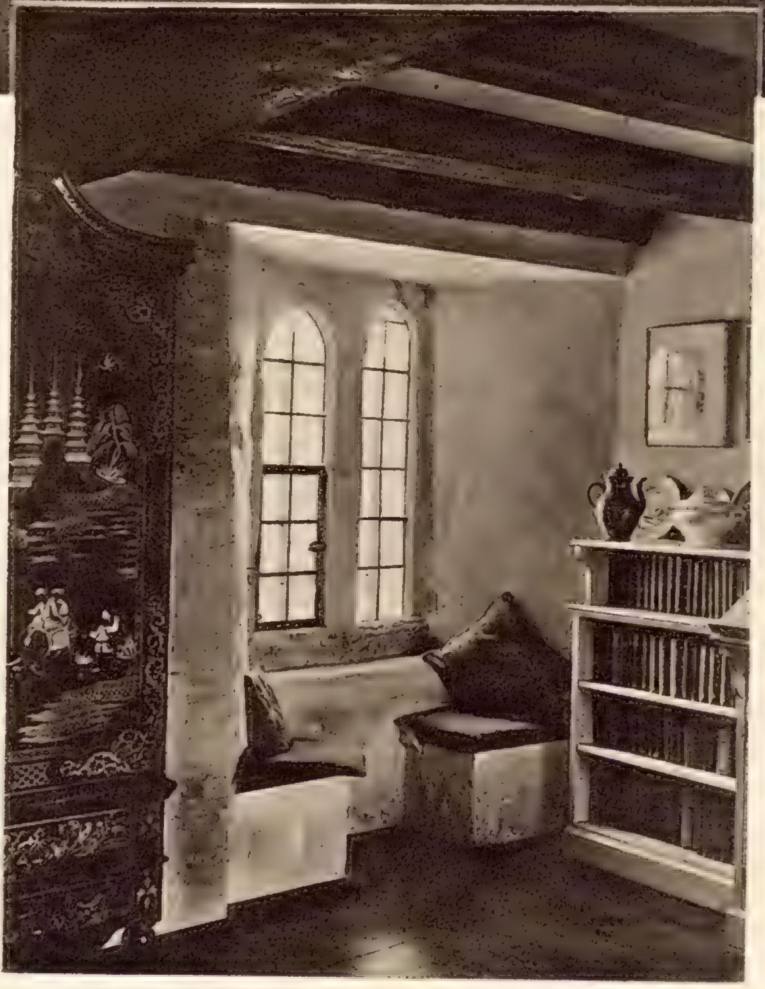
Other People's Houses: *Described by Pamela Murray: Photographed by*



The proximity of the little Norman Church is apparent in this photograph taken from the terraced garden. The house is of Cotswold stone, and on either side stand immense yews



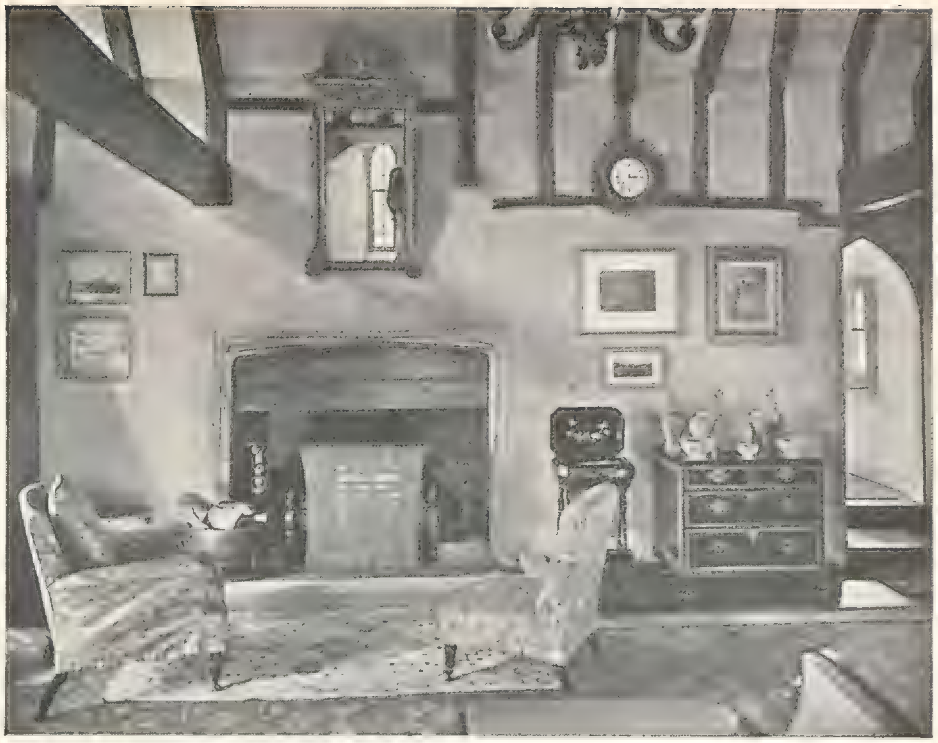
The polished pie-crust table contrasts effectively with the slender bureau of scarlet lacquer, while the whole length of the Solar is reflected in the fine concave mirror which hangs above it



Burnt-orange cushions are effective against the rough white walls of the Long room, where a magnificent cabinet of black English lacquer is only one of the many treasures it contains

Humphrey and Vera Joel

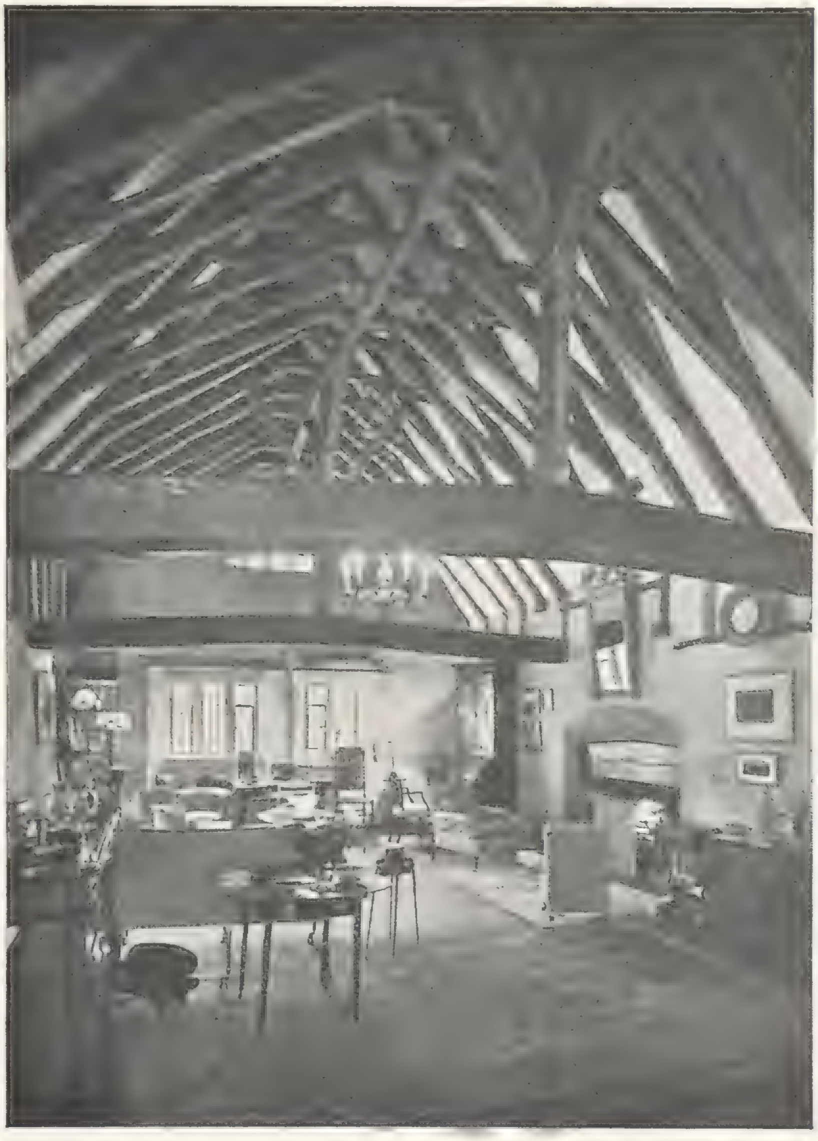
The Manor House: Charney Bassett



A very fine piece of chain mail hung from a rod forms the unusual fire screen in the Solar, where each water-colour and piece of furniture is by a master hand

IT is a surprise to find a house of Cotswold stone, gray by one light and gold by another, standing remotely on the Berkshire plain far from main roads and rails, and farther still from the Cotswold country.

Long before Harold fell on the field of Hastings, in the time of Wiglaf, King of the Mercians, Charney and its lands was granted to the monks of Abingdon Abbey (seven miles away), and this grant was confirmed by Berhtwulf, the next Mercian king, in 852. The rich arable country on the borders of the Saxon kingdoms of Wessex and Mercia was quite a prize, and the fact that it was always monastic property accounts for its preservation through all the troublous times, until the disruption in the sixteenth century. It is mentioned again in Domesday (1080) as belonging to the Abbey, and this is ratified by Eugenius III, the Pope who sided with Thomas à Becket against a monarch who was inclined to be Protestant before his time. During the twelfth century the records refer to Charney as a contributor to the Abingdon kitchens of cheese, wood, labour and fish baskets, but the most interesting point about these domestic notes is an entry in 1322, referring to the delivery at Charney of wines by the butler of Abingdon for the use of the Abbot, proving conclusively that, as the head of this important Benedictine fraternity was in the habit of visiting at Charney, there must have been a well-appointed house for his reception. A medieval abbot was much less likely to rough it than a modern royalty; his motto was usually " Comfort First ! "



This view of the Solar shows the arched roof with its tracery of oak beams, but barely does justice to its vast size and grandiose proportions

THE oldest wing of the E-shaped house was certainly built before 1322, probably fifty years before, and it occupies the site of an ancient Saxon house which may have been made of wood as long ago as 821. The little old church which stands close up against this end of the house has a lot of Norman work in it, though it is almost certainly of much greater antiquity, as it is so remarkably small, and whoever laid it out was not sure of his compass bearings. The church is E.N.E. by W.S.W., an error no Norman architect would have committed, unless he was trying to squeeze it in between the river, road and mill, on the one side, and the house on the other. If this was so then the present house is far older than is generally thought, and may have been begun in 1200. When the Abbey was destroyed under the Tudor regime and the monastic lands confiscated, Charney was granted to one Forfyn, before passing into the hands of a great family named Fattipiece, which died out in Good Queen Bess's reign. It then belonged to people named Yate, became a rallying place for Papists in the persecutions, has frequently changed hands since, and is now in the possession of Mrs. Paul Waterhouse, widow of the distinguished architect, and herself an authority on historical associations, old furniture and her own fascinating home.

From the garden side

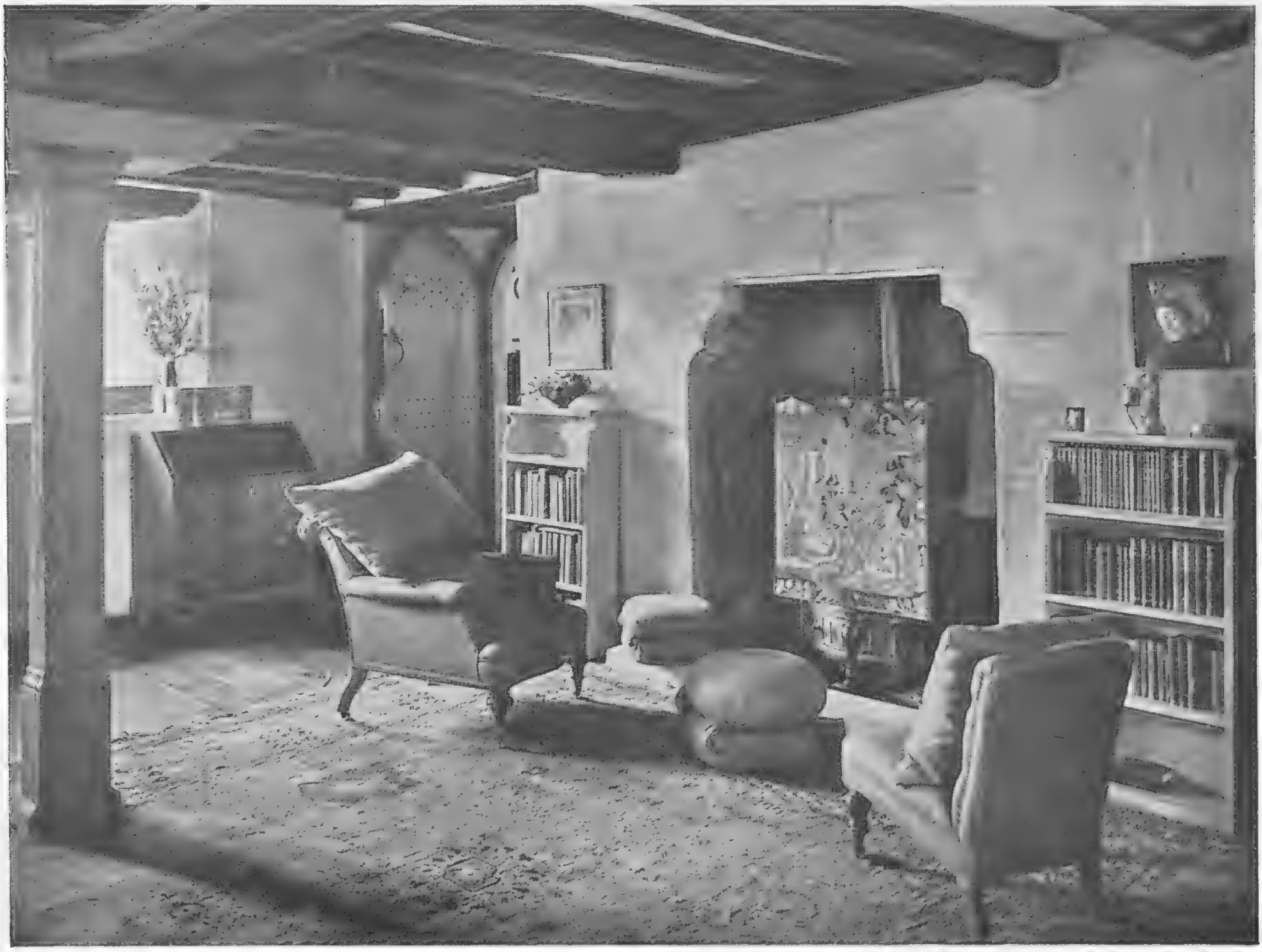
the house presents a peaceful appearance, with a flock of white doves fluttering on the roof, and two immense yews in the foreground. These trees were among the first of their kind to be imported from Ireland some hundreds of years ago, and the monks must have tended their childhood and encouraged their rising youth. A series of turfed terraces linked by stone steps surround the Manor House in a friendly embrace, while there is a hinterland of flowers and fields and farmyard sounds. The Garden Room has a 4 ft. wall as though it were a fort for ammunition instead of a resting place for every shape and size of harmless basket. There is a variety in the shapes of the rooms, as a cosy little morning room opens into the Long Room, once the monks' refectory and which still boasts low beams, stone window seats and an early fireplace with an oven inside where the Sacred Wafer was made. Few bread ovens of the type exist at all, and those constructed for this religious purpose are rarer still.

ALSO on the ground floor is the dining room, divided from the hall only by curtains which give an illusion of added space. A Van Storck painting of sailing ships is happily placed and the furniture here and in the hall is good, solid, and antique. Some pieces were inherited and others collected by the owner, one of those discerning people who picked up old furniture before doing so became synonymous with possessing good taste and a big bank balance. Creamy white walls look entirely right and remind one what a popular mistake it is to paint country rooms the sober greens and browns which are so successful in town. The upstairs passage, with its row of windows (the wide ledges occupied by blue and white china) and its set of coloured prints hanging against a white wall, is everything a country landing should be. Taken from Leitch's portfolio, these quaint views of Ramsgate, Box Hill and other familiar spots, are a decorative legacy from our grandfathers' gilt-edged century. Samplers worked by wise children and patient maidens hang on the stairs, and the upper bedrooms, though small, have lovely old beams and views across the flat rich country towards the line of downs in the west. The pleasant-sounding place-names seem to drift in at the windows like music :—Cerney, Pusey, Goosey, Abingdon, Farringdon, Garford, Hatford, and Lyford. How Rupert Brooke would have revelled in their rhythm and their English simplicity !

People come from far and near with the request to be shown the Solar on the first floor. In this long room with its tracery of interlocking beams the Abbot was wont to reflect and to withdraw into the tiny chapel which opens out of it and is now called the Oratory. There cannot be many rooms in England with so many bits of furniture deserving the qualification "a museum piece." A William and Mary inlay desk, Chinese Chippendale chairs, a Charles II upright chair (which has been handed down to Mrs. Waterhouse complete with pedigree), and a priceless polished table with dog-tooth edging are among those which appear in the photographs. Most of the chairs and the long sofa are covered in shades of yellow, contrasting well with the rough white plaster walls and the gleaming polished furniture. A yellow and green carpet blends with them, and the fact that there are no curtains or blinds emphasises the remarkable early decorated windows. In winter a rod hung with tapestry is placed across them, but for the most part the evening star is allowed to look in and be put out of countenance by a blazing fire, which leaps in the early perpendicular fireplace behind dogs copied from designs of Viollet le Duc. A highly original fire-screen of gleaming chain armour attached to a rod can be raised and lowered at will. It was made quite recently, and I wonder that no one else has thought of this suitable medium for a medieval hearth.

Near the fireplace is a big cabinet filled with sets of exquisite glass and china, all of which are heirlooms. A quaint tear-glass rubs shoulders with a double Worcester tea and coffee set, so fragile and elegant that one would hesitate to use or even touch it. Beyond stands a Chinese workbox, brought back when our merchants were first exploring the Far East.

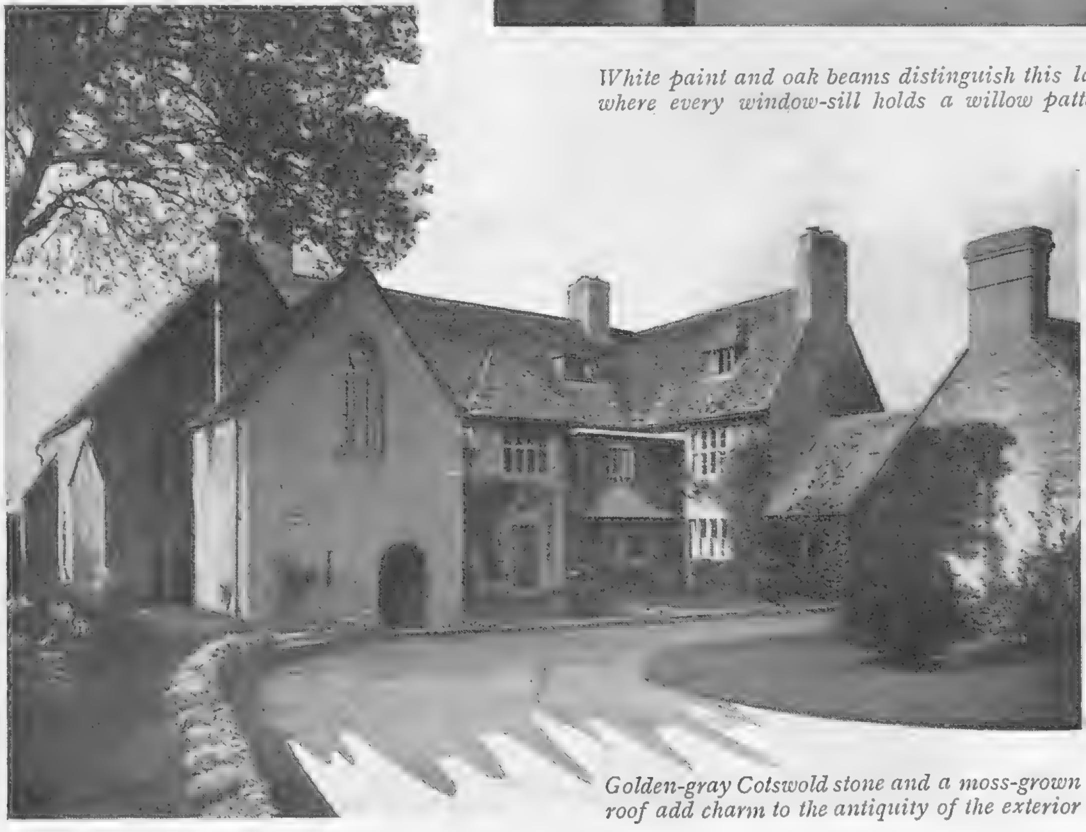
At the end nearest the arched doorway into the Oratory, Mrs. Waterhouse has collected bold splashes of colour in the form of an early English red lacquer bureau with a low chair to match. Her books are ranged in a Gillow (he came after Sheraton) bookcase, and another enviable piecrust table holds roses in a shallow dish.



The Long Room, which was once the monks' refectory, has a low beamed ceiling and contains a very early English fireplace concealing an unusual oven, where the monks baked the Sacred Wafer

What could be more essentially English than this fine cabinet containing treasures in glass and china, flooded by the afternoon sunlight?

INSIDE the Oratory the atmosphere of religious contemplation and withdrawal has been increased by the presence of a Crucifix, a beatific Saint Martha in painted plaster, and an Andria della Robbia plaque over the doorway. The original stone alcove for the Sacred Vessels is there, also the Signia and a Consecration mark carved on the wall. From here the vista of the Solar and the garden beyond is delightful, and so are the ceiling beams, still covered with bark which the monks were too idle to remove. A shelf is occupied by fine examples of Delf, Lowestoft, Crown Derby, and other valuable marks, not hidden behind glass doors, but seeming wantonly to invite the touch of appreciative hands and covetous eyes. Water-colours and pencil sketches by artists as famous as Couzens (the Father of English water-colour), Flaxman, Cotman, and Donne decorate the Solar and the Oratory walls. Portofino seen through Donne's eyes looks more romantic than Eldorado, and the Ruskin copy of a Turner sketch is interesting, although Cotman's "A Study in Italy" is probably the most satisfactory of all.



Golden-gray Cotswold stone and a moss-grown roof add charm to the antiquity of the exterior

White paint and oak beams distinguish this landing, where every window-sill holds a willow pattern jar

IN the report made by Henry VIII's commissioners the rent for Charney Manor, together with its pasture lands, was assessed at £35 10s. 8d. It looks a modest sum to us, and yet the eightpence savours strangely of a modern lawyer's fee. In this document it appears as the Manor of Charney and Bassys (not Bassett), because it was the family of Bassett who originally made it over to the Abbey, and their distinguished name has clung to the neighbouring village. Mrs. Waterhouse is determined not to let the old names pass into the limbo of forgetfulness, and her desire to keep alive the history of this Saxon corner of England will find an echo in the hearts of everyone interested in the soil, and in all things as old and wise as the Manor House of Charney Bassett, on the borders of Wessex and Mercia, now, perhaps less romantically, called Berkshire but which nevertheless retains its essential beauty enriched by the associations of a thousand years.

Alcoves and Recesses

Some novel treatments of a romantic theme

By

Frank Bennett

ALCOVES and niches have a delightfully romantic air about them and are full of all sorts of surprising possibilities. Perhaps the most romantic of all is the little niche on the side of a French or Italian house which happens quite incidentally, and is just big enough to hold an image of the Madonna and Child, but anybody who likes can have niches in his house. It is not often possible to knock a hole in a wall to make one, but if a room has a projecting chimney breast it is fairly easy. The two recesses on either side of the chimney-piece can be covered in and niches cut out by a simple manipulation of plywood and battens, or a corner of a room boxed in up to the ceiling is another simple method of providing space for one. In a small niche little shelves to hold china ornaments may be made into features of interest by shaped fronts or hanging pelmets, or by cutting back and supporting them on brackets in the Georgian way. The larger and less intimate niche specially made to show off sculpture or a single vase has to be carefully proportioned, for, as a great Victorian architect points out, "A statue should be neither so large as to seem rammed into a niche nor so small as to seem lost in it." He says further that a leg or an arm projecting beyond the face of the niche is a vulgarity.

Interest is given to this shallow recess by a glass lining and a concealed light

Here niches were achieved by filling in the recesses made by the chimney breast

The real beauty of the niche is the shadow which is cast or the reflection picked up in the rounded head, and subtleties introduced into the shape of the niche can be made to sparkle when light is thrown upward from a concealed point below. Modern methods of lighting lend themselves particularly well to this treatment.

THE recess is the big brother of the niche, has more possibilities, and with good handling can add great interest to a room. If you do not already possess a recess or an alcove in your house they can be made by chopping about two feet off the end of a room where the walls are free. A centre recess can be formed to take a large piece of furniture and the remaining spaces on either side used for niches, or a more practical method is to utilise the built-in portion for cupboards or shelves. Bookshelves with a recess in the middle to contain a couch complete with a reading lamp, or with the light concealed in strip panels on either side, is an attractive method of treating a blank wall. A great deal of architectural interest can be added to a dull room by an alcove, and bad proportions concealed or remedied by a well-designed false wall with a recess in the centre of it.

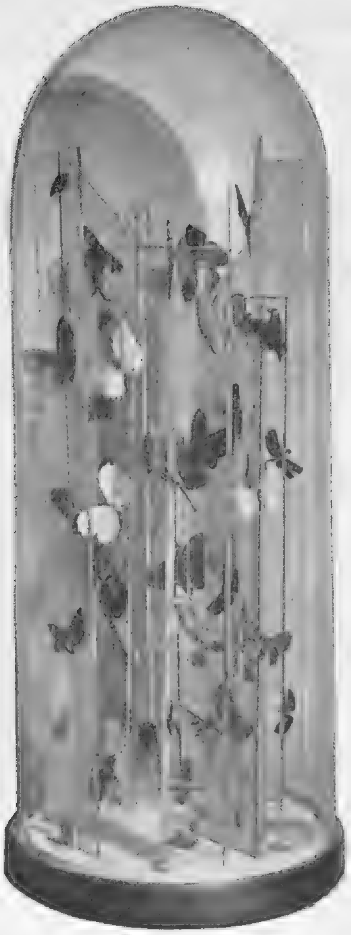
A simple but most effective arrangement for a bedroom is to build two cupboards in either corner of a room, continuing their façades to the ceiling by means of three-ply, and leave a recess between them large enough for a bed. Again, if you have two rooms divided by an arch you can sacrifice a part of one room to make a recess for the other. When built it can serve one of several purposes—to receive a bookcase, a couch, a chest of drawers, a sideboard, a bed or even only a picture. The Adam brothers always had a purpose for their recesses and often designed the furniture especially to fit into them.

Exotic curves and angles in the general shape do not alone make a recess a feature of very lasting interest, but a number of unusual effects can be achieved by lighting. Lights concealed in reflectors or behind diffusing glass at the sides and top send out an inviting glow, and strip lights are an interesting change from bulbs and standard lamps. Further interest can be added to an alcove by the use of a novel material as a lining. This, for instance, could be of metal plywood, stainless steel, engraved glass or one of the various forms of textured glass, when the reflections will lend size to a room, or the interior can be painted in a brilliant but contrasting colour, covered in old brocade or a printed material, or papered in a bold design which would be too overpowering for a whole wall, but is an excellent point of focus within the confines of a recess.

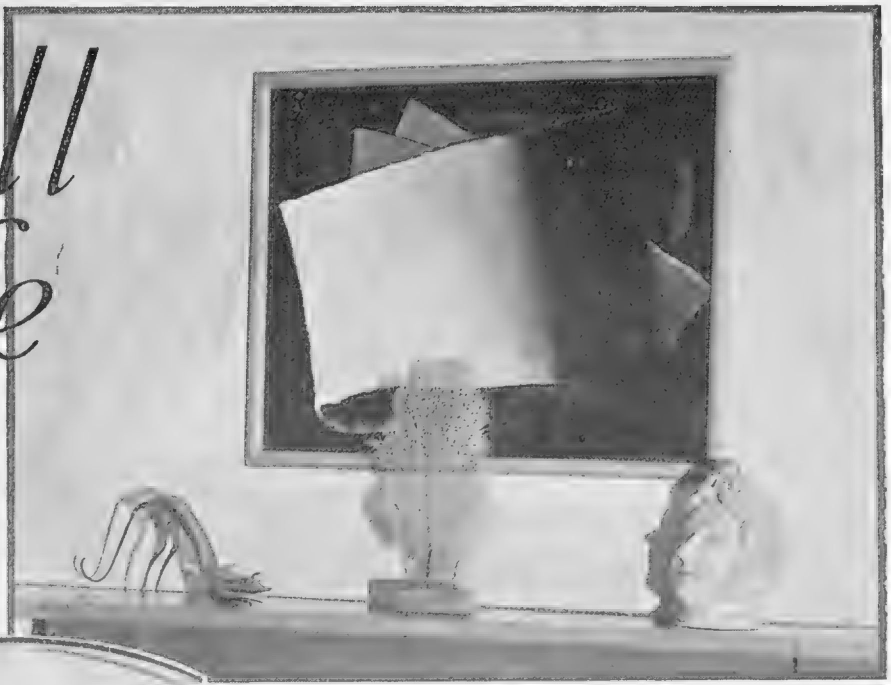
A charming alcove, lined with gay toile de Jouy to match the bed-covers, is framed by formal draperies painted on a wooden surround. This photograph and the one above show the work of Mrs. Frank Bennett

Still Life

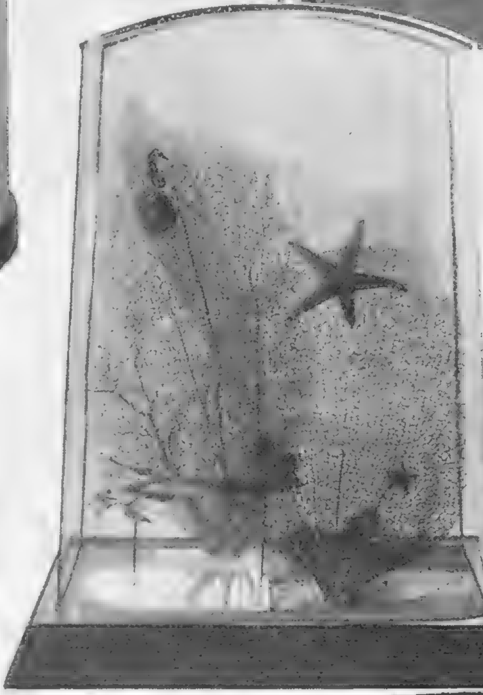
These arrangements of shells and seaweed are a far cry from the wax flowers and fruit of the Victorian age



"Monument to Insects" is the title Madame B. Natanson gives to this decorative group of butterflies, cleverly arranged on pieces of different coloured glass beneath a glass case

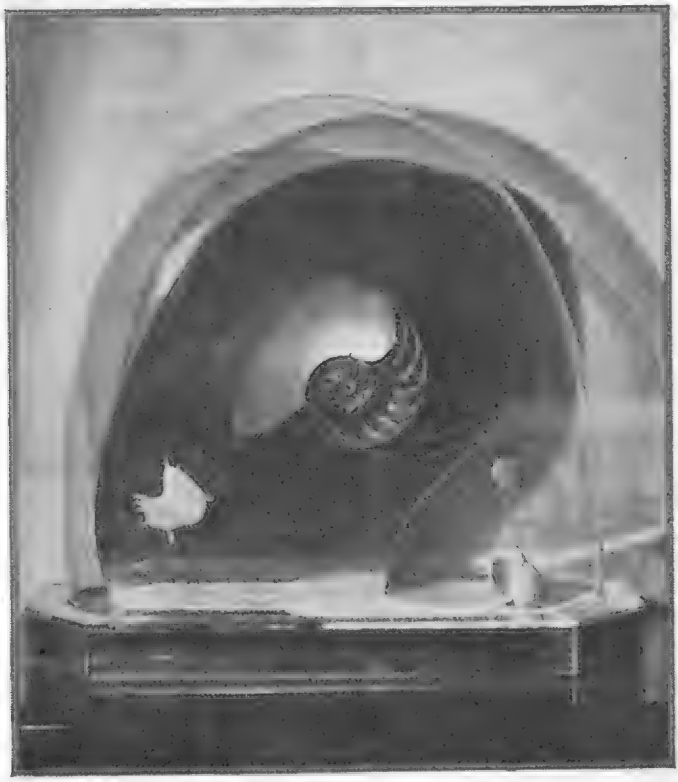


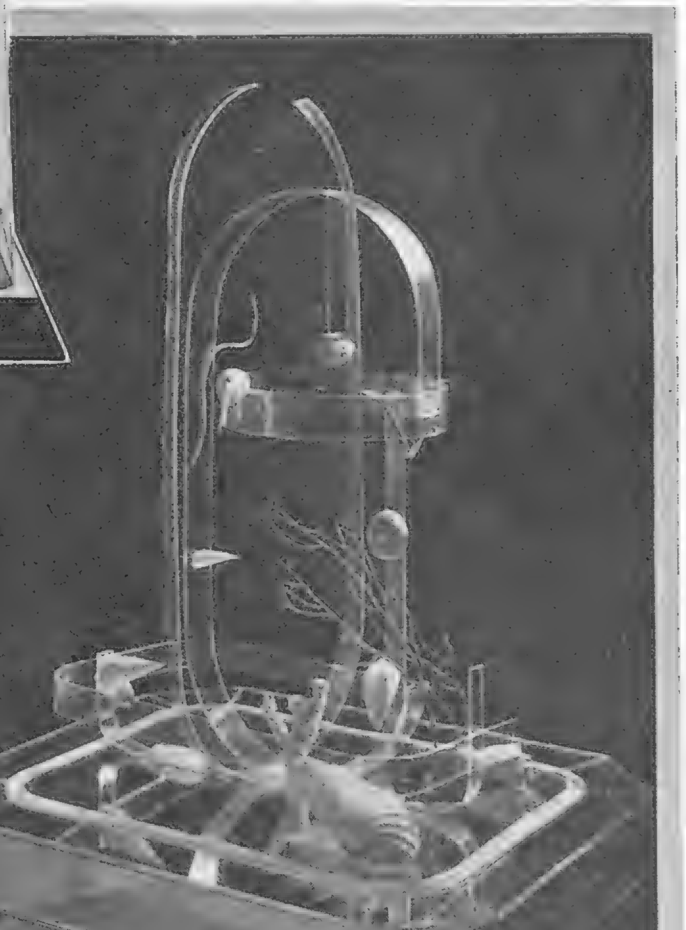
Michael Sevier designed this unusual arrangement of a mantelpiece. The decoration in the centre is a fan-shaped piece of mauve West Indian seaweed set in a plain grey wood stand



" The Flying Fish " is the name of this group arranged by Madame Natanson. The skeleton of a flying fish is reflected in a piece of mirror as it sails through transparent walls of flabella seaweed, decorated with the ghosts of star-fish

The chief feature of this marine group is a large mother-o'-pearl shell cut in half and placed against a background of thin sheets of different coloured glass



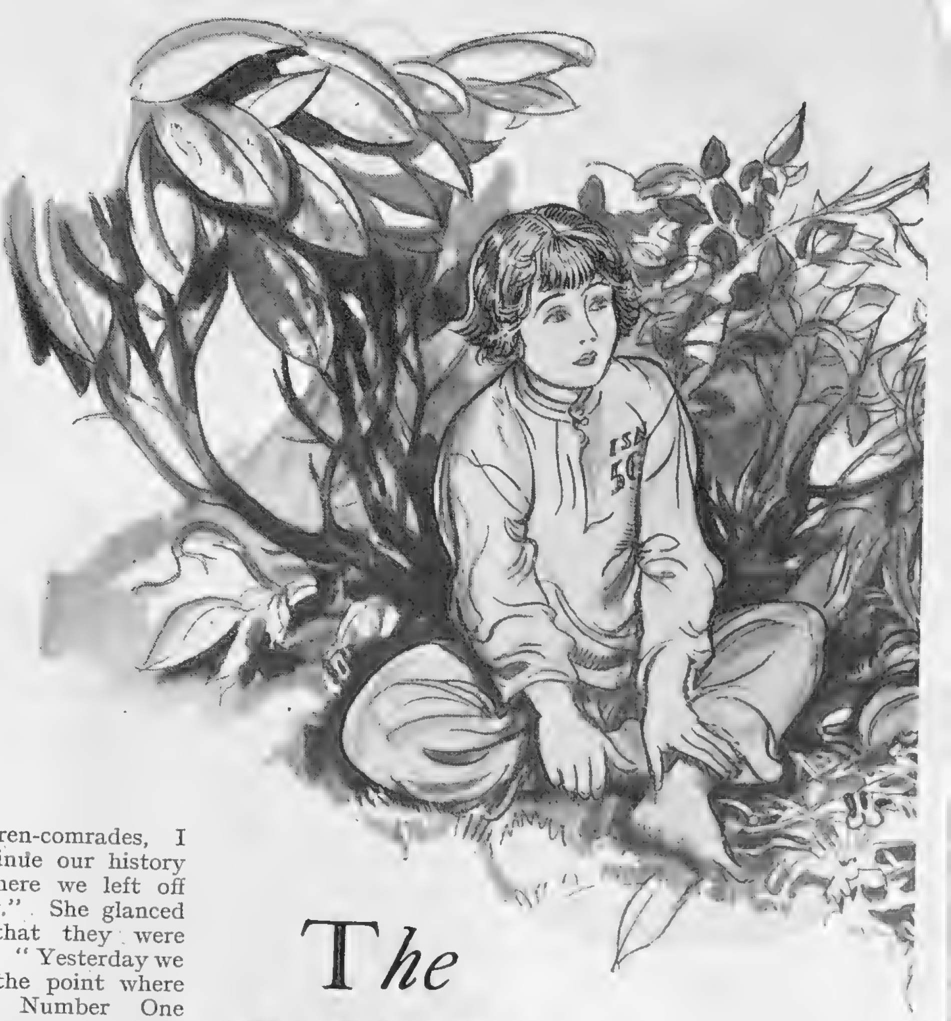


Formalised Natural History might be the title of this group of shells, which Madame Natanson has ingeniously fixed on to strips of celluloid arranged in an elaborate design which is reflected in the base made of pieces of mirror

The Red Flag No. 7

Concluding a Series of Historical Romances framed in the Maelstrom of Revolution

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier



The World is Red

THE class of uniformly dressed little boys and girls abruptly hushed their whisperings. The comrade-teacher had just entered, a short-haired young woman in the usual feminine costume of blouse and loose trousers gathered at the ankles. She immediately commenced the catechism opening the school day.

" What are you ? "

They answered in well-drilled chorus : " Children-comrades of the World-State, triumphant over the entire earth ! "

She turned with her pointer to the three dingy and cubistically harsh portraits on the wall of every schoolroom.

" Who is this ? "

" Comrade Karl Marx ! "

" Who was he ? "

" Prophet of the World-Revolution ! "

" And who is this ? "

" Comrade Lenin ! "

" Who was he ? "

" Pioneer of the World-Revolution ! "

" And who is this ? " She pointed to the third portrait, that of a man with fanatic eyes under an immense brow, and a beak nose over a tightly compressed mouth.

They chorused the answer in a tone of fervent veneration.

" Comrade Number One ! "

" Who was he ? "

" Maker of the World-Revolution ! "

" What did he exterminate ? "

" The bourgeoisie ! " They pronounced the word with vehement hatred.

" Whom did he liberate ? "

" The masses of the entire earth ! "

" When was this finally achieved ?"

" In the bourgeois-year 1977—Year One of the World-Revolution ! "

" What year is this ? "

" Year Fifty-nine of the World-Revolution ! "

" What is your supreme duty ? "

" To maintain the World-Revolution for ever ! "

" How will you do this ? "

" By discipline ! "

" What is your slogan ? "

" All mankind is born equal. All mankind shall remain equal ! "

They vociferated this final response. It was always a relief to get the boring, familiar catechism over.

The teacher adjusted the books on her raised desk.

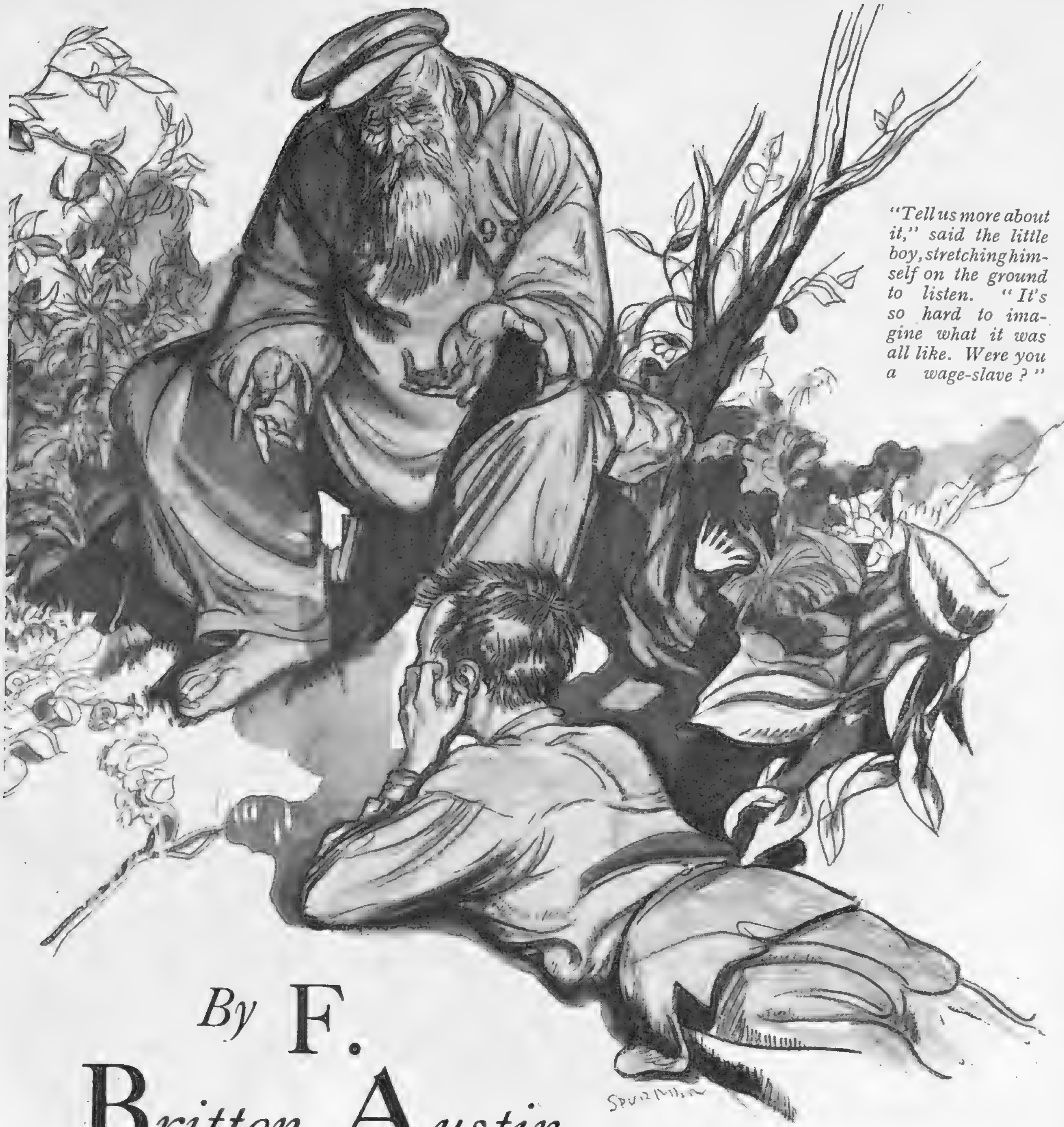
" Children-comrades, I will continue our history lesson where we left off yesterday." She glanced to see that they were attentive. " Yesterday we reached the point where Comrade Number One seized power in Chicago, at that time the key-centre of the whole capitalist-bourgeois system, the richest city in the world in the days when there were rich and poor. Only if you could see the vast extent of its ruins could you understand what an immensely important place it was when it was the clearing-house for all the financial transactions of that barbaric civilisation based on the ruthless exploitation of the proletariat. When you are in a more advanced class it will be explained to you how the later developments of capitalism, trustifying every human activity and focusing the control in a few hands, facilitated its sudden and complete overthrow. It will be explained to you in detail how Comrade Number One's seizure of Chicago in the bourgeois-year 1967 caused a panic over the entire world, how all trade stopped, how the factories closed, how millions of the proletariat starved, how in desperation they robbed those who had robbed them, how the bourgeois tried to make war on the proletariat and were defeated. It is a very long and interesting story, and it happened over the whole earth. But Comrade Number One's organisation was everywhere. In every one of those countries in those days under different capitalist governments, the Communists as they called themselves took over the leadership of the masses. Fifty years before, in the Russian Revolution, Comrade Lenin had found that it was impossible to argue with the bourgeoisie and teach them better ways. Comrade Number One did not attempt to teach them. He exterminated them scientifically. It took ten years to accomplish. Here in this part of the world that used to be called the United States of America there were dreadful battles."

She went on in a cold academic voice, explaining that dull old history, so old that it could not possibly matter.

THE little boy No. 33 (his full designation in the State register was Illinois, BWZ, 2933 M. ; the ancient individualism of personal names had been abolished with the bourgeois institution of marriage, was incompatible with the State adoption of all children from birth) nudged the little girl at his side.

" Say ! Fifty-six," he whispered. " I've got a bully idea to give Orgrec a miss ! I'm going to pretend I'm took sick when we get to the ground. You pretend to help me back indoors. Then we'll slip off alone together to that place we found the other day ! "

The little girl's blue eyes opened at



"Tell us more about it," said the little boy, stretching himself on the ground to listen. "It's so hard to imagine what it was all like. Were you a wage-slave?"

By F. Britten Austin

him, half shocked, half in admiration of his audacity. She hated Organised Recreation as much as he did, but herself would never have thought of dodging it. It was almost unthinkable to rebel against any phase of the never-relaxing collective discipline controlling every moment of their lives.

"But that's individualism—breaking away from the mass," she whispered back. "We oughtn't to do it."

"Shucks!" he countered. "If you don't come, I shall ask that fluffy-headed Sixty-two."

"All right," she agreed recklessly. "They'll lick us if we're caught, but I don't care."

The teacher frowned towards them. "Silence!" She continued the lesson. "It was to the total elimination of competitive individualism from the inheritable characteristics of the race—the scientific production of the mass-mind—that Comrade Number One now gave his chief attention . . ."

An hour and a half later the two conspirators huddled, breathless but exultant, behind some bushes. The plot had succeeded. An admirable hiding-place was this overgrown shrubbery tangling a corner of the grounds of the State Asylum, their home since their removal from the Maternity Centre. Once, in the old days, that large dilapidated edifice had been the mansion of a rich bourgeois. Thrilled with this illicit adventure, they could hear the sharp orders of the teachers supervising the running and wheeling packs of child-comrades in the Organised Recreation whence they had so gorgeously escaped. From another part of the grounds came faintly audible the crying of new babies in the Crèche.

The little boy had an exciting idea.

"Let's give each other names," he said. "Like cats and dogs and flowers have!"

The little girl stared at him.

"But that's wrong," she said conscientiously. "It's forbidden. The bourgeois individualists used to have names. We belong to the masses."

"I don't care," he replied, sturdy in this defiance of all laws. "It'd be tremenjous fun. It's so—so ordinary just having numbers like everybody else. What shall I call you?" He glanced around him in search of a suggestion. "I know—I'll call you Yellow Flower, because you've got yellow hair. It'll be a great secret between us."

"Yellow Flower!" she mused. "It's funny to be called by a name. It seems so"—she hesitated—"so wrong!"

"Never mind," he ordained. "We're bourgeois. We have to do things that are wrong. I'm going to call you Yellow Flower; and you're going to call me—to call me," he pondered, with wrinkled little brows, "I know—you shall call me Big Thunder—you know, the big thunder that scares you all shivery in the night."

"Big Thunder!"

"That's right. Now, we mustn't forget. You're always Yellow Flower and I'm always Big Thunder when we slip off alone together."

She was docile. "Very well, Big Thunder."

"Shh!" Someone was coming along the overgrown path. They lay low, holding their breath.

It was old Ninety-eight, the more than octogenarian gardener who now just pottered about the Asylum, doing odd jobs. By rights, he ought to have been sent long ago to the Resthouse for Superannuated M-comrades, and was very proud of his cunning in having hitherto dodged that elysium. So old was he that he could remember the legendary days before the triumph of the World-Revolution.

"We're bourgeois!" whispered Big Thunder excitedly, as the ancient approached. "Let's spring out and oppress him!"

He arrived totteringly opposite their ambush. They dashed out and Big Thunder leaped on his bent back, rubbed the old man's face vigorously with his little fist.

"Here, young comrade!" said the old man, ridding himself of his assailant by a painful straightening of his back. "What's the game?"

"I'm a bourgeois!" announced young Big Thunder pantingly. "And

I'm grinding the face of an honest toiler!"

"That's a good one!" grinned the old man. He always seemed to like children, had a way with him different from that of the coldly impersonal officials of the Asylum. He sat down on the stump of a tree, gasping wheezily. "You sure knocked the wind outa me."

"Is that the way the bourgeois ground the faces of the proletariat?" asked Big Thunder. "You see, we're pretending to be bourgeois, and we want to get it right."

"Well, no, not exactly," replied the old man. "At least, I don't remember that way."

"We've given ourselves names," whispered Yellow Flower awesomely, sidling up to him and putting her little hand on his shoulder. "Just like real bourgeois. Did you have a name in those old days, Ninety-eight?"

"Sure, I did!" He laughed cacklingly. "My name was—was"—he hesitated—"darn me if I don't misremember after all this long time—why, sure, Bill it was! 'Darlin' Bill' my wife used to call me—I can just hear her a-sayin' of it now!"

"Did you have a wife, then, Ninety-eight?" asked Big Thunder, earnestly in search of knowledge. "That means having an F-comrade all to yourself, doesn't it? In those days men used to assert ownership in a woman as if she were their property—so teacher told us."

"I guess Clara was mine all right," grinned the old man. "I'd 'a bashed the face o' the feller that tried to take her from me! We was happy them days—specially when we had our own little kid around. I mind him now clamberin' up on his mother's lap an' sayin', 'My Mummy! I want my Mummy!'"

Little Yellow Flower was puzzled, incredulous. "D'you mean to say that your baby *lived* with you—didn't you have to send it to the Crèche?"

"I guess not, little comrade. Kids just stayed around with their fathers and mothers same as little birds in a nest."

"That must be funny," mused Big Thunder, "to have a father and mother—people that you know. When I see F-comrades walking around, sometimes I try to guess which one was my mother. Of course, no one bothers about fathers."

"What happened to your wife and baby?" asked Yellow Flower sympathetically.

"They were both killed," replied Ninety-eight. "While I was away fightin' the bourgeois—they made us go and fight. Most everybody got killed, it seemed—millions more'n you can think—in those times when we was winnin' the World-Revolution. There used to be lots more folk around than there is these days. What with all the killin'—and then not so many babies bein' born since folk gave up havin' homes o' their own—there ain't one person now where there was hundreds in the old times. O' course, I dessay it's better there's not so many of us now the proletariat has won. In the first years of the Revolution there usen't to be enough food to go round until the famines killed off the extra ones. Hard times they were, till we got it all organised."

"Tell us more about it," said the little boy, stretching himself on the ground to listen. "It's so hard to imagine what it was all like. Were you a wage-slave?"

"Yes. I used to work in a radio-factory—they don't have radios any more, so you won't know what I mean—a thing which made you hear people speaking through the air from ever so far away—one o' the things they used to have in the old days."

"I s'pose they used to march you there in gangs like they march the workers on the collective farm here?"

"Hell, no!" The old man grinned. "I had my own automobile—nearly all the workers had their own automobiles them days——"

"I've seen a picture of an automobile," interjected Yellow Flower. "A cart without any horses."

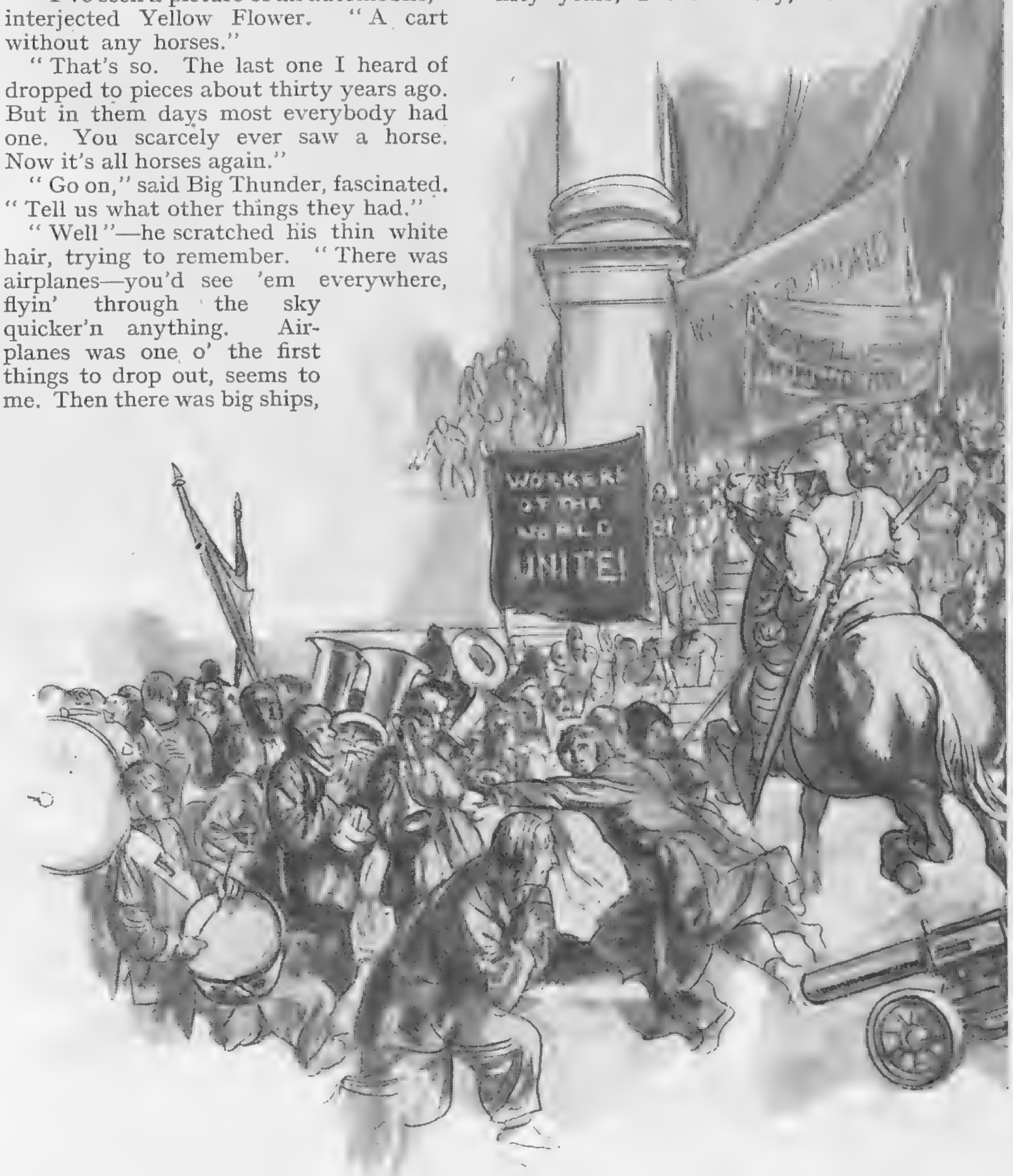
"That's so. The last one I heard of dropped to pieces about thirty years ago. But in them days most everybody had one. You scarcely ever saw a horse. Now it's all horses again."

"Go on," said Big Thunder, fascinated. "Tell us what other things they had."

"Well"—he scratched his thin white hair, trying to remember. "There was airplanes—you'd see 'em everywhere, flyin' through the sky quicker'n anything. Airplanes was one o' the first things to drop out, seems to me. Then there was big ships, as big as a town, made to go by engines all over the oceans of the world. They don't have any more o' them now, they tell me. There ain't no need to go from place to place these days, and anyway they don't know how to make the engines. There's lots o' things been forgotten since I was a lad."

"What else?" said Yellow Flower. "I should love to have seen all those things—though, of course, they were all bourgeois tricks to enslave the workers who made them. So teacher says."

"That's so, I guess," agreed the old man. "Everywhere the workers was kept busy makin' all sorts o' things the bourgeoisie used to invent." He thought again, ransacking his memory. "Well, there was telegraphs—everywhere there was wires strung up on high poles—the bourgeois used to send messages over 'em about the buyin' and sellin' they was always doin'; and then, o' course, there wasn't any more trade, and it wasn't worth while makin' all the repairs just to send Gov'ment messages when the Revolution was won an' everything had settled down; an' so bit by bit all the poles fell down an' nobody bothered to put 'em up again. And then," he continued, "there was railroads. I reckon you've heard o' railroads. They lasted longer'n most things. Some o' them locomotives lasted near fifty years, I should say, before they was worn out, and they'd go puffin' along slow an' wheezy long after I came here. But when I was a boy they used to race along the tracks one after another like greased lightnin'. You'd never believe it."


WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE!

Big Thunder lay in thoughtful meditation. He looked up.

"How is it the bourgeoisie used to have so many more things than we have now?" he asked.

"Well, there's lots o' reasons. You see, it was the bourgeoisie used to make all the plans and models for these things, an' the workers used just to copy 'em and do as they were told. All those bourgeois people—experts, we used to call 'em—were counter-revolutionary. So of course they were exterminated in the big wars that went on—oh, years and years—before the Revolution won. An' then for a time the workers just went on with the old plans, but there wasn't anybody to buy the things they made. An' then, o' course, when there wasn't any more buyin' and sellin', there wasn't any need for lots o' things—like big ships an' railroads. Also, after a while there was a shortage of all kinds o' materials you had to have to make those old machines. Rubber—you don't know what rubber is, but you had to have it for automobiles—well, it used to come from the other side o' the world, but after the World-Revolution had won an' trade was stopped an' all the old ways o' doin' things got smashed up, rubber got scarcer an' scarcer, an' one day there wasn't any more. So the automobiles were just scrapped. An' when the automobiles were scrapped the roads got bad. An' then people got out o' the habit o' going from place to place. After all, there wasn't anything to go for. Besides, everything was under strict discipline. People weren't allowed to travel for fear they'd start something counter-revolutionary. When the next generation came along it had gotten to be natural to stay home all their lives. I guess it's near ten year now since anyone in this Commune has gone out of it."

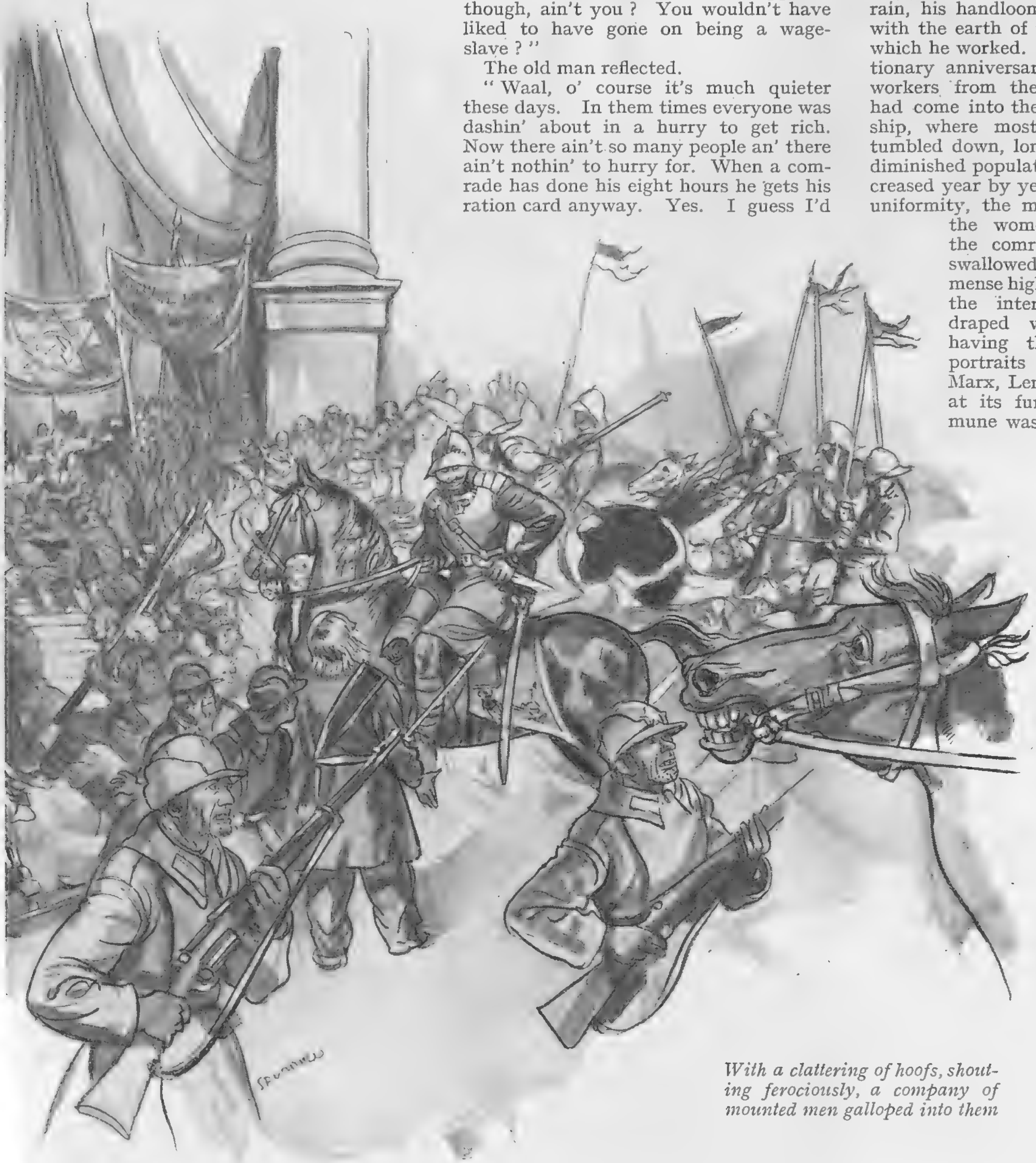
"It's fearfully interesting," said Big Thunder. "I'd never thought there was so much difference. Say, Ninety-eight, you're glad the Revolution happened though, ain't you? You wouldn't have liked to have gone on being a wage-slave?"

The old man reflected.

"Waal, o' course it's much quieter these days. In them times everyone was dashin' about in a hurry to get rich. Now there ain't so many people an' there ain't nothin' to hurry for. When a comrade has done his eight hours he gets his ration card anyway. Yes. I guess I'd as lief live now. I've kinda got used to it." He checked, spoke shamefacedly. "Though, if you like, you young comrades, you can call me Bill sometimes—when no one's about—it's kinda homely to have a name again. In the old days of superstition—you know, when we had the opium o' the people—I'd have believed that my Clara would call me Bill when she met me after I'd died. O' course, I don't believe that now—no one believes you go on living after you've died—but I'd kinda like to hear a girl's voice sayin' 'Bill'; it'd give me a kick to hear it—maybe, I c'd almost kid myself it was Clara——"

A bell clanged harshly. The two children jumped up.

"Come along, Yellow Flower! That's Orgrec over!" As they slowed down in sight of the school building he said a thrillingly daring thing. "I guess I'd 'a liked to live in them old days!"

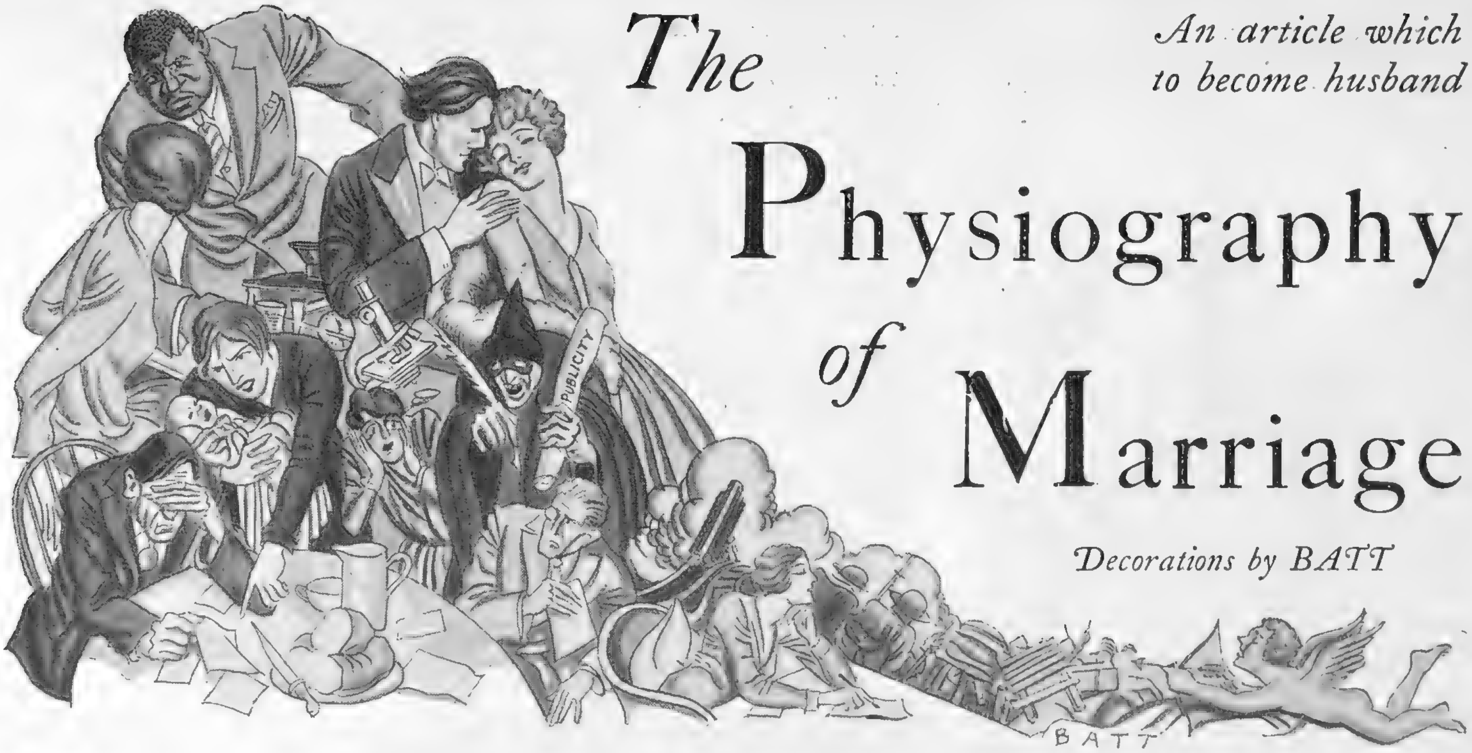


With a clattering of hoofs, shouting ferociously, a company of mounted men galloped into them

THE passage of fifteen uneventful years had made of BWZ, 2933 M, a tall young fellow bronzed with sun and rain, his handloom-spun clothes stained with the earth of the collective farm on which he worked. On this great Revolutionary anniversary, with all the other workers from the outlying farms, he had come into the big straggling township, where most of the houses had tumbled down, long unnecessary for the diminished population, which, indeed, decreased year by year. Garbed in a drab uniformity, the men in short breeches, the women in loose trousers, the comrades were now being swallowed up within the immense high-spired Workers' Hall, the interior of which was draped with dingy red and having three large and faded portraits of Comrades Karl Marx, Lenin, and Number One at its further end. The Commune was about to perform its annual election of the local Soviet.

It was an occasion evoking no excitement. The proceedings would be as they had been from time immemorial. The little group of local Commissars — the "Party," which in mysterious conclave co-opted a new member to itself when there was a vacancy—would present the same old list of candidates, would challenge those in opposition to hold up their hands. No one was ever against. There was no advantage in being a Commissar. Everyone had the same rations, had the same clothing, issued to them from the Communal Store against dockets for so many hours of labour. The life of the Commune went on the same from year to year, automatically, self-supported and self-contained. It was decades since they had had a visit or a communication from the authorities at the distant capital of the World-Republic. It was decades since they had sent any delegate thither. The journey was almost insuperably difficult, and there was no point in doing so. All over the world things went on just as they did here, precisely according to the schedule laid down when the World-Revolution had won. All over the world.

Jostled in the close-packed congregation, Comrade Thirty-three perceived that a young F-comrade was smiling to him. It was she who long ago in their childhood he had called "Yellow Flower." He had not seen her for a long time. They worked on (*Continued on page 91*)



An article which
to become husband

The Physiography of Marriage

Decorations by BATT

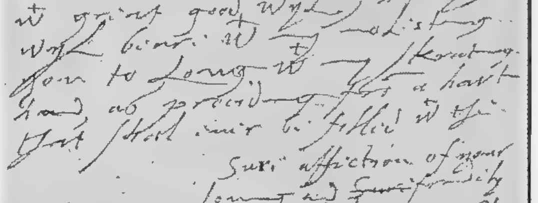
DURING the first years after the armistice the number of divorces in the whole of Europe showed a considerable increase. Young people who under the strong influence of separation during the tragical war-years fell more rapidly in love and married were able to preserve their romance more easily because distance enhances the beauty of all things and strengthens the feeling of desire. In the trenches the newly married soldiers dreamed of the women they had left behind, and at home the lonely wives set down on paper their rapturous lyrical sentiments.

But—when man and wife found themselves together, with the prospect of continual life in common instead of short periods of leave, all things appeared in a less rosy light. Material cares came along, and a general disenchantment took place. Both parties began to realise that they had been hasty and foolish, and when a flood of divorces swept through the young married people it rose to the heights of a sort of psychical epidemic. In most countries official statistics are published of the number of divorces granted by common consent of the two parties, and the number demanded by the one neglected, ill-treated or deceived partner. In England there are no divorces by consent, but the experience of several decades proves that in some way the same legality of procedure prevails in most countries of equal civilisation to an equal extent, and so we shall not be far from the truth if we take the statistics of any European country.

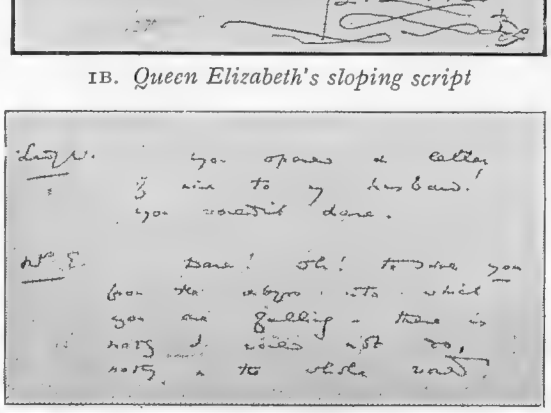
From 1920 to 1929, for which we have statistics available, the number of divorces by agreement has fallen considerably and that of the compulsory divorces has risen.

NATURALLY there is a whole series of factors which influence the number of divorce proceedings. We know that in the United States there are comparatively more divorces, because the laws make it so easy to dissolve the marriage contract. We know also that in America judges are more inclined to recognise actual, alleged or imaginary cruelty and neglect on the part of the husband as grounds for the dissolution of marriage. We have also proofs that in England the fear of publicity holds back many more people from divorce proceedings than in most other countries, because in England the proof or the confession of guilt is necessary on the one side or the other in order to obtain a decree, and voluntary separation on the ground of friendly agreement that the parties are temperamentally unsuited to each other is not acknowledged by the law.

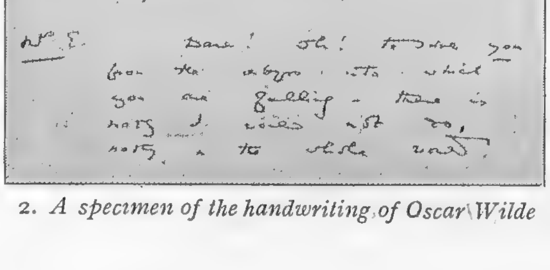
Paradoxical as it may appear that every year some thousands of people should come to a friendly agreement that they cannot endure each other, this phenomenon is nevertheless true for the psychologist. Two people may have a high opinion of each other and yet be incapable of living together in marriage, even when very strong material and social bonds, and even children who are loved by both, would seem to counsel endurance.


From Hasherige scribled this 27th of October.
Your lovinge sistar Elizabeth

1A. *Queen Elizabeth's calligraphic handwriting*


Suer affection of your
Lovinge and frendly
sistar Elizabeth

1B. *Queen Elizabeth's sloping script*


Lady W. You opened a letter
of mine to my husband!
You wouldn't dare.

Mrs E. Dare! Oh! to save you
from the abyss into which
you are falling – there is
nothing I would not do,
nothing in the whole world.

2. *A specimen of the handwriting of Oscar Wilde*

In many of the important decisions of life, one may try first, if one is in any doubt, and change if wrong. But the greatest decision of a man's life is meant as definite, since there are too many obstacles in the way of change. Once married, one has either to face the consequences, resign oneself, make the best of it, and console oneself with the thought that no instinct is so deceptive as the love-instinct, and no man can foresee the future anyhow; or, in the modern way, to come to a friendly understanding as to the mistake made by both parties, and agree to go separate ways.

But is it really impossible to tell what the future common life of a man and a woman may be?

Individuals behave differently from groups. It is true that you cannot simply add the habitual characteristics of two individuals to tell how they will behave as a couple. Some qualities of both parties are sweetened in a harmonious way, others become intensified by contrast.

The girl of frigid temperament may, roused by a passionate man, develop passions of which she never thought herself capable. On the other hand, frightened and repulsed by him, the little germ of passion born in her might be stifled.

In the same way a man for whom sex has held very little meaning, whose interest has been wrapped up in his professional work, overwhelmed and enraptured in married life with a temperamental, moody wife who knows all the tricks of the game of

explains how the suitability of man and woman and wife can be diagnosed by their handwriting

By Robert Saudek

Questionnaire

love, may lose his balance, to experience in a surge of passion all the phases of romantic youthful love.

We have no reliable scientific facts which would enable us systematically to realise all the aspects of the problem. We cannot get people to fill in a questionnaire on their intimate experiences; and where enterprising psychologists have attempted anything of the sort they have either been fooled and led astray by humorous answers, or have received their questionnaire back with many blanks. Self-analysis and honest confession (the introspective method) would by themselves prove unreliable when not checked up by objective methods, even should such questionnaires be answered seriously and fully.

Nevertheless, the psychologist, who has for many years been consulted in similar problems, can draw up a general scheme of the laws which make for happiness or disenchantment in married life. There are three principal factors which co-operate in shaping harmony and discord, love and hate.

Like and contrasted temperaments. A conformity of frigid temperaments leads to harmonic common life more probably than would a conformity of passion, which rapidly causes over-satiation. A moderate difference of temperament has on both partners a beneficent, enlivening and stimulating influence, and often keeps both parties desirable to each other throughout life, even if there are no common material and social interests to cement the marriage.

Extreme difference of temperament seldom leads to a happy union. Strangely enough, it is just the partner with the colder temperament who is rather given to jealousy — a jealousy which is probably due to the idea that he or she is after all responsible for the partner's disenchantment, and that this partner, not having his or her full rights in the marriage, is seeking elsewhere for chances of happiness.

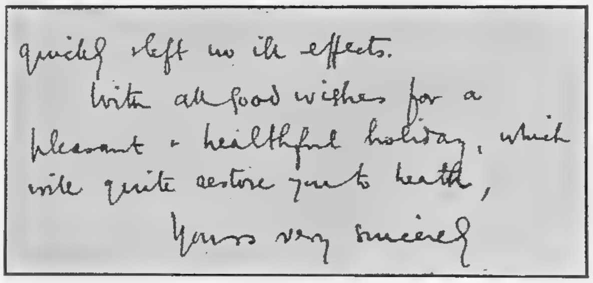
Like and contrasted interests of the partners. It is well known that men of great intellectual gifts have a preference for superficial women. Philosophers of all nations, particularly the Germans, have thundered against this natural phenomenon, whose reign they tried to bar with words.

Very rare are the cases where man and woman are equally gifted for some common professional work. It is only now in our present times, when the professions have been thrown open to women, that happy marriages of this type occur. Geniuses certainly feel a duty towards their children, but their most vital interest is always their particular life-work.

Where, however, it is not a question of genius but of some special talent, then the man seeks a somewhat equally educated partner with about the same intellectual interests as his own, and feels that a common life with a superficial and uneducated female would only lead to boredom, emptiness and disappointment. This is the type of the gifted and educated couple, who take the strongest interest in education, and find in their children the meaning, aim and end of marriage.

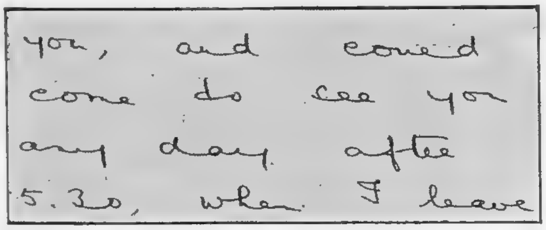
The man and woman of the street are almost always ambitious to see their children raised to a higher social standard.

(*Continued on page* 115)



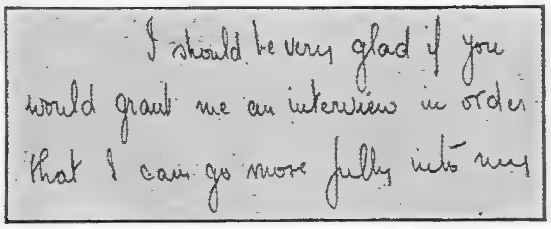
quickly & left no ill effects.
With all good wishes for a
pleasant & healthful holiday, which
will quite restore you to health,
Yours very sincerely

3. *The handwriting of a tender, devoted and faithful husband*



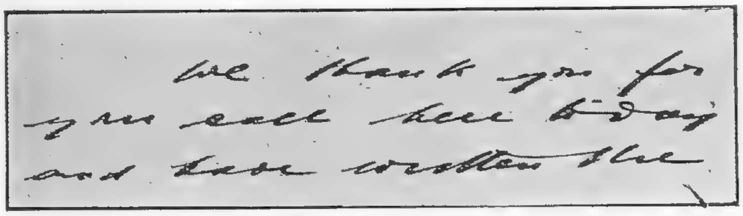
you, and could
come to see you
any day after
5.30, when I leave

4. *This specimen shows, by the shaping of the characters, an efficient young lady with common sense. Would make a good wife and would stimulate her husband to make a success in life*



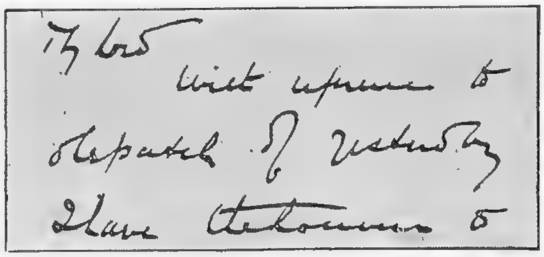
I should be very glad if you
would grant me an interview in order
that I can go more fully into my

5. *The handwriting of a self-conscious and rather nervous woman. Only a very patient husband could live with her, as she would insist on having the last word*



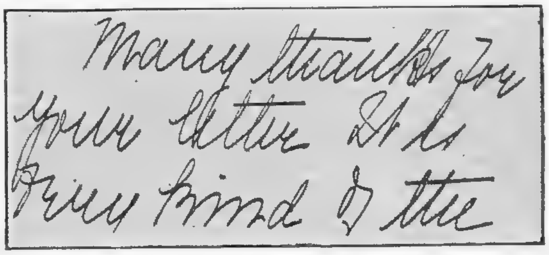
We thank you for
your call here today
and have written the

6. *A specimen of handwriting of a bad-tempered man. Probably efficient in business, but in the home a tyrant*



My love
[illegible] to
despatch of yesterday
I have [illegible] to

7. *This specimen shows that the writer has social aspirations. Would make a devoted wife and a valuable help to a husband with social ambitions*

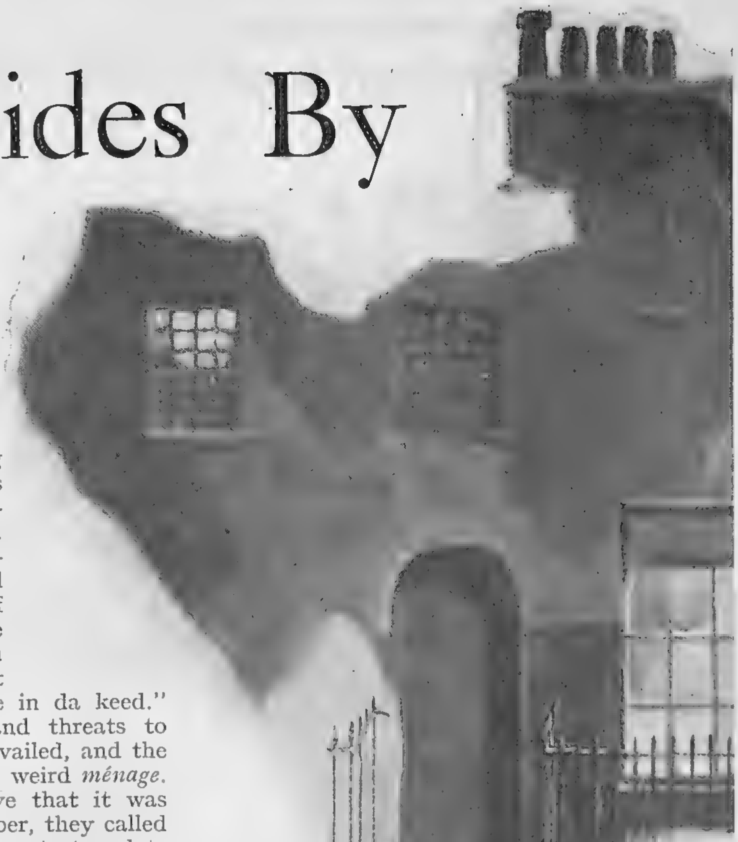


Many thanks for
your letter It is
very kind of the

8. *The writer of this specimen has tried to create the impression of great self-certainty and spontaneity. A woman who likes a boastful fool would think him all right*

The KING rides By

WHEN the drums roll, and the light of drama beats upon the panoply of kings, there is magic at work in the swaying crowd . . . the tug at the heart, the catch in the throat, the sudden pride which turns malcontents into men, the call of country that swept over a waif of the gutter like a breath of clean air from the high places



IN an attic high above the clamour, blasphemies and raucous laughter of Commercial Street a clock ticked spang into the buzz of returning consciousness. Sally Barton's eyes, still heavy with the shadow of her agony, rested in perplexity upon the tiny head in the hollow of her arm, then wandered about the unfamiliar room, taking in mouldy reeking walls, broken chairs, a shelf hung with red calico, littered with garish ornaments.

Her down-dropped lids pressed hard against tired eyeballs. Pictured memories lay against them: Long, rolling meadows. Cattle, knee-deep in lush grass. Curling smoke wreaths etched against a summer sky. All these, part of her daily life, until the call of the world had brought her to London.

It had been fairly easy to obtain work in a factory, easy to make friends with the other girls. And the dance halls at night were inviting after days of toil. Then a blue-eyed sailor with lying facility for courtship. Now . . . somewhere upon the high seas he laughed and sang his way to strange ports, and never gave a thought to the girl who had brought his son into the world.

Her memory trailed along the path that had brought her here. Unable longer to conceal her condition, came loss of work, and loss of lodgings. She had finally drifted to the Gehenna of that long dark street curling its way through the East End, cluttered with spawn of the unfit. Finally, with her agony upon her, she had crept into a dark doorway, weak from lack of food, light-headed with pain, flailed by terror of the unknown.

SHORTLY after, Moll the Flash had come briskly down the street, with flip of skirt and roving eye, flinging back rude retorts to uncouth jests. Moll was wicked from the core out, with splendid brazen wantonness. Broad shouldered, deep hipped, quick with oath, handy with doubled fist or knife, young in years, old in crime.

Stumbling over the moaning bundle in the doorway, she had carried it to the attic where she and Tony the Dip kept house together, fairly amicably, all things considered. The baby came at break of day. In her rough, untrained fashion Moll cared for mother and child until night again called her forth upon one of the many projects of the city's leeches.

Sally lay drifting vaguely between dreams and memories. Her lips curved to an occasional smile or twisted to a moan. From outside came a scream, an oath, another scream. She stirred uneasily. Then the baby's lusty cries crashed into her semi-stupor. She drew the child to her young breast. Then leaden arms dropped, and her bewildered soul found release.

The small helpless bundle aroused in Moll's soul some latent spark of motherhood, and she fought to keep him, in spite of Tony's constant threat to " steek a knife in da keed." By scurrilous epithet, and threats to leave him, she finally prevailed, and the baby became part of the weird *ménage*. For no other reason save that it was short and easy to remember, they called him Tim. When Moll chose to translate herself out of the monotony of criminal days and nights upon gusts of alcoholic imagery, ugly blue welts appeared upon his body. But when sober she gave a fairly consistent, if fantastic, imitation of motherhood.

One night, when Tim was four years old, Tony brought home from a neighbouring pub a Norwegian sailor who had unwittingly displayed a roll of notes large enough to arouse the swart little Italian's cupidity. Arm in arm, carrying a cargo of " 'arf an' 'arf," inside and out, they rolled up the creaking stairs somewhere near midnight. Moll, knowing well her part in the game, an old one of the precious pair, twisted a red ribbon in her black hair and fastened a glittering pin at the neck of her dress.

Her brilliant inviting eyes would have stirred to hot desire more sluggish blood than that of the fair stranger, and he lingered. When Tony now and then went to the corner for more " 'arf an' 'arf " he made clumsy attempts at caress, while Moll playfully, but not finally, rebuked. Aroused by the hilarity, which grew in volume, the child crawled from his bed in the corner into the glare of light, creating diversion from the main issue. Tony's wicked little eyes glittered, and with lips drawn wolfishly back from yellow fangs, he hissed in Moll's ear: " I'll sleet-a da keed's troat ! "

Moll, true daughter of the red furies, merely cuddled the baby in her lap. Prompted by uncanny sex intuition, she knew her charm would grow no less for the blue-eyed stranger out of the North if bold eyes invited above yellow head against her ample bosom.

TIM finally left her and clambered to the friendly lap of the stranger. Then his restless baby soul took him adventuring to a far corner of the room, where he remained quiet and forgotten. With growing impatience Tony fetched a bottle of gin, for he never resorted to knockout drops until necessary. This, added to " 'arf an' 'arf " did its work quickly. The man suddenly sagged in his chair, his stertorious breathing announcing sodden slumber. With the neatness and dispatch of long practice Tony went through his pockets. Throwing the bank notes upon the table, his eyes rolled towards Moll.

" Where-a da gol' watch ? " he asked. Head bent over nimble counting fingers, she answered indifferently:

" 'Ow the 'ell do I know ? "

" You tak-a da gol' watch," he accused. Slewing around, red flaming in her cheeks, eyes blazing, the harridan shouted:

" Blarst yeh're lyin' mouf to 'ell, yeh dirty greaser ! Don't yeh git gay wiv me, or I'll . . . " Rage choked the words in her throat, her hands flew to her neck; then clutching at her dress, with face gone white, she whispered: " Me pin . . . gone. The toff's watch ! Somethink queer abart this." Stopping abruptly at an impatient tugging of her skirt, her eyes rested blankly upon Tim, then grew wide. Instantly upon her knees, she drew the little form into her arms, holding his hands high for Tony to see.

" Bli'me, 'e lifted both, 'e did. The little blighter ! Slick, too, like 'e'd been doin' of it always ! "

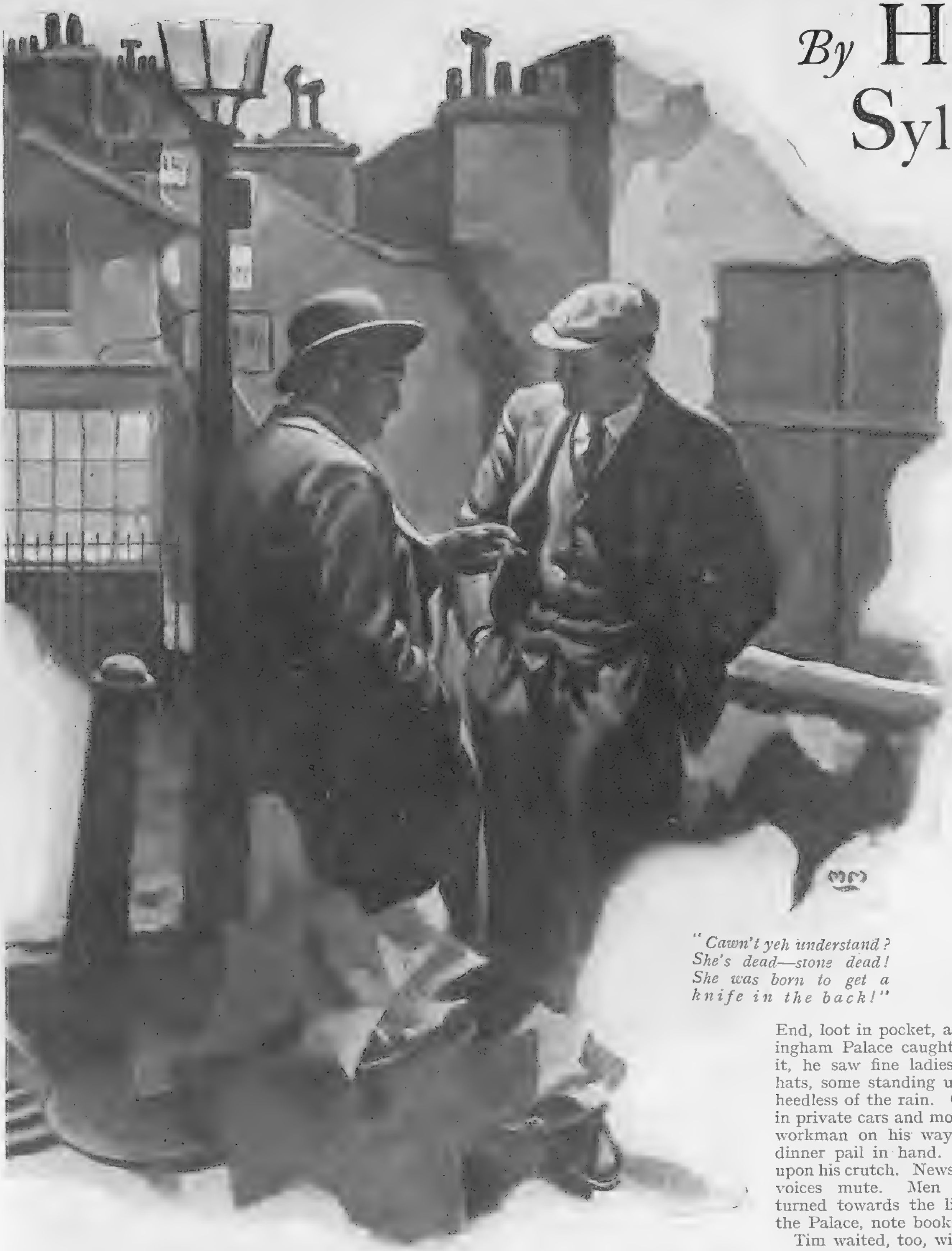
With hands rendered gentle by his greed, Tony stopped to pat the head overrunning with sunny curls.

" Da sleek keed ! We mak-a da keed da fines' dip in da gang . . . eh ? "

" Yeh kin bet yeh're blarsted life we will ! "

He soon knew when Moll scowled at him between long draughts from a black bottle that he must dodge an upraised hand or foot. And when she lay in sodden slumber, it meant hunger or a foraging tour. By the same tokens

By Hilda Sylvaine



"Cawn't yeh understand? She's dead—stone dead! She was born to get a knife in the back!"

he also learned that the game which the black-browed Tony condescended to play with him had penalties and rewards. When he succeeded in deftly appropriating the watch and coins from Tony's pockets he received praise and extra food. But if the least uncertainty betrayed him—ah, then he must look sharp. Assisted by the instinct of self-preservation, Tony was able to make good his boast, and Tim became the best "dip" in any gang in London.

Even nature aided in this. For despite the drawbacks attendant upon his birth, he grew into a tall, slim boy, unlike his stunted companions, as a young god from another planet. Eyes of blue, wide and innocent, smiled into the faces of silken ladies as he adroitly helped himself to their valuables.

He was a graceless young scamp, who gloried in his facility for thieving. His only language was the picturesque and profane jargon of the streets. The necessity for avoiding the bobbies, also uncertain friendships for fear of a "copper's nark," rounded each day into a sharp flavoured adventure. And no bold buccaneer of the high seas ever hazarded with fate more joyously than this pagan young pirate of the London pavements.

As he grew older he worked by profession in the West End among the theatre and restaurant crowds. The constant danger of detection, surge of restless humanity, vagrant strains of music, odours of rich foods seeping out on backward swing of opened doors, light, laughter, gaiety, all stung him to quick and vivid joy. The blatant life and glamour whipped his senses into an illimitable joy in pageantry.

Upon a drizzling night in May, returning to the East End, loot in pocket, a crowd near Buckingham Palace caught his eye. Joining it, he saw fine ladies and toffs in top hats, some standing upon the pavement heedless of the rain. Others were seated in private cars and motor broughams. A workman on his way to a night shift, dinner pail in hand. A cripple leaning upon his crutch. Newsboys, their raucous voices mute. Men with tense faces turned towards the lighted windows of the Palace, note books in hand.

Tim waited, too, with curiously bated breath. Then came a stir. All who watched seemed to draw together. The Palace gates swung wide. A man with pale strained face spoke. A murmur ran from mouth to mouth: "The King is dead!"

A long shuddering sigh seemed to run through the throng. Someone sobbed aloud. A bent and withered woman wrung distorted hands. Another dropped to her knees upon the pavement, voice uplifted for the passing of a soul.

An unconscious imitation of the men about him, Tim automatically jerked off his cap, then flung it over one ear and slouched away. What had he to do with kings, dead or alive? Tony's anarchistic jargon heard daily since babyhood welled into his mind. Oppressors of the poor, but for them everyone would be rich and happy. He was glad. Strike 'im pink if he wasn't . . . but . . .

The irritating thought ticked insistently through his mind, that these people had waited long hours in the rain with real anxiety, not joyously, for the passing of an oppressor. The sorrow in their hearts had found reflection in their faces.

His steps lagged up the rotten stairs. The door opened cautiously and Moll peered out.

"Yeh're late, Timmy. Ayn't 'ad bad luck, 'ave yeh?"

The other occupants of the room greeted him characteristically. Mike the Fence smiled, cravenly Semitic; Tony's mean little eyes rolled nervously and his hand sought his hip.

"You-a no 'ave troubl' with da copper?" he snarled.

"Naw. Reg'lar ol' woman yeh're gettin', Tony, mykin' a blarsted fuss afore yeh're 'urt." Hands suddenly withdrawn from pockets, he flung his loot upon the table with boyish swagger, turning carelessly to the supper Moll had left for him.

Tony's fingers curved avariciously towards a dazzling necklace, catching the light from overhead and sending it back in slant vari-hued rays. Mike turned fawningly towards the boy, now calmly eating cold fried fish.

"Gawd! But yeh're a slick 'un, Timmy," he whined, holding it up appraisingly. "A fair wonder! Where wus yeh?"

"Oh, a duchess wus havin' a reception this evenin' . . . first clawss crush when they started for 'ome. I kin squirm through a crowd of toffs without their 'arf knowin' it and when I gets out their glimmers just naturally sticks to me 'ands. I'd 'ave 'ad more . . . but . . . the King is dead." He stopped abruptly. Moll gave a short laugh. Tony spat upon the floor and venom spewed from his twisted lips.

"Da Keeng he die—eh? Ah-h-h, good! Save us da troubl'. You tink now mabbe we 'ave no more keeng, eh? It is not so! Hees son he tak' hees place. But . . . wait. Som'day we drag dem from da so fine palaces. . . ."

"I sy, ol' perisher, when yeh goin' to do all this?"

The satirical note in Tim's voice brought Tony's brows down to a frown. He sprang to his feet, both hands resting upon the table, his greed momentarily forgotten in his hobby.

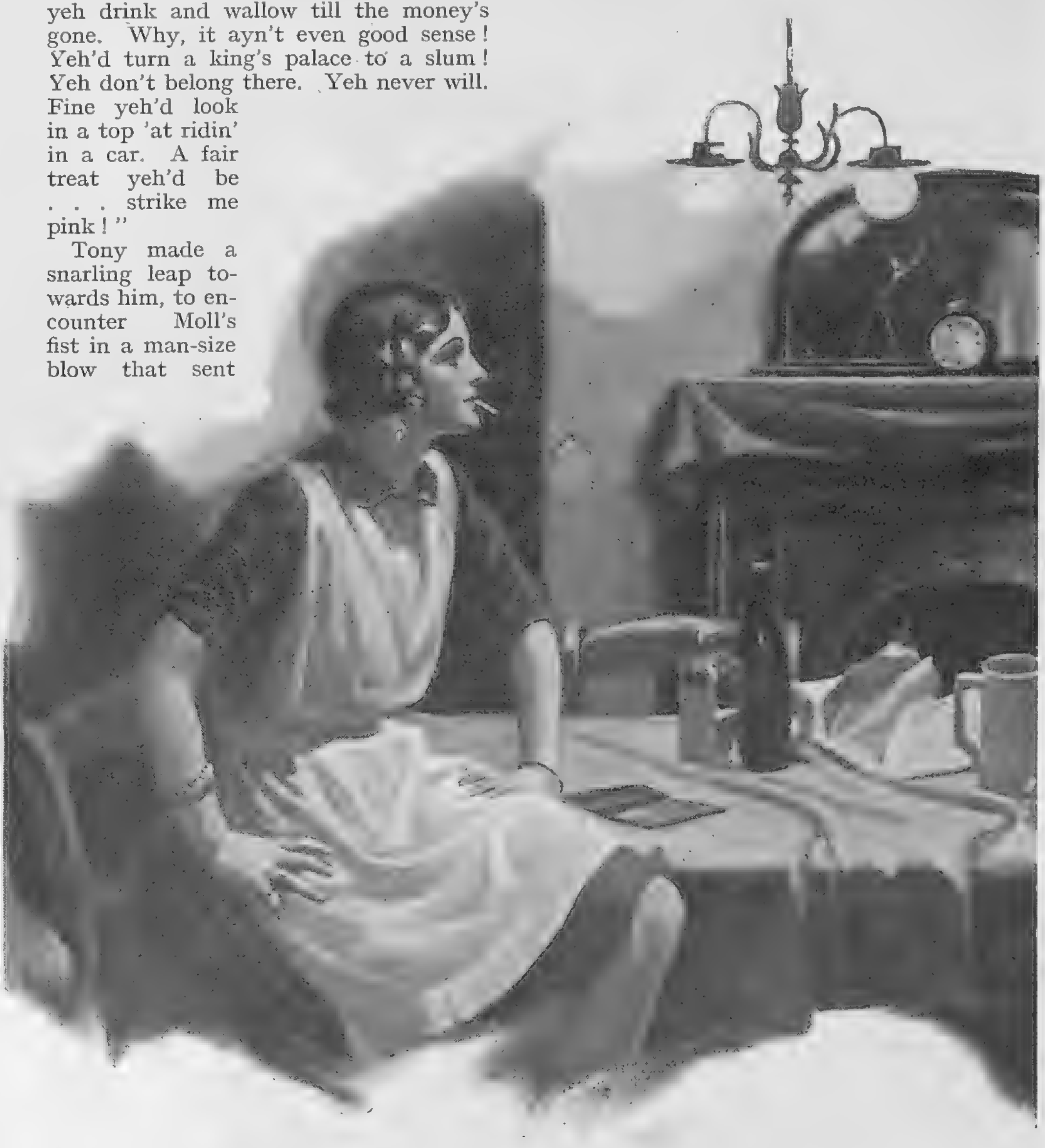
"When?" he repeated. "Som' day . . . som' day soon now. You wait . . . you see. Somethin' gon' 'appen . . . then . . . when Englan' she fight in her las' ditch we they call beas' . . . we come from our holes in da ceety jungle. We slit-a da white troat . . . twist-a da neck . . . an' tak' for our very own da so fin' homes dey 'ave beeld. . . ."

"Yah-h-h!" Tim's glance wandered round the room, pausing to rest significantly upon Tony's squat, gorilla-like body and the tobacco stains upon the floor. "I'd like to see what their fine 'omes would be like after yeh got through with 'em . . . a fair treat . . . I don't think!"

"Tim da toff!" Tony sneered. "You lov' mebbe all dose so fine ones who like to put you in da jail."

"They ayn't pigs anyhow!" He came to the other side of the table, facing the man fearlessly, face flushed, eyes bright. "Look at this stinkin' room. An' this!" An out-thrust hand. The jewels dripped from his fingers back to the table in a kaleidoscopic cascade of light. "What good does it all do yeh? Yeh send me out to get 'em because the bobbies all know yeh. Mike 'ere gives yeh less than 'arf what they're worth 'cause 'e knows yeh stole 'em. Then yeh drink and wallow till the money's gone. Why, it ayn't even good sense! Yeh'd turn a king's palace to a slum! Yeh don't belong there. Yeh never will. Fine yeh'd look in a top 'at ridin' in a car. A fair treat yeh'd be . . . strike me pink!"

Tony made a snarling leap towards him, to encounter Moll's fist in a man-size blow that sent him staggering against the wall.



"Who the 'ell yeh think yeh're 'ittin' anyhow? Like yeh to bash up yeh're best dip!"

In the altercation following Tim slipped from the room. He was filled with a vague stirring discontent. His words to Tony, unpremeditated, had seemed to come from somewhere outside himself; but their truth remained in his mind, bringing to sudden life poignant yearning, an unaccountable up-thrust of soul towards something intangible.

THE sky flamed with rose and lavender, heralding a fitting day for the Coronation. Even before dawn the streets began to fill.

Tim made his way through the crowd, dodging here and there almost under the feet of the tall men in uniform. From his point of vantage he peered at the bluejackets, Lancers, Hussars, the red coats of the Royal Marines and the glittering curve of men mounted upon gigantic chargers, the sun striking slant rays from steel breast plates and helmets.

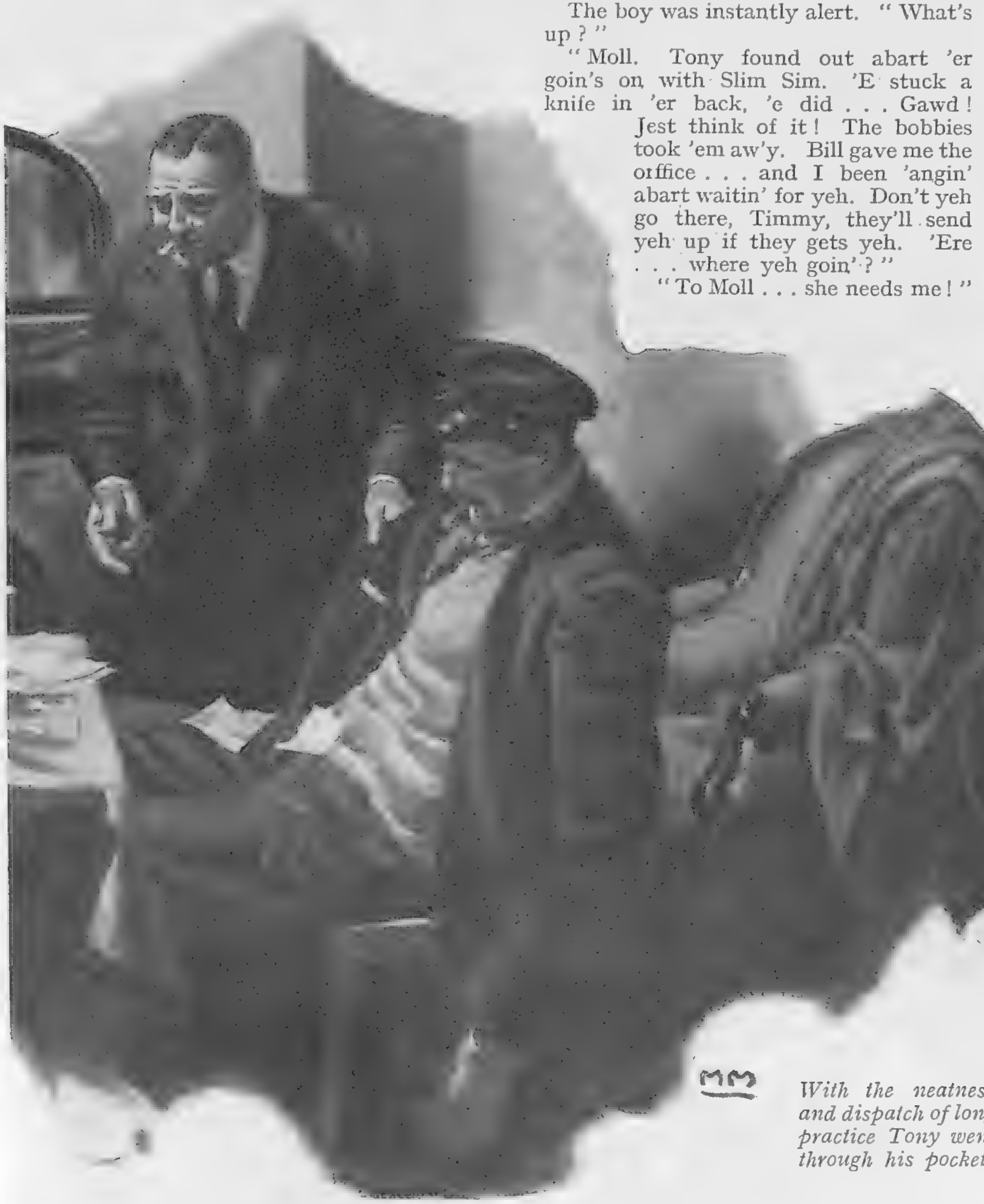
A ripple ran through the vast assemblage like waves upon an unquiet sea. A concerted murmur rose to a cheer as the King's watermen swung into view in fantastic, medieval garb of red. Next royal carriages filled with ladies and gentlemen of the household, viscounts, lords, chamberlains, all attended by powdered footmen. Warriors, bronzed generals, peers, princes, maharajahs, equerries to the King. Colonials, lithe and hardy, from the ends of the earth. The conquered of India. Swarthy horsemen, fiercely barbaric in crimson and flashing jewels. Stately cream ponies stepping lightly, drawing the marvellous golden coach. Inside, the nation's new ruler, upon his head a crown of gold, and beside him a woman in white. Voices rang out: "The King! The King!"

A throat-splitting cheer. Handkerchiefs waving. Look! The King's children! Ragged caps and top hats spinning high, Tim's among them, all the boy-stuff in him rising to the surface in shrill shouts . . . then the pageant was over.

He stood still, unable to comprehend the lump that would rise in his throat, angrily dashing the mist from his eyes.

His mind trailed back to the day another procession of grand folk had swept solemnly through the streets to muffled drum, the body of their dead King upon a gun carriage, covered with a purple pall, followed by a riderless horse and favourite dog. That night he had gone home empty-handed, with no explanation for Tony. Indeed, he had none for himself.

He knew now that those who work for rapacious taskmasters must not slack; knew, too, although he could not express it, that an anarchist is but an autocrat turned inside out. Moll had not been there to intervene and Tony had taken out upon that slim body an accumulation of wrath dating back to the arrival of the unwanted baby, and increasing daily to a very rage of jealous venom as pupil rapidly outdistanced master in craft. Even yet the scar upon Tim's cheek gave mute evidence that, although one of the oppressed, Tony wore good thick boots.



With the neatness and dispatch of long practice Tony went through his pockets

With this in mind, he worked his way through the drifting crowd, swaying uncertainly here and there or rushing kerbward as some backwash of the big procession passed. As accompaniment to nimble fingers, undercurrent of unrestful thought seethed in his alert brain. Crowns, kings, golden coaches, blaring of brass, muffled drums, purple pall, riderless horse, dog mourning its master; all these mixed in whirling chaos.

It was late when he turned towards home. With head held high, the exaltation of the morning still shining in his eyes, he made his way down Commercial Street. Then through the hubbub about him a sudden "S-s-s-t-t-t-t" close to his ear brought him to abrupt stop. He turned to meet the ashen face and riving eyes of Mike the Fence. The man pulled him into an alley. With slavering lips, he whispered:

"Don't yeh go 'ome, Timmy . . . the copper is there!"

The boy was instantly alert. "What's up?"

"Moll. Tony found out abart 'er goin's on with Slim Sim. 'E stuck a knife in 'er back, 'e did . . . Gawd! Jest think of it! The bobbies took 'em aw'y. Bill gave me the offfice . . . and I been 'angin' abart waitin' for yeh. Don't yeh go there, Timmy, they'll send yeh up if they gets yeh. 'Ere . . . where yeh goin'?"

"To Moll . . . she needs me!"

"Timmy, don't yeh go bein' a blarsted fool! Moll don't need nothin'. Cawn't yeh understand? She's dead . . . stone dead! She wus born to get a knife in the back! Lay low now, Timmy, then meet me at Bill's tomorrer night. Yeh an' me can keep right on doin' business if we're careful. Bring the loot then."

Stricken to numbed, uncomprehending acquiescence, the boy nodded mechanically, and Mike slunk off to become one with the dank shadows of the alley. Driven by horror, without thought or plan, Tim hurried down Commercial Street. Sturdy, tough Moll, with her fierce moods, her evil tempers, her drunkenness, was the only mother he had ever known. His heart now ached with its first sense of bereavement.

Walking aimlessly, he found himself upon the docks. Little pin points of light pricked the heavy curtain of mist, through which tall mast and funnel raised themselves ghostlike. The water slushed rhythmically against the steeples of the wharf. Faintly came the mournful cry of the hooter, creaking of cranes, and measured rise and fall of Eastern voices in a Malay chanty. All these sent him the call of the sea. His father's blood answered and he laughed aloud. To sail away in a big ship, to freedom . . . that was it! To hold up his head with the best, train flabby muscles to steel, do a man's work, not grow old skulking from the law as Tony had done. A gentle breeze crisped through his curls and gratefully he lifted his face to it.

FROM that night he haunted the docks. Each hour there stilled the unrestful yearning that constantly surged up within him. He lost pride in his nimble fingers and stole only to eat. Mike the Fence constantly mourned over a good crook gone wrong, and tried to prod him to greater activity. He chafed under the necessity for hiding, no longer counting it adventure; looking forward keenly to the greater venture of the sea.

One night he waited in a corner pub frequented by sailing masters, for one with whom he hoped to sign. Staring abstractedly over his glass of ale, his thoughts ran on in sheer discontent.

Suddenly his eyes met other eyes, wine brown, shining softly as though tears lay very near the surface. Eyes too big for the small elfish face with pointed chin and full lips. She was little more than a child, sitting at a nearby table, gazing with distaste at an untouched glass. Every line of her lyrically slender body spoke of despondency.

He looked again. Their glances locked. Then the glory of those pleading eyes was suddenly hidden under down-dropped lids. A drunken sailor lurched near her table. He stooped to whisper in her ear. She shrank back with out-thrust hands and a frightened little cry. Instantly upon his feet, Tim lounged over, shoving his face close to that of the other man, his narrowed eyes holding threat. Then he smiled down at her, speaking casually:

"Bli'me, Tess, I didn't see yeh. Been waitin' long?" Scowling upon the sailor who lingered hesitantly, he continued: "If anybody's been boverin' yeh, jest let me know . . . that's all!" He squared his shoulders and hitched up his trousers with swaggering bravado. The man slouched away. Tim seated himself at her side.

"What's yeh're nyme?"

"Mable."

"What yeh doin' here? . . . yeh ayn't that sort."

The tears that had lain so close to trembling lids now brimmed over. She told her story between long-drawn, pitiful sighs. Her folks 'ad been decent, and poor. Then a n'epidemic had taken them away and left her all alone without any money. She'd worked, or tried to work, in a

(*Continued on page* 120)

THE RADIO-ACTIVE: Spa chez soi

Mild Radium Therapy becomes an important factor in modern medicine and proves valuable in the treatment of Gout, Rheumatism, and as a Revitalising Tonic to Debilitated and Ageing Constitutions

THE use of radium as a curative agent is associated in the lay mind with the excessively expensive treatment of malignant disease. It is not generally known in this country, though mild radium therapy has been successfully practised on the Continent for many years, that radio-active water, both for drinking and bathing, radio-active pads for local application, and radium emanations, incorporated with certain drugs, in pills and injections, are extremely valuable in the treatment of rheumatic and gouty affections and are now available, as a result of certain interesting inventions, at a cost which brings them within reach of the general public.

As a result of Madame Curie's discoveries scientists and doctors learned that the reason some spas were more beneficial than others for the treatment of certain ailments, was that their waters were radio-active. Since it was not possible for the majority of sufferers to go to the places where the natural physical conditions produced radio-activity many attempts were made to transport the valuable waters. But this was found to be impossible because the essential radio-activity decreases at the rate of about 50 per cent. in 24 hours.

Experiments were then made to discover a means of generating radio-activity in ordinary water, and these have proved entirely successful. Their latest scientific manifestation consists of an innocent-looking metal container in which is concealed a tube containing a small quantity of radium. Ordinary tap water around this becomes in a certain number of hours highly radio-active. By an ingenious, scientific method, the requisite quantity of water for a " dose " poured into a cup at the top makes the irradiated water rise to the level of a small tap and it can then be drawn off and taken by the patient while the fresh supply of ordinary water takes its place to be, in its turn, transmuted by the radium into the magic-working, radio-active elixir.

Large apparatus, working on the same principle, will irradiate sufficient water for radio-active baths when, in severe cases, such treatment is deemed necessary by the physician.

The important fact about this particular apparatus is that the radio-activity produced in a given time is standardised, and has been and can be subjected to measurement by the National Physical Laboratory and is sufficiently high to be of actual and demonstrable efficiency.

The two important things for those desirous of taking this valuable cure to remember are: first, that they must have a reliable diagnosis by a qualified practitioner that the treatment is suitable; and, secondly, that the integrity of the firm supplying the apparatus is assured. The makers of the genuine generator of radio-active water deal only directly with the medical profession, and supply the apparatus, radio-active pads and medicines, only in accordance with a doctor's prescription.

The apparatus can be hired for the duration of the course of treatment at quite reasonable rates. A friend, taking the radio-active water under her doctor's orders, found, after a comparatively short time, not only a definite diminution of rheumatic symptoms, but a quite astonishing increase of energy and vitality. This, I believe, is the common experience of patients under treatment.

In one case where the water was given to an old lady suffering from arthritis, not only did she derive great physical benefit, but she was mentally rejuvenated and regained a failing memory. Radio-active pads have also proved extremely useful in the treatment of lumbago and other locally painful manifestations.

Some of the claims made for mild radium therapy sound almost too good to be true—like the *contes* about the magic elixirs which proved so remunerative to the great 18th century quacks, Cagliostro, Dr. Graham and their like—but the extraordinary beneficent effects of the radiations from radium have long been known to modern scientists, and it was only a question of time until the powers of radium were "trapped" and practically applied.

The tendency of modern medicine, as well as lay thought, is towards the prevention rather than the cure of pathological conditions, the equipment and fortification of the body against the onslaught of disease, and in this direction the development of mild radium therapy seems to promise most encouraging results.

An unusual portrait of Mary Nolan, the Universal star of "Undertow"

Beauty Culture

"MORE THAN BEAUTIFUL"

The ancient lore of the herbalist contributes to the preservation of youth and loveliness for modern womanhood

By

" CHRYSIS "

I HAVE stolen for the title of this article the slogan of a famous French beauty doctor because it seems to me to have a special and encouraging significance and to explain all that remains unexplained when one comes in contact with a really charming woman and tries in vain to analyse her attraction.

There is inevitably something impressive in the claim for any beauty preparations that they have been used over a long period and are still being used by some of the most elegant, sophisticated and perennially young and beautiful women in French and English society. Such are the facts about a series of beauty formulas which came into being thirty-five years ago. The Baronne de la Marfée has stated that as well as many society beauties a woman whom she describes as " one of the most prominent queens in the world " has used these preparations for thirty years and to-day looks no older than her daughters.

The system originated in an interesting manner. The doctor who invented it, a chemist, a poet, a traveller and, evidently, a man of observation, was struck by the fair and unwrinkled complexions of the women he met in a northern country where the inclement climate was calculated, normally, to age and coarsen the complexion. He elicited the fact that they used a preparation composed of certain crushed seeds, the " secret " of which was handed down from mother to daughter. From this he evolved and perfected the purely vegetable treatment for the preservation of the youth and beauty of the skin for which he is famous.

The essential part of the system consists of the use of sachets containing the precious, secret ingredients in tepid or warm water. There is a different sachet for every purpose, every age, and every type of skin, and a woman's self-knowledge and intelligence must assist in the selection of the appropriate ones for her particular needs. After that there is nothing to be done except to follow accurately the explicit instructions.

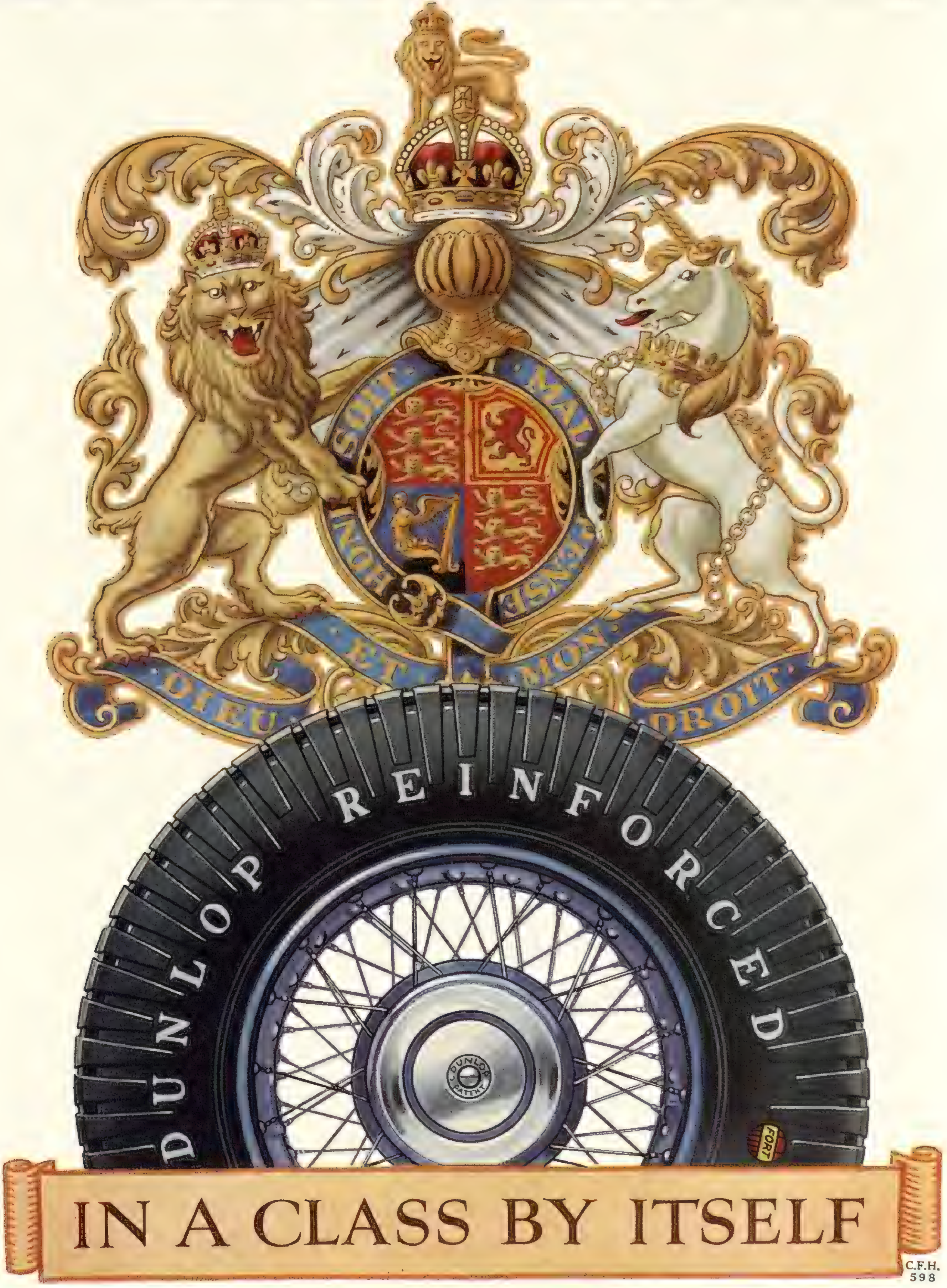
Briefly, a sachet is soaked in two quarts of tepid water (hot water may be used only when the skin is oily or prone to blackheads). The sachet is then squeezed until the water becomes milky. In the morning a small quantity of a certain tonic toilet water may be added. This contains no alcohol or acids and is entirely non-irritant. At night a different lotion is added which is made from plants and flowers which are beneficial and fortifying. The face and neck must be bathed in these solutions for several minutes. After drying, a beauty cream, which is an efficient skin food, is advocated. It should be gently massaged into the skin and *all* residue removed before the application of powder.

This is the basis of the system which keeps the skin clear and soft and unwrinkled. There are, in addition, a number of auxiliary preparations for special needs, all vegetable preparations guaranteed to contain no irritants. There is a really marvellous medical water which removes freckles and all discolorations and yet is so bland that it can be used as an eye bath and will brighten and refresh the eyes. Then there is a lotion for special cleansing which removes all impurities, a cream with a mission to dissipate wrinkles by replenishing wasted tissues, and " the pearl " of protection creams which preserves the skin from the effect of sun or wind burn.

Lack of space prevents me from describing all the "æsthetic preparations" in this series, such as the capillary lotions for the hair and scalp, delicious bath sachets and the soap which is not a soap, being made from fresh cream, without potash or alkali, but they are all based on the formulas of the doctor whose life work has been to make women " more than beautiful."

The name of these preparations and the address of the firm where they can be bought may be obtained from the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

DUNLOP — BY APPOINTMENT MOTOR CAR TYRE MANUFACTURERS TO H.M. THE KING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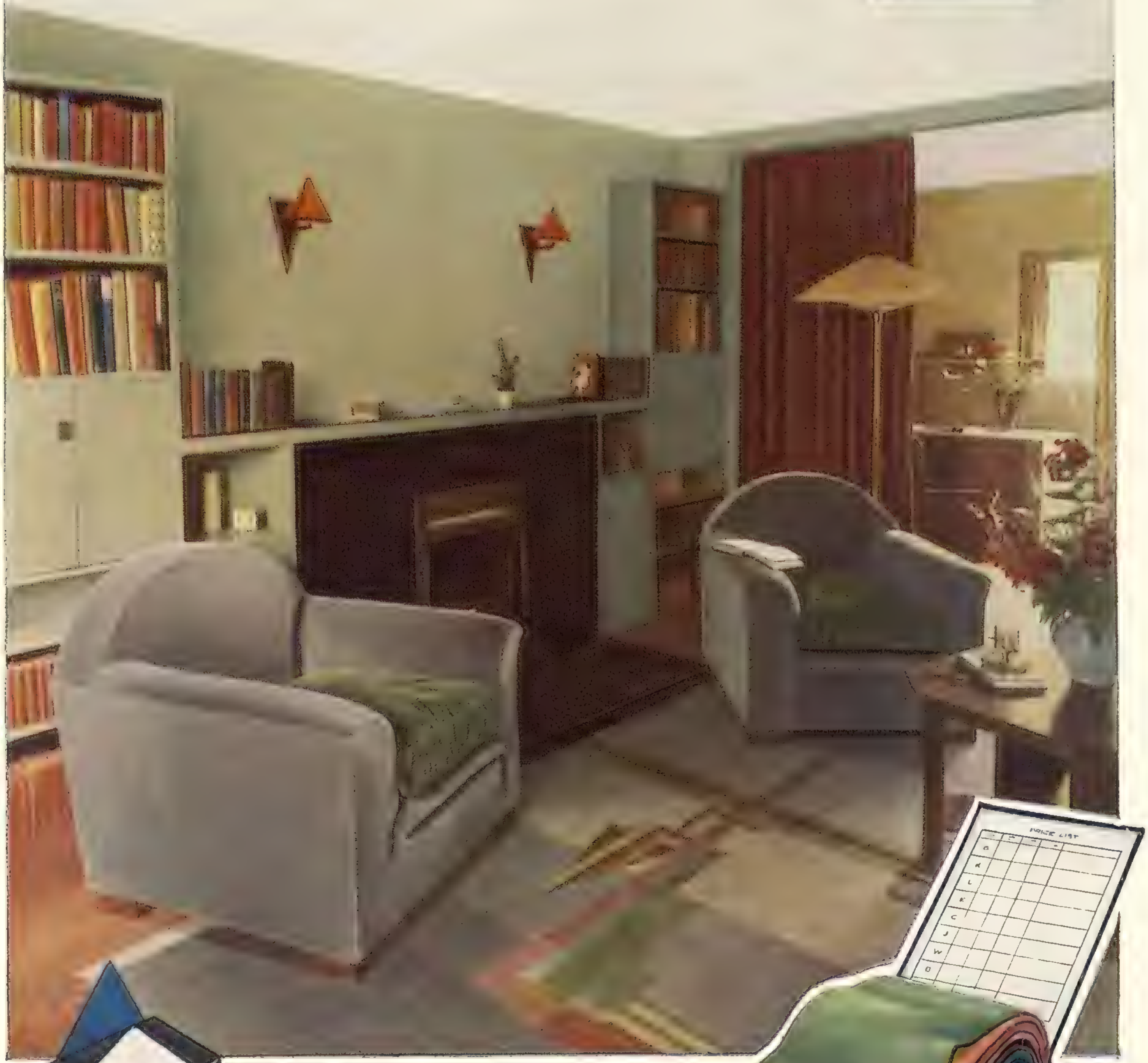
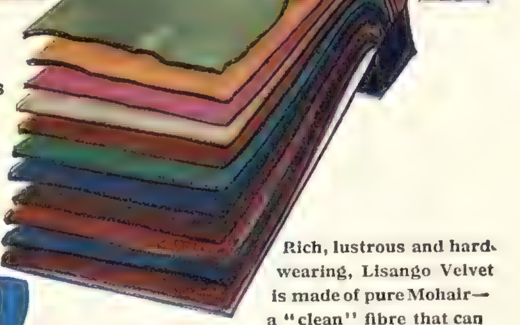
"I use Velvet in my own study," says Michael Dawn, another well-known designer of Modern Interiors

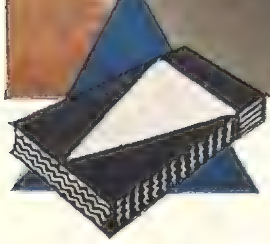
—"Because modern furniture is essentially severe in character and the use of Velvet introduces a rich contrast to the austerity of the wood work. Moreover, the variety of tones in which Velvet is obtainable emphasises the fashionable pastel shades without appearing too dominant."





"Smoke Grey"—"Willow Green"—with curtain in "Damask Rose."

This is Mr. Dawn's own study where he conceives his ideas for modern furniture in the restful, luxurious surroundings of his favourite fabric. Notice the clever use of the three colours of Velvet—his personal choice from the new range of shades in



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The World is Red

(Continued from page 81)

different farms. He pushed his way through to her.

"Hallo!" He was uncouthly casual. He would have laughed at the idea of being specially polite to a woman, an equal comrade with men. He didn't know what next to say to her. He really hadn't anything to talk to her about. It was just on an impulse that he had come across to her. There was a time when he had thought about her a lot.

"Hallo!" She smiled again. Then she bent close to him, whispered in his ear: "Big Thunder!"

It gave him a queer little shock. Fancy her remembering! He grinned at her. "That's a long time ago! What are you doing now? I'm working on the Lenin Colfarm."

"I'm at the Engels. I guess I'll be shifted though. We've ploughed about a hundred acres less this year. There's no sense in growing surpluses you can't do anything with. So we're just letting the land go out of cultivation. It will mean a redistribution of the agric-workers, of course."

"You ought to come over to the Lenin. We've got some good double quarters there."

She gave him a quick little glance. "I don't need double quarters. I'm not living with anybody."

"Oh!" he said awkwardly. He had put his foot in it. He had made sure that a nice-looking girl like her would certainly have a mate.

His embarrassment was relieved by the arrival of the Commissars, male and female, on the raised platform at the end of the building. A band played an introductory bar. The congregation sang with solemnity the lugubrious "Internationale."

A wizened old Commissar, wearing a red sash over a faded tunic conspicuously embroidered with the wreathed sickle and hammer, came to the front of the platform. He was one of the first generation after the World-Revolution had triumphed; since his youth one of the "Party," in which locally for time out of mind he had been the leading spirit. He prided himself on keeping alive in this Commune the pure Marxian doctrine, and was the arbiter to whom every dispute was by prescription referred. Fanatically rigid in the orthodox interpretation, he settled every doubtful point by quoting the authentic words of Comrade Lenin, piously preserved in a little book, even as the great Comrade Number One had enjoined in the long ago. Now he delivered his annual address, long stereotyped for this occasion.

"Comrades!" he said, in solemnly unctuous intonation. "Once again we are met to celebrate the redemption of humanity. All over the world at this moment, under the universal Red Flag of the Sickle and Hammer, your comrades greet you in a globe-wide Liberty, Equality and Fraternity! That which for long centuries was the dream of the pioneer thinkers of mankind has been fully and gloriously achieved. Long live the World-Revolution, established everywhere for all time!"

They answered, not in a spontaneous shout, but in an intoned ritual response: "Long live the World-Revolution, established everywhere for all time!"

The old Commissar continued in a more business-like tone: "Now, comrades, you will exercise your rights as free self-governing citizens. We Commissars lay down the tasks you assigned to us last year. In virtue of the honourable privilege of guidance still possessed by the Party, we shall propose a list of candidates for your election. After the election there will be the usual procession to demonstrate the solidarity of the world-proletariat . . ."

The election was over. Comrade Thirty-three and the girl he had once called Yellow Flower marched side by side in the procession, singing songs of the Revolution, carrying its venerated century-old tattered banners inscribed "Workers of the World Unite! You Have Nothing to Lose but Your Chains!" and similar slogans of the militant era of the Revolution.

"It's wonderful to think that the masses are doing this all over the world," remarked Thirty-three. "It's hard to realise it."

"Yes," she agreed. "There must be millions marching just as we are—in every land—and we are all brothers. In the old bourgeois time they used to make us fight each other. Doesn't that seem strange?"

He admired her for having carried his thought a little further. There was always something about little Yellow Flower which made her company more worth while than that of other girls. He had been a fool to lose sight of her. It would be nice to be intimate with someone he could talk to intelligently. The other comrades were stupid. They merely ate and made brutish love and slept. None of them had any interest in anything outside the petty topics of the Commune. He was conscious that he himself no longer took an interest in many things he had thought about as a lad. With Yellow Flower as a companion, life would be somehow quite different—utterly different—vividly worth while. He perceived that suddenly—with a queer, strange feeling inside him—a dizzy topsy-turvyness—a novel inward tremulousness. But perhaps she wouldn't want him—would only laugh at him? That humiliating apprehension made him absurdly tongue-tied as he marched by her side. He was glad when they struck up another revolutionary song.

The demonstration ended at last, with a final singing of the "Internationale" and a final shout of "Long live the World-Revolution, established everywhere for all time!" The comrades dispersed. Comrade Thirty-three turned to Yellow Flower, ventured what he had been phrasing to himself for the past half-hour.

"Say, comrade—if you like, I'll walk back with you."

"That's fine," she answered with a frank simplicity. "I was wondering whether you would. We ought to have lots to talk about."

They ought to have had lots to talk about, but somehow they didn't. As in the dusk they walked out of the town into the countryside they found only the stiffest of commonplace remarks to exchange. Under those awkwardnesses of conversation, Thirty-three was thinking that she was a better-looking girl than any other F-comrade he knew. He thought also that her hair was so richly golden that the name Yellow Flower was still appropriate.

"D'you remember," he asked suddenly, "when we were kids and played at being bourgeois? Of course you do—you called me Big Thunder in the Workers' Hall!" He laughed self-consciously.

"And you used to call me Yellow Flower," she said. "We were scared to death of being found out and punished as counter-revolutionary."

"We used to have all sorts of ideas in those days, didn't we?" It was stupid that he couldn't look straight at her, and tell her plumb out that he wanted her. He'd done it with dozens of other F-comrades, but Yellow Flower was certainly different.

He remembered that at one of the compulsory lectures for adolescents the instructress had referred slightingly to a bourgeois emotion called "Love"—something which made men and women think as individualists, picking out one person rather than another in a manner destructive of the mass-idea, and therefore utterly condemnable as counter-revolutionary. The entirely free association of the sexes decreed in revolutionary society had extirpated that old anti-social illusion. Funny how he should have remembered the comrade-instructress saying that, with all her long scientific words; it was difficult to think that anyone could ever have wanted *her*. But then she wasn't anything like Yellow Flower, with her fine upstanding body, her golden hair, and her eyes like the colour of the sky. Yellow Flower had attractively curved red lips too. Of course, kissing them would be merely a physical contact producing a specific reflex action. He had kissed the lips of any amount of F-comrades. But absurdly he wanted to kiss her lips more than he had ever wanted to kiss any lips in his life. Was he differentiating—being like an old-time bourgeois?

Yellow Flower broke the silence.

"D'you remember that old gardener who used to make us call him Bill?" she mused. "He's dead long ago, of course. He used to talk of his wife and baby—imagine, his *own* wife and baby!—that he had had in the bourgeois times——"

He nodded.

"It's a great thing to be emancipated from all that old nonsense. We are rational people nowadays."

He perceived a rough track leading off from the highway, unpleasantly populous with similarly returning comrades. He remembered that at the end of that track was a little wood, with a stream through it; an altogether unfrequented spot that once had been a suburban park. It seemed to him that there he might more easily ask Yellow Flower what he wanted to ask her. Somehow this publicity of the open road made it impossible. It was idiotic of him, but he couldn't help it. He wondered if it were a bourgeois streak in him to want to get off to some place alone.

"Come along here," he said abruptly. "I've got something to tell you."

She followed him docilely, without comment.

Not until they had reached the stream arched over by ancient trees did he speak. Then he turned to her, white-faced.

"I expect you'll hate me for being a bourgeois," he said desperately, "but I'm going to call you Yellow Flower like when we were kids, and not just a mass-number! And I want you to kiss me—not because you're an F-comrade—but because you're *you*—because you're Yellow Flower! Got it?" He ended with a brutal harshness.

He thought she was going to faint, she went so pale, looked at him so strangely.

"You—you mean——?"

He did not wait to answer; he caught her to him, kissed her hungrily on her mouth, felt—thrillingly, incredibly—that she kissed him. What was she murmuring? "Big Thunder—Big Thunder—I've thought of you so often—it's bourgeois of me too!"

They sat down on a fallen tree-trunk together.

"We're going to be mates, you and I," he said. "From to-day. We'll go back into the town and register. There's a vacant double quarter in my barrack."

She looked at him. He had never seen an F-comrade look at him that way before—had never seen one look so shyly.

"Do you mean"—she hesitated—"register—seriously—for a whole year?"

"For as long as I live—the other comrades'll jeer at us—but it doesn't matter. I don't care if they call me bourgeois. I don't care if it's against revolutionary morality. I want you—for keeps."

She was the oddest girl. Suddenly she slipped from the tree-trunk, knelt down, gazed up to the evening sky latticed over with branches.

"Little star!" she said, in an earnest voice. "Little star that knows me—that winks at me! You've always been good to me when I've asked you for things secretly. Keep Big Thunder with me for ever and ever!"

He was startled, disturbed in his conscience.

"That's superstition!" he said severely, as she rose to her feet.

"It's not!" she replied indignantly. "Superstition is only when you believe in something called God!" (*Continued on page 92*)

MRS. RADIANT talks on Health

Men don't understand

"If they did some of them would be a little more considerate than they are." When I hear women say that, I wonder if they take the right steps to be no more "off colour" than necessary and to make their difficult days less trying.

A well-known physician writing in *The Medical Press and Circular* on the ailments and pains peculiar to women mentions a preparation which he says "acts like a charm" in these cases, and the woman who follows his advice and uses this safe method of relieving her pain will make life at those times brighter for herself and those about her.

The preparation recommended by this doctor is Genasprin, the *safe* brand of aspirin, which can be taken without fear of endangering the heart or disturbing the digestion. The makers, who also manufacture Sanatogen, Genozo brand Toothpaste and other famous health products, offer to send readers of this magazine a free sample of Genasprin and a helpful booklet which deals, among other health matters, with this subject. The address is, The Manageress, Genatosan Ltd., 24, Derby Road, Loughborough, Leicestershire, and a postcard saying "Please send Genasprin sample and booklet" is all that is necessary to enable you to test for yourself the great value to women of this safe form of aspirin.

"All right!" he said. "Let's go back and get our ticket. There's just time before the bureau shuts."

It was a year later. M-comrade BWZ 2933 walked along the rutted entrance road to the Maternity Centre where Yellow Flower had had her first baby a month ago. It was visiting day. Mostly those others going to see their friends were F-comrades, but there were a few men. He got into conversation with one of them, a comrade twice as old as himself, dull and brutish-looking, walking with a grey-haired woman.

"Yes," answered the elderly man in response to his remark, "I've got an F-comrade there too. I don't suppose she cares whether she sees me or not—she's young, you know—but I'm hopin' I'll persuade her to register again with me for a few months at least. I've kept on my double quarter for her to come back." He glanced at Thirty-three. "When I was your age I never worried about 'em. One go, another come; there was always plenty o' F-comrades ready to pass the time o' day. Now it's different. It's always the young comrades they've got a smile an' nod for. I shan't easy get another if this one chucks me. An' when you've gotten used to havin' an F-comrade about, it's kinda lonely without her. O' course, I know it ain't right to talk like that. We're all mass-comrades together, an' one ought not to have preferences for one unit more'n another."

"It's all very well for you to talk," said the old woman. "It's worse for us. It'd be a mercy if they'd kill us F-comrades off when we gets to forty. Talk about kinda lonely! If it ain't great fun bein' an old man in single quarters, it's enough to drive you crazy sittin' around with a lot o' old hags in the Superannuated F-comrades Asylum. That's why I come along here whenever I can. Sometimes they lets me hold the babies."

Comrade Thirty-three heard them with an interior complacency. His own period of loneliness was imminently at an end. Yellow Flower had sworn faithfully to register with him again for another term, had eagerly begged him to promise likewise. She didn't need. Life was just not worth living without Yellow Flower. But to-day he was going to fetch her away.

They arrived at the Centre. On this gloriously fine summer day a number of newly born babies were out in cribs on the grass-plot in front of the old mansion. A uniformed F-comrade held in her arms one that cried as if it were going into convulsions, while exasperatedly with her foot she rocked the crib of another passionately squalling infant. The old woman clutched at her.

"Let me hold the baby, comrade," she said anxiously, "while you look after the other one. I'm a good hand at babies, sure—they'll always stop cryin' for me."

"All right," said the attendant indifferently. "Take it."

She went towards the building, leaving the infant in the old woman's arms. The old creature dandled it affectionately.

Thirty-three went on to the Centre with the elderly man. At the door his companion gave his own number and the number of his F-comrade to the hard-featured janitress. She glanced down her register.

"Can't be admitted!" she said curtly.

The elderly comrade went ashen.

"Why—why not?" he stammered.

"F 7829 says she doesn't want to see you any more."

"But, comrade!" he pleaded. "Let me in—just for a minute—I must speak to her—I must!"

The janitress shook her head.

"Can't be done! She's a free comrade. She says she doesn't want to see you any more, and there's an end of it." She turned to Thirty-three. "Yes, comrade? What number do you want?"

He was admitted without difficulty. Yellow Flower, fully dressed, was sitting in the long ward, the baby on her lap.

As he approached her he saw that her face was streaming with tears.

"Why—what's wrong?" he asked. "I've come to fetch you."

She clutched the baby to her. He had never seen her look like that before; it was as though she did not recognise him.

"They're taking him away from me to-day! My baby! Oh, I can't—I can't let him go!"

He spoke kindly to her.

"But, comrade, all the F-comrades give up their babies. It doesn't belong to you—it belongs to the State—to the mass."

She stared at him as though insane.

"It *is* mine!" she asserted passionately. "It's part of me—I bore it! And it's part of you, too—can't you see? Look how he's like you! He's part of both of us—our flesh and blood—and they want to take him away so that we shall never recognise him any more—so that he won't know us!"

He smiled tolerantly.

"Comrade, you talk like an old-time bourgeois—what would happen to the World-Revolutionary State if everybody behaved like this? You'd be starting individualism all over again."

She ignored that philosophy.

"He's yours, too, I tell you—can't you see he's yours? Can't you feel he's yours? You're his father as much as I'm his mother—doesn't that mean anything to you?"

He looked at the diminutive bit of humanity. The idea of fathership was completely alien to him—yet something stirred obscurely in him. Then "Comrade," he said gently, "this is just atavism. You must not be foolish. You know it is quite useless to behave like this——"

Again she ignored what he said.

"But I *shall* recognise him again!" she affirmed. "There's marks on his body—three moles under his left shoulder—always I shall be able to recognise him—my baby! My baby!"

The matron appeared in the ward, a uniformed young woman with her.

"It's time now," she said smilingly to Yellow Flower, "to hand over our little new citizen. Here's the comrade from the Crèche."

Yellow Flower shrieked. There was a painful scene.

A quarter of an hour later he was helping her affectionately along the rutted road from the Maternity Centre. She still sobbed, uncontrollably.

"Never mind," he said consolingly, as they reached the highway. "Don't think of it any more. We're going to be happy together again. You can soon have another baby."

She stopped abruptly, looked at him with a kind of horror.

"No," she said. "No! I couldn't. I couldn't. They'd only take it away like they've taken this. I never want any more babies. Never!"

He was embarrassed.

"Very well," he said soothingly. "We won't think about it. But come along now. We've a long way to go."

She remained motionless, shook her head.

"No, comrade. I'm sorry. I can't. I just can't. You've been very kind to me—but I can't. Every time I looked at you I should see *his* eyes—they're just the same as yours. And I should be in terror that I might have another baby—that I might have to go through all this again. I can't do it. I'd rather die. We must separate. You go back to the Lenin Colfarm. I'll go into the town and get transferred. I know how to weave and they're short of workers at the wool factory."

He heard her incredulously, while it seemed as if something icy gripped his heart, something that made him feel like death.

"But, comrade!" he protested. "Yellow Flower! You promised—I want you—I want you—I must have you with me——" His voice choked in that atrocious poignancy.

"I know, comrade—it's difficult—we're as bad as bourgeois, both of us—preferring each other out of the mass. But I can't—not now. Perhaps later on—when I've forgotten—they say all the F-comrades forget sooner or later—they

(*Continued on page* 94)

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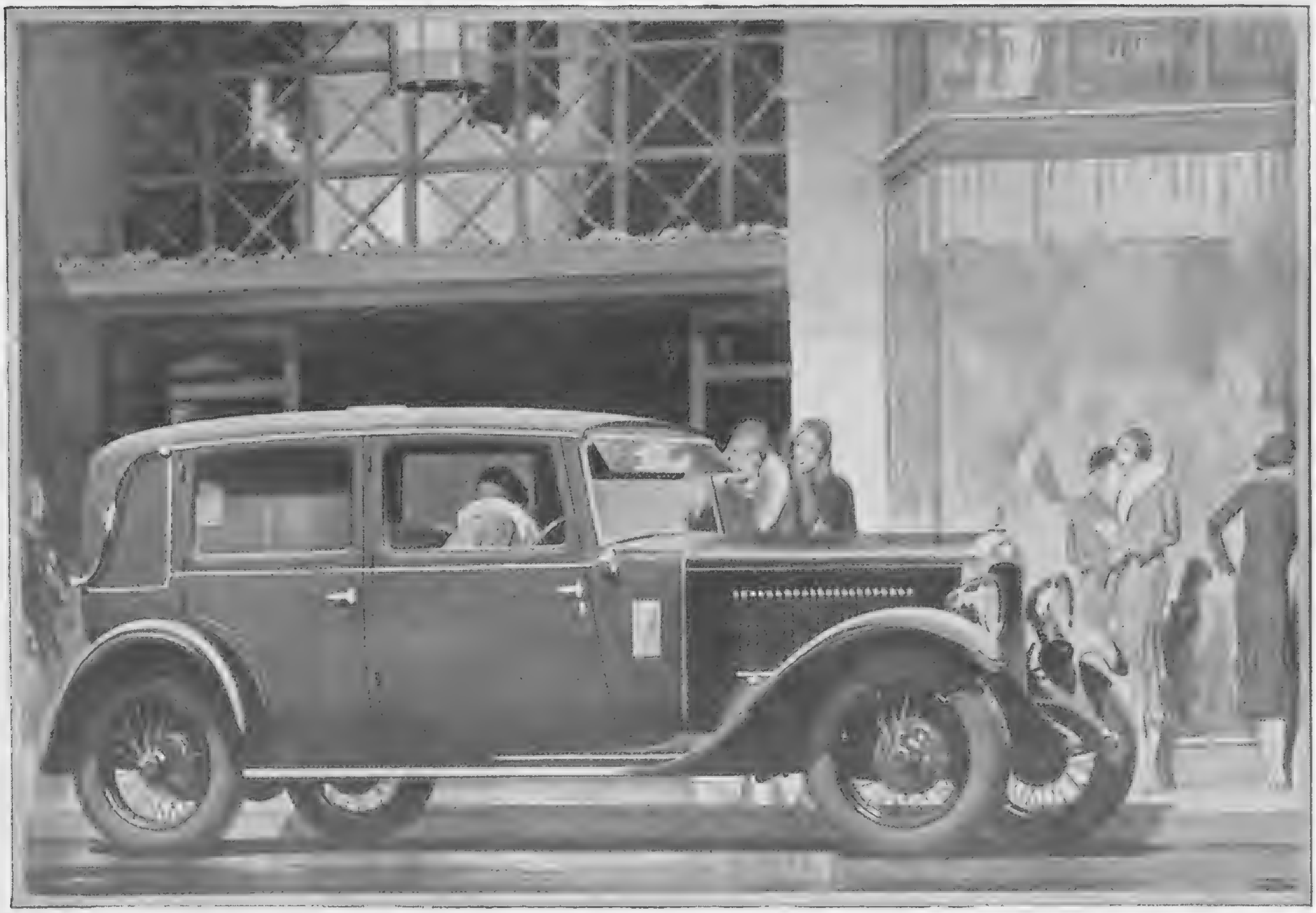
AS · DEPENDABLE · AS AN AUSTIN



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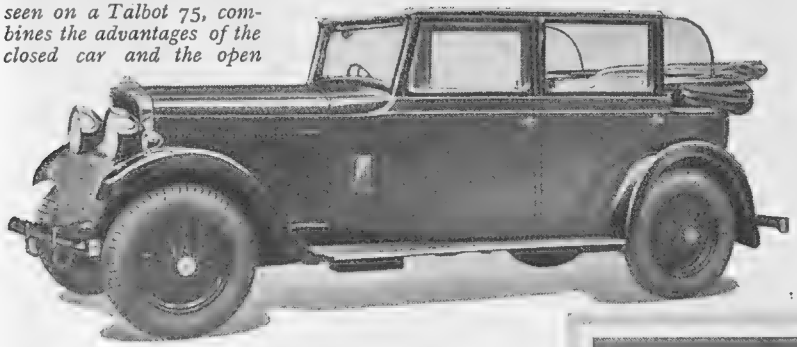


The Tickford de luxe coach-built sunshine saloon, here seen on a Talbot 75, combines the advantages of the closed car and the open

This Month's Motoring Hint

Re-focus your Headlamps

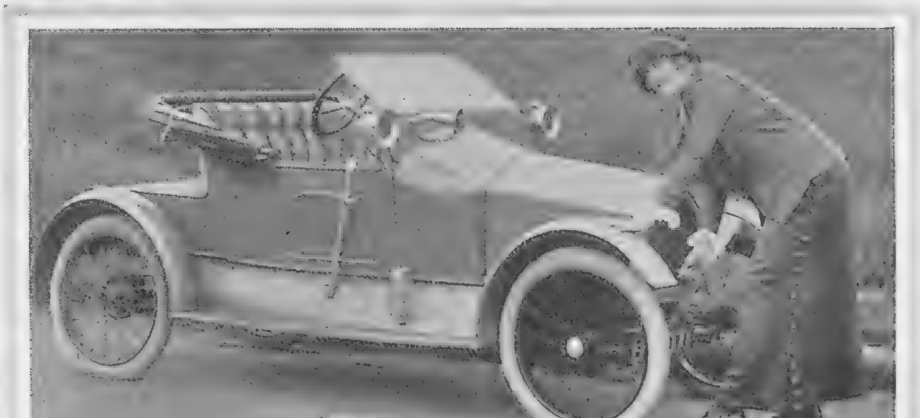
IT is remarkable how many of the cars seen on the road at night have one or both of their headlamps adjusted incorrectly. The driver is presumably aware of this, but he cannot be bothered to get out and fiddle with it in the dark.

The necessary adjustment can, however, be carried out in daylight by making use of the back wall of the garage, and by obscuring each lamp alternately it is easy to see which one is at fault. In re-focusing the lamps it is a good plan to have one throwing its beam a long way ahead and preferably just a trifle to the left. Most people prefer to have the other throwing its beam on to the left-hand hedgerow about fifty yards ahead, to pick out pedestrians and unlighted cyclists.

Saloon or Open Tourer?

Recent attempts to Combine the advantages of Both

By The Earl of Cardigan



Yesterday—

A Humber, but not the latest model! Ladies will be able to supply the date (1910) *from the costume of the fair owner. These little Humberettes, as they were called, were at this time very popular*

TO the great majority of motorists the choice of a new car merely means the choice of a new saloon. There may be some hesitation between the fabric and panelled types of coachwork, but there is never any doubt as to whether the car shall be an open or a closed one. The days when this question was debated seem to belong to a past age.

There are still a few drivers, however, who are faithful to the open car. It is a proof that they still exist in fair quantities that no maker has yet dared to exclude the tourer completely from his programme. Open any motor catalogue, and you will find at least one example of the touring car and one of the open two-seater. The dealer will tell you that these are not often asked for, but that there is a definite, though limited, demand for them.

The reason for this, I fancy, is that the majority of new cars are bought in the spring or early summer. If the majority of cars were bought during the winter months, it is probable that even the enthusiasts would turn to the enclosed types. With the prospect of fine weather, however, the additional enjoyment which an open car can give becomes a very strong inducement to a certain type of purchaser.

On a really fine summer morning a run on a good "solo" motor-cycle is probably the most delightful experience which mechanical travel has to offer. Next to this I would put either a flight in an open light aeroplane or a run in a good open tourer. Some people might put the aeroplane first, but in flying you lose the agreeable sensation of speed as soon as you are off the ground, and on a calm day the controls require practically no manipulation. At any rate, each and all of these machines can be placed well ahead of the conventional saloon car as an enjoyable means of travel during the four summer months.

YOU may pity the open car enthusiast when you meet him on a raw day in February, muffled up to the eyes to protect himself from the icy draughts that *will* creep in between the side screens. It is, however, very probable that he will not thank you for your sympathy. He may even smile to himself at your short-sightedness. He knows that you are more comfortable to-day than he is, but he also knows that in three months' time it is you, in all probability, who will be envying him.

It is natural, therefore, that ever since the saloon body was invented designers should have been trying to combine with it the advantages of the open tourer. The first "all-weather" bodies appeared before the war. They were far from satisfactory, being extremely heavy, cumbersome, and afflicted with innumerable squeaks and rattles, but they had quite a considerable sale. Various "all-weather" devices have appeared since, and the latest of them—the sliding roof—although admittedly something of a makeshift, has achieved considerable popularity.

Undoubtedly the most consistently successful of modern "all-weather" bodies was designed about five years ago by Mr. Salmons, of the well-known firm of that name. It has become familiar to motorists as the Tickford All-Weather Saloon, and can be fitted to any make of chassis. There are probably far more of these bodies in service than most people realise, since their appearance when closed is practically indistinguishable from that of an ordinary saloon. Moreover, they do not announce themselves by rattling, being solidly made of selected, seasoned timber.

The design of these Tickford bodies is exceedingly ingenious. The window frames are rigid, but the whole of the roof, which is of best quality leather, folds down at the back. The unique feature is that the raising and lowering of this roof (I will not call it a "hood," since it is sufficiently solid to contain a glass rear light and an electric light fitting) is achieved simply by turning a handle which is fitted into an aperture just over the near side rear mudguard. Two simple catches hold the forward end on to the windscreen, and it is therefore a perfectly accurate statement to say that "a child can do it."

The solidity of this roof when it is raised is quite remarkable. Concealed wires become taut, and grip the tops of the window frames so tightly that one would have difficulty in inserting so much as the point of a pen-knife into the joint. There can be no question of leakage or draughts. When lowered, the folded roof is reasonably compact—it is not pressed down quite flat to avoid creasing the leather—and the whole operation, either up or down, can be carried out, thanks to the winding device, in something like ten seconds.

A proof of the increasing popularity of the Tickford body is that the price of it is now very reasonable. Roughly speaking, it may be said that the price of this body on any medium-sized chassis varies between £150 and £200. When it is produced in large quantities, the price is, of course, proportionately lower, as in the case of the 7 h.p. Triumph.

The appearance of this car when open is very similar to that of a tourer with the side-screens in position. The only difference is that, as in the case of every "all-weather" body, the appearance of the folded roof is not so neat as that of a tourer's hood. There is no doubt that the open touring car gives the designer the best possible opportunity of achieving really graceful and harmonious "lines," and that the lower and more open he builds it the more graceful the effect.

A Popular Revival

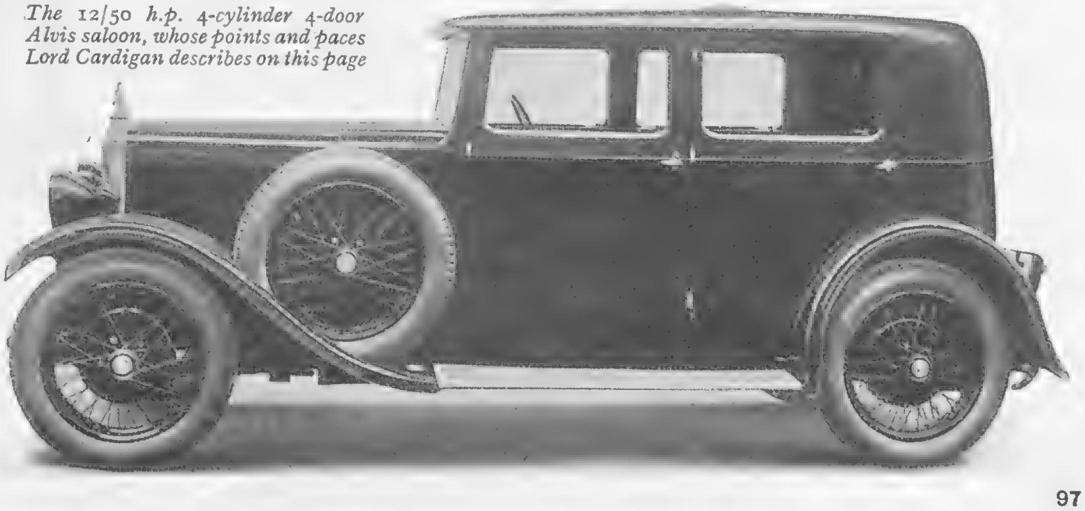
The 12 h.p. ALVIS stages a successful "Come-back"

EVER since the first introduction of six- and eight-cylinder cars, a lot of nonsense has been talked about the imminent disappearance of the once-popular four-cylinder engine. Many writers seem to have taken it for granted that the motorist, once having been shown a "six," will never again be content with a "four." This suggestion was first made about twenty years ago, and yet to-day we still find some of the most popular cars on the road equipped with four cylinders only. Many a firm has built up its reputation solely on cars of this type, and I can think of at least one firm which has definitely lost some of its prestige since it concentrated exclusively on "sixes."

—And To-day

Different modes and different clothes for travel. The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce with a Bluebird aeroplane and the Humber car on which she competed in the last Monte Carlo Rally

In the case of the Alvis a six-cylinder car was introduced some years ago, and at once won for itself a deservedly high reputation. Latterly the "Silver Eagle" model has been no less successful. In the meantime, however, the makers apparently lost faith in their original four-cylinder 12 h.p. model, and temporarily ceased to produce it.



The 12/50 h.p. 4-cylinder 4-door Alvis saloon, whose points and paces Lord Cardigan describes on this page

Now—and this is the point that interests me—they have found that there is so genuine a demand for the "four" among their clients that they have entirely reversed their policy in order to re-introduce it.

This is particularly striking when one considers that the 12 h.p. Alvis was never a cheap car. To-day it sells at prices between £400 and £450, in direct price competition with a great number of 16 h.p. "sixes." The only possible explanation is that certain people still definitely prefer a four-cylinder engine of really high quality to the slightly smoother, but rather less interesting, six-cylinder unit.

IT is not difficult, when one drives one of the latest 12 h.p. models, to understand this preference. The little engine is so very much "alive," and has a performance which, for its size, is quite astonishing. It is quite as flexible as any ordinary person could wish, and yet has a maximum speed of approximately 70 m.p.h. in top gear and 50 m.p.h. in "third." As the particular car lent to me was practically new, I thought it best to limit my actual tests to speeds of 60 and 40 m.p.h. respectively, but in each case there was clearly a margin of some 10 m.p.h. in hand.

Acceleration proved to be excellent, and particularly good in the very convenient third gear. The latter ratio is ideal for traffic work, and enables a very high average to be maintained in hilly districts. The gears are easy to manipulate, and the instant response is a strong incentive to make full use of them.

The steering is very light, and has an ample lock, and the brakes are powerful without any suspicion of fierceness. The hand- and foot-brake both act on all four wheels—a system which works very effectively. The springing, for a short-wheelbase vehicle, struck me as being quite exceptional. On one occasion I deliberately took a level crossing much in excess of my usual speed, and the effect upon the car was almost negligible.

The coachwork of the saloon which I drove was most attractive, and, like all Alvis bodies, contrived to combine comfort with elegance, including a number of detail refinements without any suggestion of "fussiness." The front seat was adjustable, and the controls very conveniently placed. I noticed, however, that my hat touched the roof when I was sitting moderately upright, so that I should not advocate this particular model for tall persons.

There is no doubt that this is a car which can put up a really fine performance, quite out of proportion with its size. It should appeal particularly to the owner-driver, who likes to travel economically and fast and to get the best out of his machine. The new Alvis is, in fact, a fine vindication of the high-efficiency four-cylinder engine, and an outstanding example of a small car which has been built on a basis of quality rather than price. Its market may be limited, but I am taking no risks in predicting its success.

Enter N*ow*...

for the "Eve"

Northern Foursomes, 1931

The Welcome of Woodhall Spa

By Eleanor E. Helme

Chocolates for everyone, including the dogs, will be found at Woodhall again this year

Mrs. Lance Foley, Mrs. Dudley Charles, Mrs. Firth and Miss Merry smiling along at the 1930 Northern Foursomes

THE moment has arrived when the wise golfer sits down, first to the telephone to secure the very right partner for the adventure, and next to her desk to fill up an entry form. The entry form for the Northern Foursomes promoted by BRITANNIA AND EVE is out—staring you in the face, in fact, on the opposite page. There are all the dry-as-dust particulars of what are the handicap conditions, the names and prices of the hotels, everything, in fact, which an intending competitor can want to know, except perhaps the most important of all, which no formal conditions can set out—the answer to " Shall I enjoy myself there ? "

Nobody who has ever been to Woodhall Spa wants reassuring on that point, and habitués of the course would even risk their reputation as wise counsellors by being entirely emphatic about the matter. " If you don't enjoy Woodhall, you couldn't enjoy any first-class course." And that is really the long and the short of it. Lincolnshire, except the dunes along the coast, does not perhaps sound the land of dreams for golf, but there is no doubt about it that when you arrive at Woodhall you forget all about fens and dykes and cabbages, even about acres of bulbs vying with Holland itself, and exclaim joyfully, " Oh, my word, what a gorgeous course ! "

It has sand of the purest, turf of the springiest, greens of the truest. Hazards are of the most testing; some entirely natural, some cunningly interwoven with those of Nature's providing, slopes which lead you away into heather or trees or flanking bunkers, firs and birches which compel you to play the hole as a dog's leg. There is not one hole like another, not one shot which fails to interest you or allows you to be careless over its destination. If you are long, you must also be straight ; if you can keep straight, length will still reap its reward ; but if you are merely straight and short—well, your lengthy opponents may very easily go a-wandering in the heather or the woods, and you, by dint of taking diligent thought, may arrive at the bottom of the tin in just as few strokes as they. Brains, in fact, are sometimes better than brawn at Woodhall, though a combination of the two is certainly best of all.

And always and everywhere that beautiful sandy turf, and the pleasant feeling that you are away out in the country, with plenty of good keen, clean Lincolnshire air blowing in to you from Skegness, twenty miles to the east. A spot that will brace you, and your golf too, and send you away a better golfer than you came, even if you have met with early defeat.

EARLY defeat, however, is to be assuaged this year with some sort of consolation competition. Details are not yet exactly fixed. Some good object will undoubtedly benefit, just as the National Playing Fields Association were the richer by over £16 for the consolation medal rounds which were played during the Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry last June ; but what precisely that object will be, or what the conditions of play—these things and exactly how many prizes will be given are still waiting to be arranged. The March number shall reveal them. But at all events there will be something, so that competitors shall have real legitimate excuse for several more rounds at Woodhall after they are beaten in the Foursomes, instead of an inconvenient prick of conscience telling them that they ought to return at once to sorrowing families or other duties.

There are plenty of surrounding attractions in any case. Lincoln is only nineteen miles away, and a quarter that distance is Tattershall, that grand example of medieval brickwork, perhaps the finest in the kingdom, with the wonderful fireplaces which Lord Curzon saved a few years ago from taking a journey to America. April 14th to 17th means a sufficiency of daylight, a hope of good weather. Woodhall is really in the country ; if the wild lilies of the valley are not out in the woods, if it is a trifle early for the nightingale, we may surely expect to hear the cuckoo, see a first swallow.

THAT is all assuming that anybody has any thoughts beyond the immediate one of playing the course as it should be played and so defeating their opponents. Opposition is likely to be strong and determined. The holders of the Northern cups are Miss Rudgard and Mrs. Bradshaw, who came through at Alwoodley last year with the added lustre of a final win from the holders of the moment, Miss D. R. Fowler and Miss Lobbett. When the Northern took place at Woodhall in 1928 Miss Rudgard was also the winner, though that time it was Miss Worsley who partnered her to victory. The " Eve " One Day Spring Medal Foursomes entry form will appear next month.

Mrs. Bradshaw and Miss Rudgard won at Alwoodley in 1930. Can they give the odds again at Woodhall?

The Competition Craze

Does it help your Golf?

AT the dawn of a new season even the least ambitious golfer is filled with some sort of determination to play better. It may merely be that somebody has given her some new balls for Christmas, or that the evenings are lengthening, or that some fresh friend acquired during the long dull winter has given her the wish to improve; the desire is there. How shall she achieve it? In particular, would a good dose of competition golf be salutary?

OUR CLUB COMPETITION

Heartiest congratulations to Langholm, the first Scottish holders of our Club Competition Challenge Cup, to Thonock, who are second, as they were in 1929, and to Ryde (Holders), who are third.
All three have received prizes for competition among their members during 1931.

Most undoubtedly. You may have dozens of lessons, practise assiduously all by yourself with one club (a very wholesome discipline), or indulge in the daily friendly with some boon companion. But none of these things, nor even a judicious admixture of all three, will get you so much as a twig further up the golfing tree unless you go in for competitions.

The reasons are largely mental, like many things connected with golf. Steel your heart as you may, there is an inevitable flutter of the heart, a sinking of the knees, as you step on to the first tee for your first competition. If it is not merely a club competition but an open meeting, or still more a championship of some sort, the sensation is even more acute.

Then gradually you will find that, really, with your handicap off, you are not such a very long way behind the winners. You reflect that with a few less putts you would even have headed the list.

And that is one of the great benefits of competition golf. Competitions teach you the value of good putting, and anything which sends you out to practise long and carefully with the putter is worth more than almost anything else in the life of a long handicap golfer.

THE "EVE" NORTHERN FOURSOMES

(Ninth year)

The "Eve" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1931, will be held at Woodhall Spa, Lincs, by kind invitation, April 14th and following days.

Holders: MISS RUDGARD and MRS. BRADSHAW.

CONDITIONS.

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but EVE reserves the right to accept entries from visitors from other countries without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, BRITANNIA AND EVE Office, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, March 26th.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play.

EVE reserves the right to close the entry list before March 26th should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Some form of consolation competition for defeated players will take place after the first day. Particulars will be announced next month.

WOODHALL SPA, LINCS. **NO ENTRANCE FEE**

"EVE" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Ninth Year)

ENTRY FORM.

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, "BRITANNIA & EVE" Office, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, March 26th.

"Eve" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Woodhall Spa, on April 14, 1931, and following days.

Please enter

Mrs. } *Miss* } ....

of..................................*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*..................

Home address..

Telephone number..

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. } *Miss* } ....

of..................................*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*..................

Home address..

Telephone number..

Please notify change of partner, handicap or address, to Miss Helme, as above, or after April 11th to Golf Hotel, Woodhall Spa, Lincs. Tel. 8 Woodhall Spa.

The "EVE" Golf Competitions

Results of the DECEMBER Monthly Medal Competition

CLASS I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

The divisions for "Britannia and Eve" Monthly Spoons are now in accordance with the new L.G.U. division of handicaps, namely:—18 and under in the Silve division: 19 to 36 in the Bronze.

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. J. E. Tanner	Meyrick & Queen's Pk., Bournemouth	90	16	74	79	5 Below
Miss D. Goldsworth	Birkdale	83	11	72	75	3 ,,
Miss Gwen Bamber	Hesketh	88	15	73	76	3 ,,
Mrs. Rostion	Tollygunge	85	14	71	73	2 ,,
Mrs. Alice Kippax	Ashton-under Lyne	90	17	73	71	2 ,,
Mrs. R. Straker	Croham Hurst	81	7	74	76	2 ,,
Mrs. Panikkar	Ashton-under Lyne	81	9	72	71	1 Above
Mrs. S. Hall	Ashton-under Lyne	90	18	72	71	1 ,,
Miss F. Simpson	Chesterfield	92	18	74	18	1 ,,
Miss Sutherland	Hockley	90	16	75	74	1 ,,
Mrs. Edwards	Kingsthorpe	99	18	81	76	5 ,,
Mrs. Hastie	Cowes	97	17	80	72	8 ,,
Mrs. W. Rose	Thonock	95	14	81	70	11 ,,
Miss Parker	Cowes	108	17	91	73	18 ,,
Mrs. Lyman	Ryde	101	11	90	70	20 ,,

CLASS II (Handicaps over 18)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. E. Martin	Tollygunge	97	36	61	73	12 Below
Miss Yvonne E. Pickard	South Lodge	103	36	67	75	8 ,,
Miss E. Grimes	Sherwood Forest	100	29	71	77	6 ,,
Mrs. Adams-Williams	Tollygunge	99	31	68	73	5 ,,
Mrs. Ernest Lane	Worsley	105	36	69	74	5 ,,
Miss E. Black	Hawkestone Park	109	35	74	78	4 ,,
Mrs. C. W. Middleton	Tollygunge	96	26	70	73	3 ,,
Miss Hudson	Frilford Heath	99	27	72	75	3 ,,
Miss G. T. Cotterill	Sandwell Park	97	23	74	75	1 ,,
Mrs. G. Napier	Arbroath Artisan	100	22	78	79	1 ,,
Mrs. J. Gardner	Worsley	93	19	74	74	Equal
Miss E. Story	Ryde	92	19	73	70	3 Above
Mrs. C. J. Beaton	Hunstanton	105	23	82	79	3 ,,
Mrs. J. C. Bell	Langholm	97	19	78	74	4 ,,
Miss O. Lowe	Tamworth	106	29	77	72	5 ,,

"EVE" Club Competitions. Leading results for December

Club.	Membership.	Entries.	Percentage.	Club.	Membership.	Entries.	Percentage.
Langholm	76	31	40·78	Hawkstone Pk.	43	1	2·32
Ryde	68	18	26·47	Worsley	150	2	1·34
Thonock	80	11	13·75	Hockley	80	1	1·25
Cowes	62	7	11·29	Kingsthorpe	87	1	1·15
Tamworth, Ltd.	70	7	10·00	Sandwell Pk.	90	1	1·11
Chesterfield	78	3	3·84	Bournemouth (Meyrick Pk.)	98	1	1·02

Position of the leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup

Club.		Percentage.	Club.	Percentage
Langholm	**Wins Cup**	**62·69**	Cowes	14·78
Thonock		53·79	Trentham	12·33
Ryde		32·05	Rugby	8·24
Tamworth		26·75	Nuneaton	5·05

SHOTS OF THE MONTH

BRITANNIA AND EVE have much pleasure in congratulating the following players who have holed in one:—

Miss Purves	8th hole at Colwyn Bay Golf Course.
Miss A. Marshall	at North Surrey Golf Course.
Miss O. K. Barrett	18th hole at Saunton Golf Course.

"EVE" NORTHERN FOURSOMES, 1931

Hotels at Woodhall Spa

The "EVE" Headquarters will be—

GOLF HOTEL, adjoining the course. Inclusive terms, 18s. per day, or, with private bathroom, 21s.

There are also, within six minutes' walk of the course:

EAGLE LODGE HOTEL. Inclusive terms, 15s. per day for not less than a three days' stay.

SPA HOTEL. Inclusive terms 17s. per day.

WOODLANDS PRIVATE HOTEL. Inclusive terms, 15s. per day, or 12s. 6d. without lunch.

All entries for EVE'S *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* BRITANNIA AND EVE *for the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards,** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* BRITANNIA AND EVE, **Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the Course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

"EVE" GOLF COUPON **FEB.**

Name *Mrs.* *Miss* ....

Address ....

....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of..................................of which I am a member.

THE CHILDREN'S SALON

AND

Competition Circles

PATRONS: H.R.H. The Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, etc.

● NO AGE LIMIT
MONEY PRIZES

Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 1890

For Girls, Boys and Grown-ups interested in Art, Literature, Needlework, Photography, etc.

Conducted by "LEVANA"

COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, November 17

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Maud Girdlestone, G.C.S. 5691. Hon. Mention: H. J. S. Cameron, G.C.S. 5805; Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4523.

Literature Competition.—Poem Suitable for a Christmas Card. Prize 10s. Awarded to W. H. G. Reed, G.C.S. 5725. Hon. Mention: Isabelle Patrick-Wilson, G.C.S. 5779; Gladys M. Cumpstey, G.C.S. 4573; Jill Maunsell, G.C.S. 5693; Muriel Malvern, G.C.S. 5808.

Needlework Competition.—Anything White. Prize 10s. Divided between Louisa M. Shaw, G.C.S. 5718, and Christina H. Collinge, G.C.S. 5724.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Portrait Study. Prize 10s. Divided between Kathleen V. Halsall, M.C.S. 2917, and Isabel Jackson, M.C.S. 3191. Hon. Mention: Gwendoline Bertelsman, M.C.S. 3126; Yvonne Earle, M.C.S. 2719; Marjorie Dennis, M.C.S. 2750.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 10s. Awarded to Arnold Parkin, M.C.S. 2791. Hon. Mention: Hetty Duckham, M.C.S. 3155; Avril Reynolds, M.C.S. 3202.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Design for a Christmas Card or Calendar. Prize 5s. Awarded to Mora Hope Robertson, A.C.S. 912. Hon. Mention: Betty Weir, A.C.S. 1346; Peggy Dewsbury, A.C.S. 1283.

Literature Competition.—What I should Like for Christmas. Prize 5s. Awarded to G. Anthony Hern, A.C.S. 1407. Hon. Mention: Jean Menzies, A.C.S. 1332.

Open to All: Snapshot Competition

First Prize 10s. Awarded to Gwendoline Bertelsman, M.C.S. 3126.

Second Prize 5s. Awarded to Génia Ponisovsky, M.C.S. 2837.

Hon. Mention: Theodora Fuller, G.C.S. 4998; Pamela Searight, A.C.S. 3189; Peggy M. Adès, M.C.S. 2872.

Award of Prizes, December 1

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Design for a Dance Poster. Prize 10s. Divided between Dolly Davies, G.C.S. 5700, and May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523.

Literature Competition.—A Sonnet entitled "Winter." Prize 10s. Awarded to Maud Higgins, G.C.S. 5649. Hon. Mention: Muriel Malvern, G.C.S. 5808; Annie M. Waters, G.C.S. 5761.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Kitty Earp, M.C.S. 2816. Hon. Mention: Ursula A. C. Moss, M.C.S. 3080; Mary A. Jones, M.C.S. 2708.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Joan Hibbit, M.C.S. 3132. Hon. Mention: Alison Ackroyd, M.C.S. 3042; Irene Walker, M.C.S. 3195.

Elsie Wilson, M.C.S. 3098, dog lover and needlewoman. Her clever sampler, which appears on page 101, carried off the prize in the recent special sampler competition

Competition Rules

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature, and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*
2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*
3. *No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*
4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*
5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2.*

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Something taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured. Prize 5s. Awarded to Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422. Hon. Mention: Betty Weir, A.C.S. 1346.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 5s. Awarded to Ena Swycher, A.C.S. 1403. Hon. Mention: Stella Bull, A.C.S. 1083; Ursula Scott Morris, A.C.S. 1275; Lesley Brooks, A.C.S. 1424.

SPECIAL SAMPLER COMPETITION

Prize £1 1s.

Awarded to Elsie Wilson, M.C.S. 3098.

Consolation Prize: A book. Angel Verschoyle, M.C.S. 3136.

Hon. Mention: Kathleen H. Bell, G.C.S. 5754; Sylvia Rimmer, M.C.S. 2266; Honor Fielding, M.C.S. 3166; Diana Wilton, M.C.S. 3192; D. M. Thompson, G.C.S. 5820.

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS

(November 17)

Avril Reynolds.—Sincere and interesting, but the writing rather mannered. The opening is too detailed for so short a paper. Very promising work, however. Faulty foreshortening needs attention in the sketch, but the grip of character and the realistic treatment are admirable.

T. M. P. John.—The method is quite good, but the plot is too improbable. Anne's success in fooling the soldiery is altogether too easily achieved. There is plenty of latent drama in the situation; try to develop it.

Gladys M. Cumpstey.—"Unsought" seems a little odd, in this connection. Otherwise pretty in composition and sentiment, and a welcome break-away from the conventional.

Jennifer Skinner.—This begins well, but towards the end the subject is not so well thought out or expressed. This is a common condition with essays, but it can be avoided by scheming the last lines as carefully as the first.

Barbara J. Heaver.—An excellent plan, very clearly set out. If acquiring the language is so important it might be better to stay in the capital, as the time is, comparatively, so short. All success to the scheme!

Lilian Ingleby.—Always avoid life histories in a short story. You have enough material here for a book. The first part is well done; the rest is over-summarised, of necessity, it is true, but the interest vanishes in consequence.

Norman F. Bunker.—Very well done, indeed, all through. Perhaps, while Julian is actually asleep, the narrative could take a slightly more extravagant turn. It would interest the reader still more, on looking back, to trace a subtle difference between sleeping and waking.

Catherine M. Baldwin.—The last verse should closely follow the interesting method of the other two, and the second line, verse two, needs further consideration. Otherwise quite good.

Sylvia A. Reed.—You decidedly have the knack of telling a story well. The finish is too inconclusive, but on the whole this shows distinct promise.

Nancie Berners-Wilson.—White on tint is dangerously seductive and easily leads to forced effect. A completely faithful registration of only what one sees, omitting all else that one knows to be there, is the spirit of successful drawing. Style comes second.

Our Portrait Gallery

William Wilson, M.C.S. 3147, who competes in our Art section

Beatrice Allison.—A very difficult plot to handle successfully, especially in this manner. The first half is the more convincing. The pathos of the disappointment might be stressed further.

Hilda Hancock.—This is less expert than your last. A good idea, but not worked out with sufficient care. Have another shot at it.

Hetty Duckham.—The surprise is a neat one, and just what was needed to clinch the interest. I should cut out the suggestion of further investigation by Mr. Furness the next day. Keep the good climax free from other ideas, which only distract the attention and minimise the effect.

Annie M. Waters.—Get a better second line to verse two, or cut it out altogether. The rest is charming.

Gwendoline R. Allen.—Very well written, but a little weak in plot. Invention is the essential thing for a story of this type, never at all easy to do well, even for the most experienced hands.

Christine Skelton.—Rather too drawn out. Shorten it wherever possible and you will increase the interest. It is by no means without promise. By the way, there is no "Swiss" language. Correct that slip.

G. E. M. Moss.—Everything very well placed and excellent in proportion, but the formalised method disregards the subtle possibilities of the soft point, like a line engraving or pen drawing. With a freer hand you ought to do very fine work.

Aileen S. Piper.—You have suggested type and character very well without proportional measurements or consistent drawing. Your sitter probably moved a little without your notice. The volume from back to front of the head, the length of the nose and the size of the eye are all a bit out and, with the ear, need revision, but there is good promise.

Mary A. Jones.—The bold touch of your flourish makes the handling of the head look stiff and weak by contrast, but there is charmingly felt work in the eyes and mouth. The head is slightly asymmetric and the lobe of the ear should be shown.

Isobel M. Gill.—When full tone is used black outline should disappear, as it is only a preliminary guide. There is good work in your study, but you have made too much of incident and not enough of mass. A difficult angle well tried.

Kathleen Valerie Halsall.—A very artistic sketch full of suggested character and action. On a smooth, soft paper you would have had more control and got even more suggestion of life and roundness. Very excellent work.

Pamela Searight.—A well suggested type, pleasantly sketchy and decorative. The eye does not quite come off and the ear is rather evaded. The big neck muscle, sterno-clidon mastoid, starts from behind the ear, a fact worth remembering.

Yvonne Earle.—A difficult angle well tried; the far side of face a fraction out. Some good colour, but the sense of bone forms is rather missed. Within a little of being extremely good.

Myrtle Cook.—The hair is so good, if a little tight, that the treatment of the face looks rather thin by contrast. Dare a little more tone and freedom and remember that the iris is a slightly convex circle upon a nearly globular base.

Isabel Jackson.—Decidedly clever, but rather carved—too keenly seen and expressed all over. The hand is not as well drawn as the head and neck, both structurally admirable. Seriously good work.

Diana Wilton.—This is doubtless an artistic joke at the expense of the lady whose name appears below. Unless one knows the original one cannot judge of caricature, though this has the earmarks of a success.

Louisa M. Shaw.—A particularly pretty pattern. So much crochet is commonplace in design, quite needlessly, of course; this has distinction, and in addition the work is good.

Helen Weippert.—Your house is rather too much in the exact centre of the picture, but is neatly sketched in and attractive in itself. The M for "merry" should have been a capital to harmonise with the A and C.

Ann Hannay.—The idea is not at all bad, but the development of it is rather scrappy. You really need more room to get it going properly. Treat this as a skeleton only and work at it again in greater detail.

Dolly Davies.—Stylish, but a little thin in quality. Aim at a better realisation of textures; your work is artistic, but in this case not sufficiently venturesome.

The Children's SALON

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—The story is very well done, but if it is intended that the reader shall guess the identity of the lady at once, the latter half must be differently treated. Your solid black demands that the whole should be enclosed by a strong line to make it a decorative success. Rather Egyptian, but striking and not without charm.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—The germ of a good story is here. But this is, of course, only an outline. Try to fill it in a little more, avoiding mention of the law. Make the doctor a strong, wise man, and keep your present end. A very sympathetic and charming drawing, full of character and actuality, but rather faint and silver-pointy. Try soft, smooth paper for pencil work; it greatly helps execution, as a very soft point can be used.

Ann F. Walker.—A study in this style would be better without a background contained by a hard line. A wash with edges left rough is the best. In the same way the neck of the horse should not have finished off in a straight line.

Marjorie Dennis.—An attractive piece of portraiture with the charm of the model delightfully revealed. The almost black pencilled shadows round eyes and between lips are exaggerations, however, which must be avoided.

Alison Ackroyd.—The method of the narrative is good particularly in the first half. The latter part is not quite so clearly handled. I think you have compressed it too much.

Barbara Hannay.—The first verse is the better of the two, the latter is a little too reminiscent. I think you could give the lines a twist to avoid this. It is worth while to make the effort.

Isabelle Patrick-Wilson.—Right up to the last line this is charming, but the end must be more neatly phrased. You can get it right, I feel sure. The study is very skilful, quite a *tour de force*, but it seems a pity to treat such a subject in body colour.

W. H. G. Reed.—The last four lines are not quite so good as the preceding four, but this is a happy escape from the hackneyed phraseology associated with the time.

Betty Weir.—The lettering in both instances could be better both in style and drawing, but the figures are excellent. A better method of suggesting features should be aimed for.

Christina H. Collinge.—Very capably tackled. Not quite up to the level of your embroidery, but still very good and most acceptable; my many thanks.

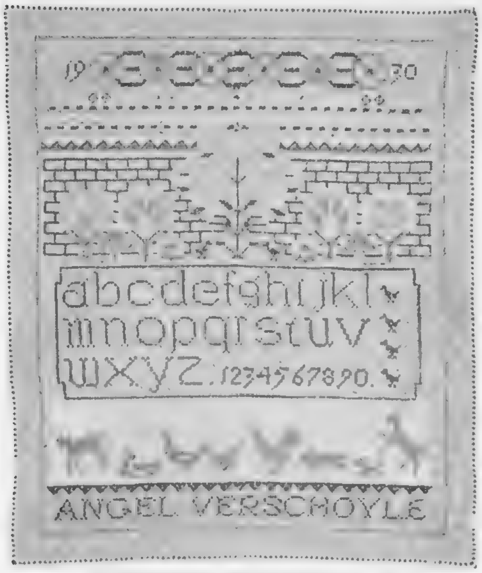
Maud Girdlestone.—Very fine colour and tone. What a pity the edges are so roughly cut—is it part of a larger group? The poem is facile, but an attempt should be made to avoid too hackneyed an outlook.

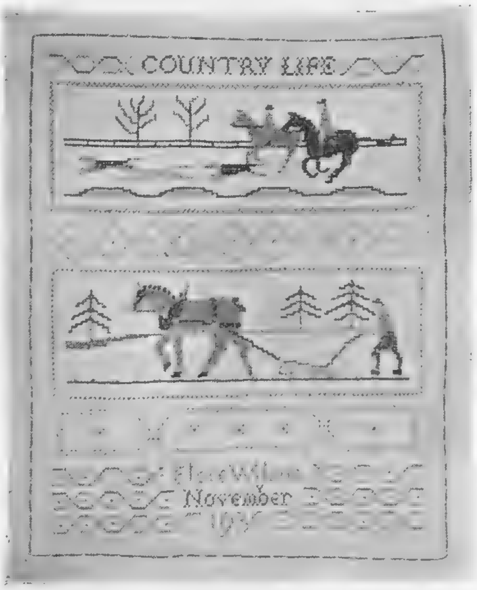
Beryl White.—The first part of the essay is better than the rest, in which the sentences are somewhat jerkily introduced. Spelling excellent for your age.

G. Anthony Hern.—The style is a bit stilted, but the paper is exceptionally well expressed all through. Cultivate an easier manner, especially for such subjects.

Result of our Special Sampler Competition

MANY charming specimens of this delightful art were submitted for this competition, which was won by Elsie Wilson, M.C.S. 3098, with the sporting and agricultural example on the right. On the left is Angel Verschoyle's dainty entry, which takes a consolation prize, and the up-to-date sampler seen below was from the clever needle of Kathleen H. Bell, G.C.S. 5754.





H. J. S. Cameron.—Extremely pleasant colour, but the treatment is over-decorative for a still life study, and the jug is a bit too obviously in the centre of the composition.

Gwen Sweeting.—Lips and hair are emphasised a bit strongly and the effect attained scarcely suggests a portrait from life. The delicacy of your line work is very attractive, but needs reference to the living model.

Barbara Reece.—Excellent in feeling and breadth of treatment. The actual skull seems rather on the small side, and the brow is also small for the rest of the features. Note proportions very carefully at the start.

Cynthia Powell.—A gallant attempt to deal with a very difficult subject. Trees need careful analysis to get their values right. Sketch direct from nature whenever you can.

Mora Hope Robertson.—Charming in its originality and as a colour scheme. Details are a bit weak—the bird on the post could not carry a spray so heavy—but in all other essentials this is excellent.

Joyce Bidder.—Technically excellent, with some fine passages of colour, but very hard and photographic in quality. Give more play to this lovely medium, remembering its fluid nature.

Rena Recaldin.—Clever use of two colours, and very satisfactory in design for its purpose. You are making sound progress.

Maud Schwabe.—This appears to be a good portrait in spite of inaccuracies of proportion, i.e., eyes very large and nose far too small. No doubt characteristics lay in this direction, but I think you have exaggerated them.

N. Hopwood.—Bold and satisfying, but rather a mixture in the matter of styles. Look carefully at different types of first-class pencil sketches, for guidance. Very sincere work.

S. E. Stallibrass.—On the whole excellent; details, however, need a more refined touch, especially in respect of the feathers on breast and wing.

Dahlia Anson.—This method gives volume, but in realising the modelling you have missed delicate accuracy in the outline. It is important, of course, to keep both in mind.

Ann Broadwood.—Refer to nature for facts if you are not sure. The robin's head is never red, only the breast. The pose is good and the colour pleasant.

Diana Seth Smith.—The little figures are not at all badly indicated, but the tree is rather too large for the rest of the design. Keep your washes as clear and smooth as possible.

Joan M. Dudley.—Your use of the medium is charming, particularly in the way in which hat, legs and feet are treated, but proportions are exaggerated. Constant sketching from life can assist you over this stile.

Ursula Scott Morris.—An exceedingly pleasant and successful design, charming in its general scheme, and dainty in detail. Look at some good examples of lettering.

Peggy Dewsbury.—Very artistic—if original, very good indeed. The neat handling of the medium is particularly praiseworthy. The lettering is rather a tight fit.

Joan Noall.—Half-close your eyes and then record as nearly as possible just what that reveals. It is not possible to see anything so completely as you have attempted here. Use a softer pencil and avoid hard continuous lines.

Betty Weippert.—A pretty scheme which daintier drawing would have greatly helped. One or two studies beforehand would have been useful—of bells for instance.

V. A. C. Moss.—Extremely sound in construction and modelling, but rather carved in feeling. Severity is a good fault, but here it is a trifle over-done . . . The story has too much plot for its length; insufficient space for its various episodes prevents it gripping as it should. The earlier half is very well handled.

Betty Wright.—Do you know I thought you wanted a good deal!! Still, you have stated it quite clearly, and precision is an excellent virtue. The card is delicate in colour, and daintily handled, but rather weak in design.

Patricia Appleyard.—Not at all an easy situation to make interesting, but you contrive to do it. One or two little slips are made, which careful correction would have avoided.

Jean Wheelhouse.—Extremely competent, but the chief object hardly worth the attention given. Still very lively, intelligent colour and handling.

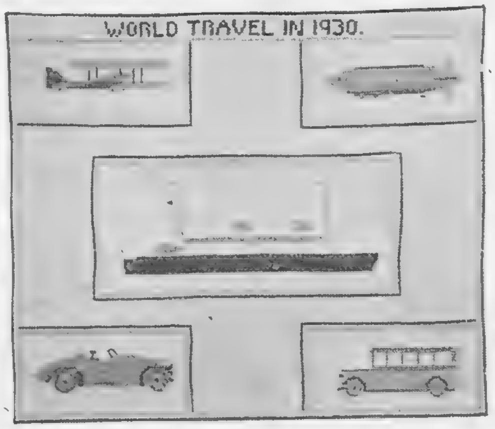
Marjorie Webb.—Stitchery charming; with a little more care in actual finish your work would be very good indeed.

Barbara Stallibrass.—The lettering is well placed as part of the design and the general effect is dainty and pleasing. The perspective of the sprays on the table has not been sufficiently studied however.

May W. Harrison.—So much vertical brushwork on these pods gives a rather curious effect, a bit irritating to the eye. The background is overworked, but the bowl is a good piece of direct painting, broad and convincing.

Trixie Ford.—Did you notice the embroidery is on the wrong side? Otherwise very satisfactorily executed.

Veronica Price-Harris.—Very artistic and charming. Your sense of colour is remarkable, and you are progressing steadily in every direction.



Arnold Parkin.—The best entry you have sent in so far. I should re-name it, however, as at present the title "gives the show away," to some extent.

Jill Maunsell.—The lack of a rhyme for the first line tends to upset the balance of the verse, and I think you should try to add a line which will provide one. Otherwise not at all a bad attempt.

Yvonne Coe.—I quite realise the effect you intend to convey, but although it is partly realised, it is a bit too vague. The big gap between the two epochs is not sufficiently bridged.

Jean Menzies.—A most sensible paper. You have not only an original and clear-cut point of view, but have in addition expressed it with excellent effect.

Deirdre Patrick-Wilson.—The colouring is charming and design and technique are also good; a very effective piece of work.

Muriel M. Malvern.—The first four lines are excellent. The rest is not quite at this level, and an attempt should be made to get the rhymes of the last couplet right.

Génia Ponisovsky.—Reminiscent, but still quite good, and by no means easy to do so well. It would have been more effective not to have brought in the child, I think.

(December 1)

May W. Harrison.—An excellent idea and very capably handled. Better drawn lettering would, of course, greatly help the effect, although it is well placed and gives exactly the right assistance to the scheme.

Mary A. Jones.—The initialled design is the happier, although the monogram is a bit feeble in style, and over large. The other pattern is somewhat on the coarse side; daintier designs with motifs on a smaller scale are to be preferred for this work. Technique very good indeed.

Jean Menzies.—Charming in feeling but too reckless in the matter of metres. Analyse the poetry of any of the masters and note how careful they are in this respect.

Marjorie M. Field.—A splendid exercise. "Justify this deed," would, I think, be more expressive. In places the tone is rather too modern. "His reasons" is an example. Otherwise very well done.

Gwendoline Dewsbury.—Chief characteristics have been well seized, but the foot needs better drawing. This has but little grip of the branch. Indian ink on white paper achieves a more artistic result.

Olwen Lawton.—Plenty of ideas, but requiring rather neater handling. Also correct more carefully; there are one or two needless slips. Interesting work.

Irene Walker.—This begins quite well. If the succeeding verses are modelled on the first the effect will be much improved. I should cut it down to three, however.

Rena Recaldin.—Don't mix your dark colours too much; the heavy tones here are too muddy. Otherwise very well tackled; this bold and free method shows distinct promise.

Ann Hannay.—Later on you ought to be able to make something quite good out of this story. At present its most interesting possibilities are scarcely developed. The sketch has some charming colour passages, but better proportion is essential. The head is too large, and the feet far too small even for a lady of fashion.

Joan Hibbit.—A remarkably good paper. You could not easily improve it. If this isn't a happy accident you should do well with your pen. Send in again soon.

Avril Reynolds.—Exaggeration is permissible for work of this character, but it must be based on facts. The lady's limbs must conform to the correct anatomical principle, for example. As decoration, attractive and well designed.

Sanchia Grimsdale.—The first and third verses are the best, but at present there are too many for the rather slight theme. Shorten it to three and I am sure you will much improve the effect.

Jean G. Wilson.—The torso is too attenuated for the plump and sturdy lower limbs. Pleasantly expressive line and good colour and execution.

Alison Ackroyd.—Strong original work, but the last two verses much better than the first two, which are too obscurely expressed. Work at them again.

Stella Bull.—The last four lines, except for a slip in the syntax, are excellent. The rules concerning grammar must be respected, however, since they are essential to clear expression. You have been carried away by interest in your theme, which is, to a certain extent, forgivable!

Catherine Baldwin.—The suggestion that the garden is a simile only, conveyed in the first four lines, is rather negatived in what follows. Endeavour to avoid leaving a doubt of this character in the mind of a reader.

Maud Higgins.—Genuinely felt and not at all badly expressed. "A stealthy ghost" would give you a better eleventh line.

The Children's SALON

Muriel Malvern.—This slow and ordered move to your climax is admirable. The earlier detail is a little prosaic, and I think you can improve upon it.

Gladys M. Cumpstey.—"Climbing" is ascending surely. I think you should alter line seven in consequence. A very unequal effort, but interesting all through.

Nancie Berners-Wilson.—Your sketch, in the spirit of an early drawing copy, is well handled, but the bleakness of the method, whilst it gives undue value to touch, loses too much of the tonal effect to satisfy the modern eye. Interesting but dry.

Barbara Reece.—Very well done in serious mood. There is a focal centre in any group to be suggested as well as the various objects; probably colour provided this interest, but pencil should suggest it. Sound pencil work.

G. E. M. Moss.—A lot of excellent and plucky work not very well composed. The perspective of the room does not agree with that of the figures. Capital invention and action and very considerable knowledge of the figure. The interest too low in the space and a bit squeezed laterally.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—Some very charming colour and good feeling for effect and composition. The uniform brown is the chief defect; the length from knee to foot of the seated figure needs revision, and the extremely feminine appearance of the man is rather regrettable. Good ambition and real cleverness.

Yvonne Earle.—Clever work of a formal sort. It would be better to keep to the broad woodcutline throughout, as fine cross hatching is a departure from style. Still an excellent study in manner.

Joan Hunton.—Well put together with some sense of period, though the table is uncanny. Too opulent in colour and quite false in effect, rather suggesting footlights, still with real pictorial sense and clever use of space.

Christine M. Skelton.—Modulate outline, sharp where effect is keen and soft where lost, a continuous line of one value is flat. Good proportion and well followed out, but a bit heavy handed. Sound in fact, but rather harsh in method.

Kitty Earp.—Beyond fitting rather too well into the space your striking group is full of excellencies. A bit too effective all over. The lights on the brass were probably highest, and in some places too much edge has flattened projection. Still, this is striking and effective work, admirable in style and colour.

Peggy Erskine.—There is a touch of Volga boat song in your Old Man River drawing, and the river seems to say a good deal about the new perspective. There is fire and force in the sculpturesque group and some fine bits of suggestive drawing, but the decorative scheme is weird and pathos quite missing.

Betty Metchim.—Full of clever bits of design, but, as a whole, lacking unity of pattern, the subject being overwhelmed by competitive details and conflicting "lines." Detail is good in its place, but the first consideration is beauty of ensemble.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—A seasonable, humorous design well invented and adequately drawn. It seems to cry aloud for colour or more black and white to suggest the lantern light effect. The most interesting part of the story—namely, the comments at the end—is a bit too cut short. This aspect is worth further development.

Bridget Hannay.—This begins charmingly, but it is not a particularly fitting prelude to what follows. In a short poem concentration should as a rule be in a single direction.

Roma Ostler.—Try to bring the second verse more into line with the first, which is much the better of the two. The decoration is pretty, but another time make sure the paper is large enough.

Doris Seth-Smith.—Avoid the present end to line seven, and get the metre right, as you easily can, in the thirteenth. This is one of the best things you have sent in.

Ena Swycher.—Very well sustained. Line two, verse three, needs some attention. Try to compete regularly.

Eileen Seed.—This shows you have a sensitive ear, although it is technically in error. Write as often as possible, and read the best as a constant inspiration and guide.

Peggy Adès.—The descriptions are very well done. It is not as a rule easy to arouse interest on such a topic, but you have succeeded in both arousing and holding it.

Diana Wilton.—You haven't quite succeeded with this idea, although all the suggestions are interesting. Treat it as a skeleton and work all over it again. The card is neat and appropriate, but a much better effect would have been obtained if the margins had been bigger.

Joan Colyer.—You have hit upon a good idea, and the quotations are very aptly chosen. Actual composition lags a little behind the excellence of the theme, however. A softer pencil would have assisted the sketch. It is well drawn, but the line is a bit monotonous in method. Also the subject calls for a coloured interpretation.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—A pretty situation which you can get rather more out of, towards the end, by prolonging the agony for Sir Roland! The costume strikes no particularly novel note, but as a whole the sketch is striking, and indicates a flair for this sort of thing.

Jill Maunsell.—As the exigencies of the design do not demand these over-straightened limbs, a little more truth to nature should be indulged in. A white floor, innocent of the balloons, would have avoided a present tendency to spottiness. A charming little poem, but not a sonnet!

Dolly Davies.—Cleverly designed, the good balance and simple statement achieve exactly the sort of effect required for pictorial advertising, and it is satisfactory artistically, into the bargain. The lettering, however, is needlessly exaggerated.

Deirdre Patrick-Wilson.—The very weak line of the frame, presumably the wall of an outer room, destroys the value of an otherwise capable effort, well handled and attractive in colouring. Substitute a semicircular arch.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

Gwen Sweeting.—The pose is a bit artificial for the attire. Even if this is a fashion study it is better to suggest by the action the use to which the particular sporting outfit is to be put. Skilful and dainty in drawing, as always.

Penelope Burra.—Warmer flesh tints are badly needed, but in other respects this is a well balanced and artistic scheme, pleasantly free from exaggerations.

Veronica Price-Harris.—Better discrimination between the colour of trees in foreground and distance is necessary, and cleaner washes would assist the required gay note. But the broad effect is charming.

Annie M. Waters.—Very sound and satisfying technically, but the sudden change from the general to the particular with the appearance of the huntsman in line nine should be attended to. Either he must be introduced sooner, or must receive passing mention only.

Patricia Appleyard.—This is a good idea, but the isolated little fragments of speech should be so framed that they express some particular point of view, otherwise the effect of such a comment is weakened, however truthful.

Rosamonde Y. Watson.—In a sketch of this type the writer should remain impersonal, relating the events without participation. Some of the ideas are charming.

Ursula Scott-Morris.—This is a difficult tense in which to write, at your age. It should be "traces" not "traced" in the third verse. You are making steady progress.

Moira Turner.—Well written, with a lively sense of the manner in which a drama of this type should be handled, although the plot is insufficiently developed. I do not know what first-hand knowledge you have of the country described, but one or two points seem rather curious.

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a {*Graduate* / *Member* / *Associate*} *of The Children's Salon Competition Circle*
(Strike out words which do not apply).

Full name

Address

Age, if under 20

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon.

Lesley Brooks.—Promising work for an Associate. It isn't very ambitious but scores quite neatly in its particular class.

Trixie Ford.—Interesting, but not a sonnet. Orderly metres are essential. Treatment and feeling are correct enough.

B. J. Heaver.—You attempt rather too much in the space. It is not advisable to bring so many people on the scene in a very short poem. The second verse is the best.

Betty Weir.—Not very subtle, but excellent in balance of colour, and the scheme appropriate to the subject. The background, however, is a bit over-emphasised.

Angel Verschoyle.—A single episode is all that can be fittingly dealt with in so short a space. It is not possible to cover this immense field except with ample room. Promising work, however. The sampler is excellent technically, but the colour scheme is a bit too restricted, and with a linen so coarse, by comparison, certain work cannot be represented at all.

THE £5 QUARTERLY PRIZE
FOR
August, September, October, 1930
has been divided between
MARY A. JONES, M.C.S. 2708 £2 10 0 and
GWENDOLINE BERTELSMAN, M.C.S. 3126 £2 10 0

Next in Order of Merit—
Ian F. Rose, M.C.S. 2728.
Betty Metchim, M.C.S. 3058.
Barbara Stallibrass, A.C.S. 1408.
Rena Recaldin, A.C.S. 1189.

FEBRUARY-MARCH COMPETITIONS

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. 1. Closing date, February 16th. A Still Life Study. No. II. Closing date, March 2nd. A Design for a Magazine Cover. No. III. Closing date March 18th. A Landscape Sketch from Memory.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, February 16th. Review a Recent Novel. No. II. Closing date, March 2nd. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, March 18th. A paper entitled "Flying Women."

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, February 16th. Do-As-You-Like in Wool. No. II. Closing date, March 2nd. Anything in Colours. No. III. Closing date, March 18th. A d'oyley.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, February 16th. A Poster Advertising Cigarettes. No. II. Closing date, March 2nd. An Illustration to any Well-known Poem. No. III. Closing date, March 18th. A Design for a Book Jacket or Cover.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. 1. Closing date, February 16th. A Lyric. No. II. Closing date, March 2nd. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, March 18th. A Short Story.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 10s. Closing date, March 18th. Anything in Wool.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, February 16th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, March 2nd. A Design for a Mug. No. III. Closing date, March 18th. Anything taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and coloured.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, February 16th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, March 2nd. A Paper on "Thoughts While Getting Up." No. III. Closing date, March 18th. Answer a Letter from a Friend Who Has Asked You to Stay With Her.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 5s. Closing date, March 18th. Do-As-You-Like.

Open to All: Age taken specially into Account

Cardboard Model Competition.

First Prize 15s. Second Prize 7s. 6d. Closing date, March 18th. Make and Paint a Model of a Farm Yard.

Snapshot Competition.

First Prize 10s. Second Prize 5s. Closing date, March 2nd. Subject left to competitor.

NEWS OF THE MONTH

Just before Christmas we posted off a substantial first cheque towards the endowment of our 14th Cot in the Streatham Babies' Hospital, but several others must, of course, follow before our undertaking in this respect is completed. In this connection an interesting letter from a Saloner arrived the other day. "Nothing," it ran, "about the Salon seems to me so wonderful as the fact that members of our organisation have endowed thirteen cots in the children's hospitals." Well, without unduly patting yourselves on the back, you may, I think, be proud of that achievement, but to continue the good work means, of course, constantly having it in remembrance. Saloners will, I hope, do all they possibly can in this direction during the coming year, and will realise how gratefully we welcome even the smallest donations, any time and all the time.

* * *

CINDERELLAS' PANTOMIME FUND, 1930

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I acknowledge with many thanks the following further donations:—

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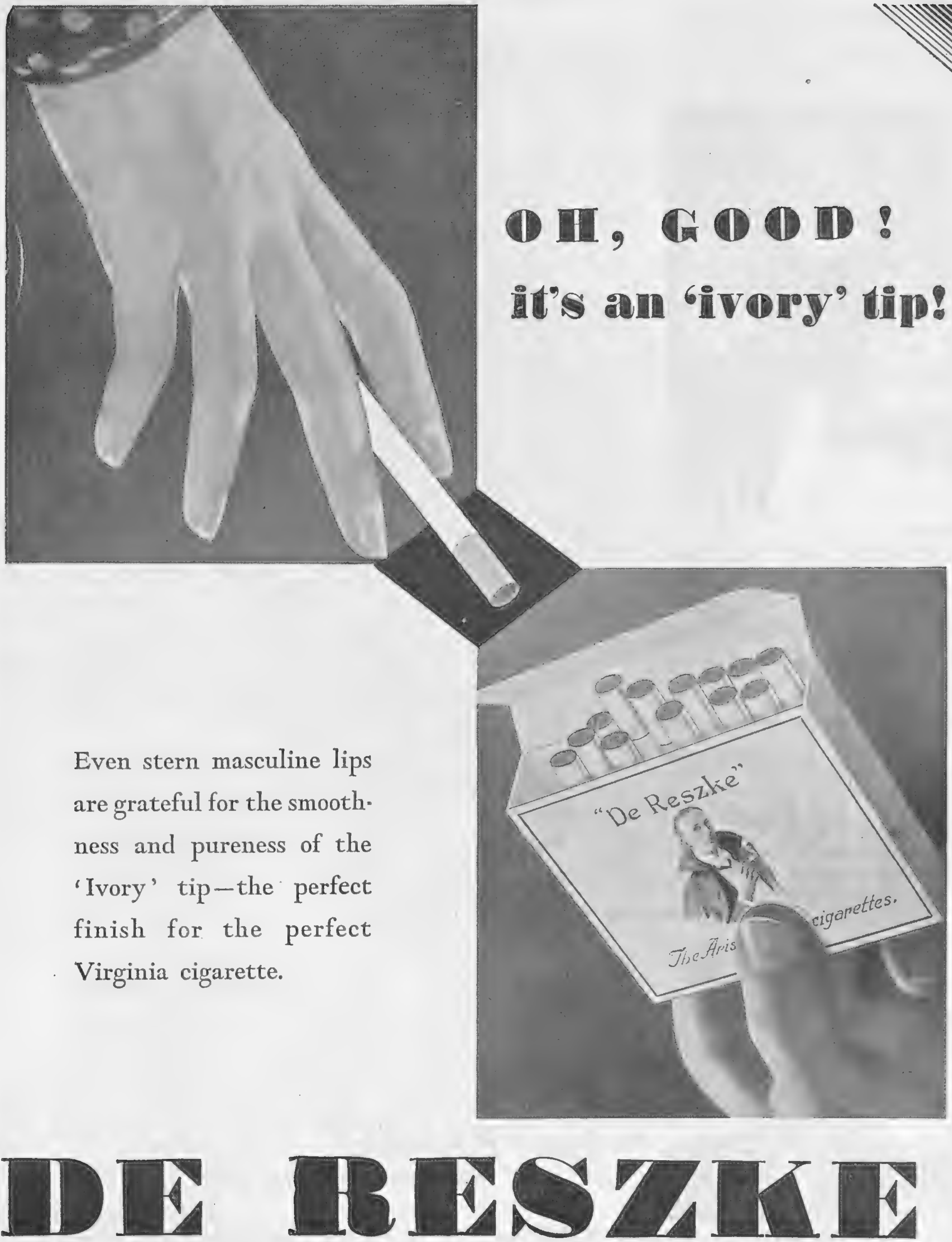
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Our Literary *Competition Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of The Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These Competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.
2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDREDTH SERIES

Entries for the following Competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post February 14th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best "Portrait of a Gentleman" in a stanza of twelve lines.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best three short prose quotations from the classics descriptive of (*a*) Anger, (*b*) Good Living, (*c*) Speed.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—Feb. 14

HUNDRED AND FIRST SERIES

Entries for the following Competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post February 28th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best very short story.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—Feb. 28

Results of 94th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

Awarded to "Hannah May."

Hon. Mention:—Victor Ryan, Kathleen Lart, G. M. Hudson, Irene Doxford, Gertrude Pitt, Vera Manners, "Emma," Lettie Cole, M. Scott-Morris, Mary P. Redmayne, F. Peel, "C. A. P.," May Belben, M. E. Young.

The Winning Entry:

PIPES OF PAN.

The garden next to ours is stiff and stately;
They would have ours the same;
But you are absent and we miss you greatly,
And Life's a dreary game.

With shaven lawns and fences crudely varnished
And paths rolled smooth and plain,
Will you, who hate all fashions swept and garnished,
Come back to us again?

Their motto everywhere so clear and striking
Is "Please keep off the grass";
You revel on the sward most to your liking;
They know you not, alas!

I'll find a glade where pimpernel and speedwell
Grow near a wooded track,
And lure again the birds who love and heed well
Your pipes—if you'll come back.

I'll move away all ugly barriers, giving
Much room to enter still,
And near the sunlit pond are dreams worth living:—
Come soon—I know you will.

"HANNAH MAY."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best nonsense verse.

Awarded to "G. G."

Hon. Mention:—G. M. Hudson, M. K. McIntosh, "Emma," May Belben, "Charles Constant," "J. A. B.," "Hannah May," F. Peel, E. Heaver, "H. A. C."

The Winning Entry:

A NONSENSE VERSE.

Amy Arbuthnot (the case was most grave)
Grew sea-sick whilst having a permanent wave,
They summoned a doctor who declared she must die.
"My own view exactly," the barber did cry.
They gave her peroxide, they tried sulphur and borax,
But whatever they did she complained of her thorax,
So they killed her and waved her, and now she's on view
In that same barber's window, near the bridge there, at Kew.

"G. G."

Results of 95th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

Awarded to Violet Ralph.

Hon. Mention:—S. Burbidge, Gordon H. Morris, N. Schofield, Charles Constant, J. Boyd, Lettie Cole, May W. Harrison, M. Oxenford, A. Pimm, "G. G.," Mabel Tunbridge, M. K. M., G. M. Hudson, Ismay Trimble, "Una."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to Nancy Pollok.

Hon. Mention:—Harold Cohen, "G. G.," Arthur Davidson, "J. A. B.," Annie M. Waters, S. C. Straker, M. Elton Young, Lettie Cole, H. Broadberry Seaman, "Una," Hope Phillips, K. C. Lart, Evelyn Heaver.

The Winning Entry:

THE FUGITIVE.

So often in the common street
We touch the garments of Romance,
And see her mocking backward glance,
And hear the motion of her feet.

She wanders through the world alone,
Nor has she any fixed abode,
Her shadow falls across the road
A little space—and she is gone.

September fields and evening skies,
The haunting cadence of a song,
A moment in the city throng,
A passing glimpse of stranger eyes—

Stars in the beauty of the night,
The moon behind a slender spire,
Old things remembered by the fire,
The shaken flame of candle-light—

These are her sanctuaries, where
She makes her momentary stay,
But we, who seek her day by day,
Need never hope to hold her there.

A transitory glimpse of sun
Lighting the grey November noon,
A falling star, a waning moon,
Melody hushed when scarce begun.

As fugitive a thing is she,
Fleet and elusive as the wind,
But, ah! she leaves a void behind
Where once she wove her witchery!

NANCY POLLOK.

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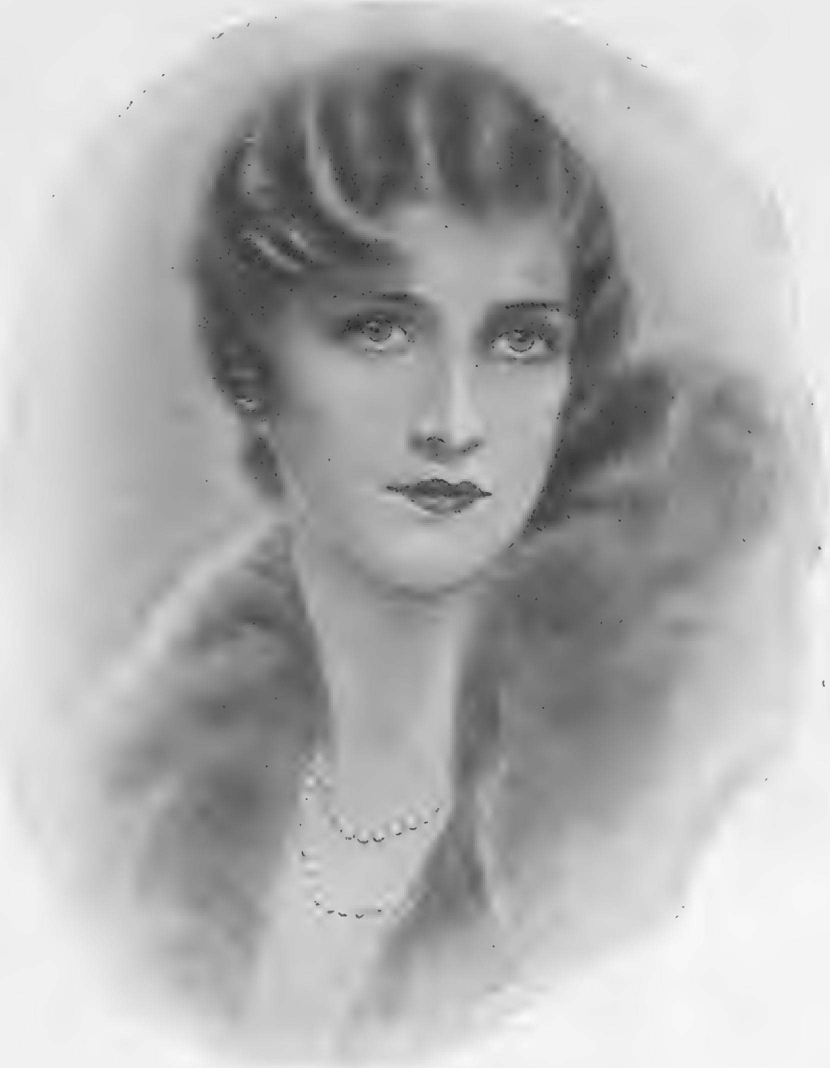

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Hollywood's Shops and Shams

(*Continued from page* 33)

accustomed to its magnificence, after two years and several months. One of its "Chinese" attendants, that brunette Mexican girl called Raquel Torres, has become a film star. But the same boy from Oklahoma, in gorgeous Chinese array, still calls the cars and slams their doors with unabated vigour.

IN such a city of shams, where so much is artificial and so little is real, it is not really surprising to find evidence of the definite influence of the Studios in the houses of film stars. They live in such an atmosphere of "modernistic" rooms, they see ancestral halls of such opulence, they make love in bedrooms of more modern design than any Paris can offer, they play their parts in houses that are palaces. And they are carrying the ideas given by the Studios into their private lives, in an understandable way.

It was Elinor Glyn who started Aileen Pringle on the road to fame. Out of compliment to the famous authoress, and as a background whose effectiveness she had proved, Miss Pringle made her own drawing room a typical "Elinor Glyn" room. The kind of room, I mean, that Elinor Glyn describes in her books. It is some time since Miss Pringle acted in an Elinor Glyn film, and I believe the *décor* of her room is now changed.

Wasn't it Noel Coward who flashed, in classic reply to somebody's query about what a certain well-photographed screen star's New York flat looked like, "Oh, definitely Early Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer!" That remark is not as much a joke as it sounds. Many stars like the sets in which they labour at the behest of Messrs. Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Fox, and Warner Brothers. So they pay their employers the highest form of flattery by reproducing such rooms in their own homes.

Esther Ralston has an entrance hall in her hillside house that is copied from a scene in one of the first films in which she made a success. High up on Whitley Heights, with Hollywood like a carpet in the valley, is the old-world castle that was once the house of Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno, and is now a girls' school.

One of Hollywood's most remarkable houses belongs to an artist-author called John McDermott, who is a writer at the Paramount Studios. Like a Moorish palace, it is perched on a hill; and it is made and furnished entirely from Movie sets. Mr. McDermott did most of it himself; all the planning and piecing together was his work. On the flat roof are some antique cannons used in "Old Ironsides."

One small building, detached from the house, was a cabin in "The Sea Hawk." Many beams in the dining room came from sets used by Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Baghdad."

In her new Spanish house Joan Crawford has a bedroom that is an exact reproduction, in colouring, size, and shape, of a scene in "Our Modern Maidens." The frame of the bed is the actual one used in the film. Norma Shearer's bedroom is inspired by a room in one of her films too.

In his house on top of the highest hill to the north of Hollywood, John Gilbert has a swimming pool modelled on one used in an early film of his called "His Hour." At that time he could not afford anything so elaborate; but when his salary jumped up he remembered the movie pool and had his own built from the same plans.

Since Nancy Carroll has been acting in films with smart modern settings, she has used the same ideas in her own house, with great effect. Evelyn Brent paid a compliment to her first talking film, "Interference," when she had her screen drawing room reproduced in her own drawing room. It is a lovely room, in black, silver and jade green.

The front of Norma Talmadge's old house on Hollywood Boulevard—she doesn't live there now—is just like a set on a stage. It doesn't look real, with its cream walls, and scarlet paint and roof. It would not be surprising, one feels, to walk behind that imposing façade, and find only the shell of a house, like a stage set, all propped up with strips of wood.

The Shops look Sham; the Houses look Sham, and some of them are, quite frankly. Yet Hollywood itself is a very real place.

END

Advice I Might have Taken

(*Continued from page* 29)

We tottered into a restaurant and ordered a bottle of champagne. My companion preserved dead silence until her glass was full. She then drained it in two gulps, set it down, and remarked:

"Well, I certainly have never had a thing like that happen to me before."

As Mr. Evelyn Waugh would say, the experience was really most shame making, and it all came from ignoring some perfectly good advice.

Advice I Might Have Taken! Ye gods, the ghosts of my mistakes come and dance around me as I sit at my desk. There was a Canadian who was killed on Vimy Ridge—a great soldier and a great adventurer. In his day he had won many thousands of pounds in *gold-dust*, playing cards. He taught me to play poker, a game I have found it useful to have learnt on more than one occasion. But he said—and I can see now his hard-bitten, lined face as he leant across the table—"Never play cards because you have got to have money. No gambler ever yet did any good in the long run."

Sound counsel. And then going up to New York from Rio, knowing well I'd need every dollar I possessed on landing, I went and sat into a poker game to try and double my capital, and lost every penny I had to a gentleman who was one of the most expert card manipulators I have ever met in my life, but I did not discover that till afterwards.

Yes, one lives and learns as one goes along, and most of the lessons worth having are pretty sharp ones. Naturally the advice best worth taking is that which can be given by people who have made their mark in the profession one has oneself adopted. Thus, for instance, an aspiring writer should listen attentively to the opinion of the editor of a successful periodical, and, though he should never allow anything to affect the individuality of his work, he should cultivate sufficient intelligence to be able to appreciate why an editor thinks what he has written suitable or unsuitable to offer to the public.

MORE advice is given about horse-racing than any other matter in the world, except love. A friend of mine owned a horse called Royal Minstrel, which was one of the favourites for the Derby a year or two back. My friend told me he thought the horse had a chance, and I put my shirt on it and encouraged my household to do the same. Royal Minstrel did not win the Derby or ever look like winning, and after that his name was not mentioned between my friend and myself for some time. Then one day I met my friend in the street and he told me the horse was running at Kempton, and suggested I came down with him to see the race.

"But don't back the horse," he added; "I have just had a chat with both the trainer and the jockey, and they say he has been very sleepy in his gallops lately." This was a fact. At training, Royal Minstrel had been carrying on as if he were bored with racing. But when he came out at Kempton and saw the crowd, the starting gate, the racing colours, and all the paraphernalia of the game for which he was born and bred, the light of battle lit his eye, and I had the pleasure of standing on the rails, watching that great grey horse, on which I had not got one halfpenny, win so far in front of all the rest that his jockey was trying to ease him to a canter.

There it is. The most difficult thing in the world is to know what advice is worth taking and when it should be ignored. There are people who delight in giving advice to all and sundry. Such folk are a general nuisance, not to say a public danger.

That well-worn opening: "Now let me give you some good advice," which we are all accustomed to, is enough to put most of us off from the start. The most valuable advice in the world is the silent kind—the sort given you by the chap who sets you a good example. Just think of Bruce and that spider.

END

Everywoman: *by* MAY EDGINTON

(*Continued from page* 55)

broke the seal, while she looked steathily at the faces of her husband and her nurse. In the nurse's she was comforted by the same professional secrecy that informed Sir Benjamin Books—who would be here soon—but in Vandela's face she thought fleetingly that she saw . . . what?

She realised in a rallying moment more that in Vandela's face was only a reflection of the fear and the anguish through which she herself had just passed.

She opened the letter. And when she read . . . "When you get this letter, Lea, I shall be near you; back at the old address again. Give a sign, my darling; and I will obey it . . ." she was unable to control the swift flush that seemed to sweep her from head to foot. She trembled all over. And the nurse moved nearer and stood over her. "Let me put your letter back on your tray, Mrs. Vandela." Suddenly Lea clung to the letter with the grasp of a frenzied woman. It was that frenzied grasp which really focused Vandela's gaze. His gaze, abnormally sensitised by her suffering, fell to her clutching white hands squeezing the letter. And then, horror! horror! The letter was on the floor; the nurse had motioned him from the room; mechanically he had retrived the letter—for Lea—and was outside the door, holding it in a hand shaking with the palsy of fear. He was afraid for her, like all men were afraid for the women they loved.

He leaned against the wall, listening, wiping the sweat from his own brow as, beyond the wall, the nurse was sponging it from Lea's. He moaned like she did. Then, sighing, and straightening up, as mechanically as he had picked up the letter he smoothed it out and read it.

Then Sir Benjamin Books came quickly up the staircase towards him.

(*Continued on page* 109)

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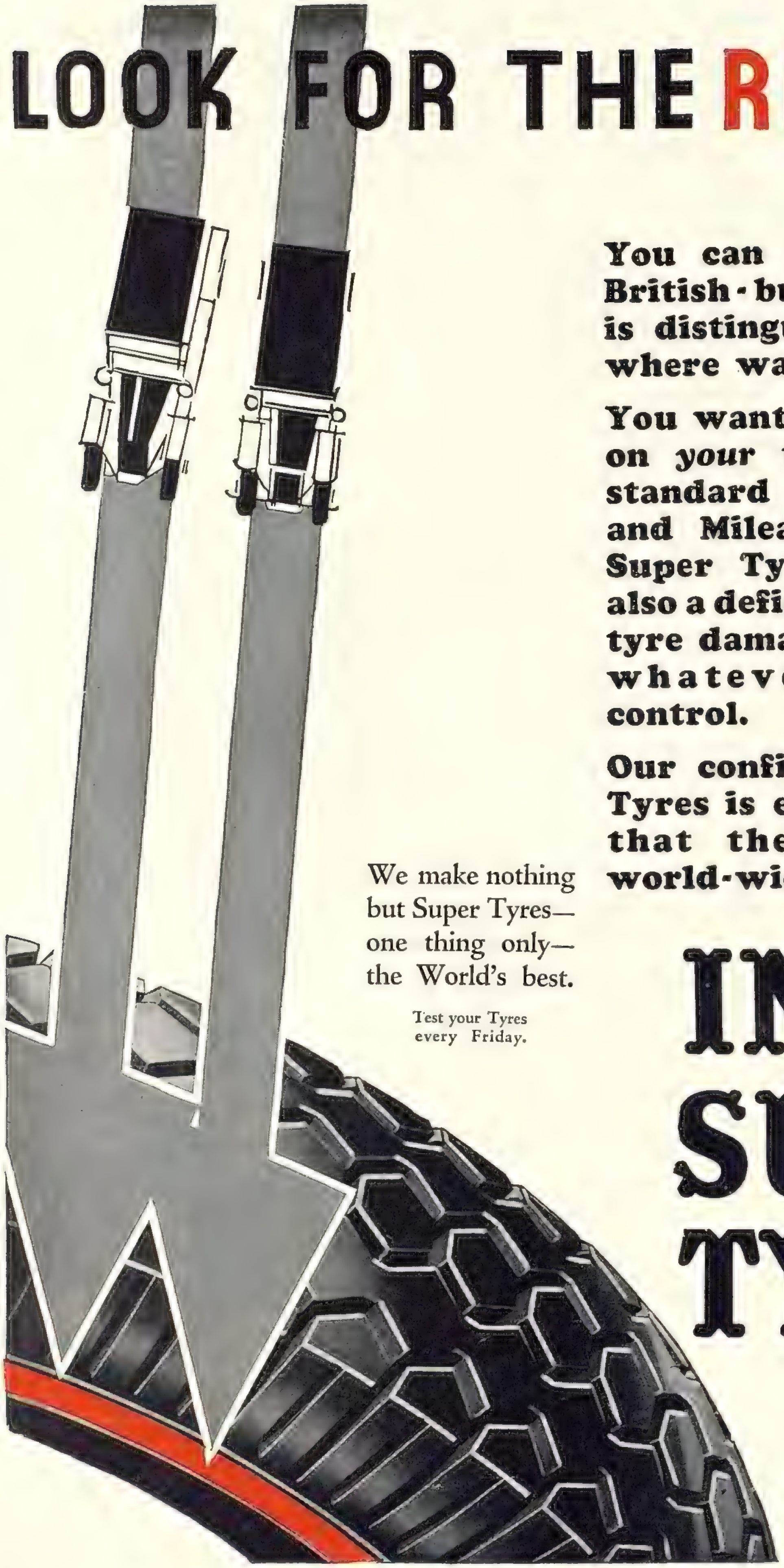

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VANDELA was still on the wide landing outside the room when Books looked out upon him benignly. "Everything going nicely, my dear fellow. Go in and talk to her for a moment or two. It's all quiet now. I'll have a cigarette downstairs if I may."

The doctor observed that the husband did not put the usual question, stereotyped and pathetic: "How long? . . how long?" He just nodded, and went in. Yet in his face, Books observed, was an alive, alert anguish, with an indefinable quality in it extra to the alive alert anguish he was accustomed to seeing in men's faces at similar crises. There was a wild intent awareness in Vandela's face.

The doctor passed on downstairs.

Lea was sitting up, leaning against her silk pillows; her face full of colour and light. She showed the extra strength with which women are fortified for ordeal; but her mind was not on the ordeal at the moment. Her mind shone from her eyes which looked for the letter in Vandela's hand.

After he had smoothed it, he had folded it carefully.

Had he read it?

And if he had?

"That letter . . ."

He answered: "Do you want it, my lovely?"

"I want just to scribble a reply to it."

"Now, now, dear!" said the nurse. "We can telephone a reply, can't we?"

If they would all have left her alone in the room, she could have telephoned an answer. But now—"No," she said in a high voice. Her telephone was by her bedside. If only they would go—for a moment! But they would not go. "No!" she repeated feverishly. She took the letter. There was a fire in the room. "Put it in the fire for me, nurse." Pacifically the nurse did so. "And my fountain pen and some notepaper, please."

"Now, now, Mrs. Vandela!"

"Fetch Sir Benjamin. Ask him if I can't have what I want!"

"Of course, you shall have what you want, dear, but——"

"Here's the pen, my darling; and the paper," said Vandela.

He sat at the end of her bed. She looked madly desirable to him with her extra female look, the aware and lovely look, of imminent maternity; her red hair had been brushed back again, sleek, from its tossing of pain She wrote.

Vandela did not ask: "Is it so important?" He knew it was important. He knew. All he was thinking—besides his thoughts of her peril—was: What was this man to her? When? . . . Why does he come back? Why had an old lover returned into her new life?

"Ring for Aimée," Lea gasped. The nurse rang pacifically for the lady's maid, and the lady's maid came tremblingly, emotionally, in; and took the letter.

"Just stamp it and post it, Aimée——"

"Fetch Sir Benjamin up at once," the nurse cut in, sharp and quick, to Vandela, and she went quickly to the bed. Vandela and the maid ran out together, without a word. Vandela was down the stairs first. "Sir Benjamin!" The doctor seemed to pass them in an instant on his way up.

Vandela was grey and ghastly, listening to the sounds from above. But as he and the maid stood trembling, rooted there, the sounds died down. Vandela thought: "The ether, thank heaven." And then he turned to the maid:

"Go and wash your face. I'll see to this."

He took Lea's letter from her hand.

He went on slow feet to the library, and shut himself in:

Jack Chester, Esq.,
Hartley Chambers,
Near Montagu Street.

Her hand had been quite firm as she wrote it. What a will women had!

And he sighed under the immense temptation, and fell to it as he had meant to fall when he took the letter out of Aimée's hand.

The flap had barely stuck; easily it could be edged open.

So he read the letter.

"*My darling, what a homecoming for you! In a few hours our son will be born—yours and mine, Jack. I wouldn't tell you before you left, or you wouldn't have left me. I learned to know you very well in those three little weeks—and you wouldn't have left me. Come and call—ask for me—know nothing—and when I am strong again I will tell you all I want. Now I just tell you again that I love you. Again and again and again.*"

It was unsigned. Vandela pressed the gummed flap of the envelope down and sealed it heavily to repair any signs of damage. And the next thing he did was to ring the bell very violently. Bennett was instantly in the doorway, knowing that this was a time for intense watching.

"Bennett, this letter is to go by hand. Ring up a messenger."

The servant cast a look over the master's face, and was unable to read it. He went out with the letter.

Vandela sat down, his mind a blank. But soon his mind began to move, to swirl, to rush madly. The feats of his imagination were murders done in hell; and crucifixions suffered high up against the heavens of sacrifice. He did not need to crystallise into word-form all that, now, he knew, hopelessly.

She would not have a child of his.

The door opened and Sir Benjamin looked in. A whole hour had passed like a moment. The doctor said: "All going well, my dear fellow."

Then at last Vandela asked: "How long?"

"Longer than I thought at first. Not until evening now. Nine o'clock—thereabouts—perhaps. I have given a little morphia. I shall be back in a couple of hours. Don't be anxious."

"No."

The doctor vanished, and he was alone again. Time did not exist till suddenly he heard the front door bell ring. At once he realised that he had been listening for this. He went to the door and looked into the hall, where Bennett was about to turn away a caller—a big young man, with red hair, and blue eyes fixed and fiery with resolution, in a deeply bronzed face. Yes; this was a lover; and a father for children. This . . . Vandela spoke, as the caller walked past the butler into the house.

"I believe you must be Mr. Chester, an old friend of my wife's," said Vandela, speaking with perfect ease. "I believe she mentioned you would be returning to England soon. But I am afraid she can't see you this morning."

Chester was absolutely dumb.

"We expect a son and heir to-day," said Vandela in his curiously unperturbed voice. You will understand that we cannot——"

Chester raised a hand, protesting. He looked into Vandela's eyes. This, then, was the husband? He made, vaguely, a motion of concern and acquiescence. Through his mind the thoughts ran at express speed: "Not now! not now! Wait till you have made her let you speak. Wait for her . . ." He tumbled out words as Vandela had:

"How long?"

Vandela passed a hand over his forehead, and backwards over his sleek black hair. He was sweating heavily again.

"We expect it to be over about nine o'clock!"

"Nine o'clock!"

And in both their minds was the same agonised picture of the woman upstairs

"It's a hell of a day for me, too," said Vandela.

Chester stared full at him. "A hell of a day for me, *too*." What was meant? Oh, of course! A hell of a day for Vandela as well as for Lea. He himself, of course, stood out of it. He nodded.

"Tell her I came . . . give her my . . . my. . . ." He allowed the butler, who stepped forward again with all the authority of a responsible servant in family crisis, to edge him out, and shut the door upon him.

Vandela walked off to a little study of his own, through the big door at the back of the hall, motioning the butler to follow. And he saw acutely what he had never noticed before in this little room of the London house he and Lea had lived in for so short a time—that the study for all its excellent *décor*, was like a grave; the windows opening merely on to blank high walls around, with the sky only to be glimpsed far above.

"Give me the key of the cellar, Bennett."

"What can I bring you, sir?"

"I said, give me the key of the cellar, and get away to your own roost."

"Lunch, sir?"

"Bring a tray of cold things in here now, and give me that key, and leave me alone."

The servant thought: "It's bound to come out again some time; and to-day's the best day of all. Let him forget himself for a bit." Besides, he knew from experience, from his master's tone, that he was past praying for on that score. He took the key slowly from his pocket.

"Game pie, sir?"

"Get out."

Vandela went to the cellar and brought up his best brandy; three bottles. He opened one in the cellar, and took a huge draught. When he came to the study again the tray was there—set out temptingly. And he looked round the pleasantly-coloured room that was so grave-like, unlocked a bureau drawer, got his revolver, and laid it carefully, just out of eye-range from the door, down on the floor beside his big chair. He put the bottles, too, down there, out of eye-range from the door—in case Books looked in.

But he had an idea that Books wouldn't.

His last really coherent, balanced thought before he fuddled his senses and his brain with the liquor was: "I promised you, Lea. I promised you. And no one will ever know differently. And you'll think I—just—kept—my promise. And that's all."

For, strangely enough, his mind was no more down in hell, murdering Jack Chester; his mind was fixed on the cross in the heavens.

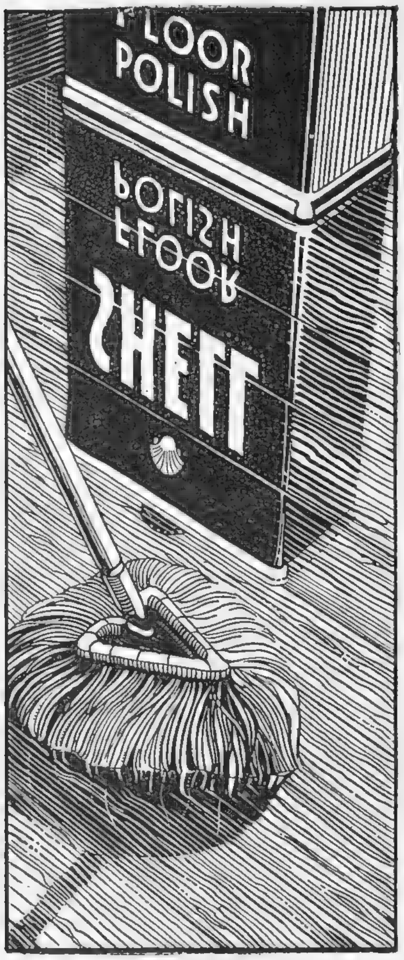
He was dead drunk, in a stupor, when Bennett came in softly to look at him. And fetching Smith to look too, Bennett said: "We'll let him sleep it off. We'll get him round for a bit for to-night if she wants him." And they leaned over him cautiously and picked up the one nearly full bottle left of the three, which stood on the floor between his chair and the fireplace; but they did not see the revolver lying in the deep shadow almost underneath the chair.

Vandela awoke soon after eight-thirty, and lay for a short while in the firelight unable to think. But soon he thought with an extra-clearness, and soon he noted that the tray had been moved, the curtains drawn—so that it was plain there had been witnesses in the room. He did not wonder at all about the birth of Jack Chester's son. But, loving the woman who would bear him with a love great enough for the renunciation, and knowing himself—"unsound stuff; bad, bad stuff"—he put down his head and groped for the revolver.

Sir Benjamin Books was a perfect *accoucheur*. His management of a case was always definitely timed. It was exactly 9.15 p.m. So, just as Smith, shaking with horror and near to tears, shut away in the butler's pantry, was telephoning the police of his discovery in the little study, the great doctor was coming downstairs, saying with a rich cheerfulness to Bennett who—also white with horror—was hurrying through the hall to answer the front door bell: "Bennett, I think the father may see his son. Fetch. . . ."

And Jack Chester, who had rung the bell, savagely determining after all that nothing—nothing—*nothing*—should keep him from Lea, ran past the doctor up the stairs.

END



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M.C. 241

The Camel's Back

(Continued from page 23)

"Who is it?"

She shook her head.

"I don't know. I can't find out."

It was then, I think, that the first incredible suspicion crossed my mind. I put it hastily away from me. Once was possible, twice was possible, but three times—the idea was absurd! Yet, as I grimly ministered aspirin and eau-de-Cologne to poor Edith, it kept on returning to me. For the second time in my life I thought "Marian!" and was back in a room in Shepheard's Hotel with a crumpled letter on the floor.

THE golfers returned, and scattered for baths and drinks. That night there were people to dinner. Marian was a little ivory figurine in black with a very beautiful diamond brooch that I had not noticed before. Robin himself drew attention to it. "See that? Marian's been lucky on the stock market. Did you know that she had a damn good business head?" And I thought that Marian's lashes flickered as she smiled across the table at us.

I had little opportunity of studying her and George together that evening. Then, after the guests had gone, one of those illuminating trifles happened. Edith had just said, "What about bed?" and Robin, stretching his great body, had yawned, "That's a good idea if I'm going to play decent golf to-morrow." Marian called lazily:

"Give me some barley water, George."

He brought it.

"Cigarette?"

"Please." She smiled up at him. He bent over her, lighter in hand. A queer trick of shadow made his face look rather bloated, but those curiously womanish red lips were parted in a self-satisfied smile. And as though a bit of magnesium wire had gone flash, there was the situation in sharp, merciless black and white—I knew. George lit a cigarette for Marian and instantly I was aware that he was her lover . . .

I was conscious of feeling rather sick. I gazed at Marian in a kind of fascinated horror. There she was, as perfect a work of art in her way as those cunning Renaissance baubles of silver and precious stones that conceal a sliver of steel or a well of poison. She caught my eye and said sweetly:

"You look tired, Anne."

"I feel it."

"Poor darling!" She was all gentle solicitude. When we had gone to bed there was a knock at our door, and there she was in a wonderful negligé with some sort of patent headache remover in her hand. The old fascination returned as I watched her. That dense jet-black hair was over her shoulders and her face looked small, infinitely pathetic and childlike. There seemed to be real affection in her kiss. I thought feebly, "Is Edith right? Am I misjudging her? It may be all imagination——"

I said nothing to Edith. She told me that she thought George's affair was "dying down." About a month later I had to go to a hen lunch party for my sins, and my neighbour's opening remark to me was:

"I saw a friend of yours the other day at Monte Carlo."

"Who was that?"

"That beautiful thing, Mrs. Robin Cross."

I looked up suddenly from my grapefruit cocktail. For Marian had told me over the telephone that she was going to Paris to see the new collections; she spent a great deal of money on clothes and was always dressed exquisitely.

Well, there was no reason at all why she should not change her plans and go to Monte Carlo . . . But the next time I saw Edith I asked casually:

"How is George?"

"Oh, he's away for a few weeks. The children started this wretched whooping cough, so I couldn't go with him, but some friends of his were going to Monte——"

"Edith," I said, and my voice must have sounded queer, for she stared at me with her mouth open, "listen to me. George is at Monte Carlo with Marian."

"Anne!" Her face went a dull red. I knew that it was probably good-bye to our friendship, but I told her everything. It was my last effort to open her stupid, innocent eyes. I told her that Marian had piled treachery on treachery from the very beginning; that she was a mean little thief who had robbed Edith right and left under cover of that creeping, insidious charm of hers.

"I don't believe a word of it," she said.

"If someone told you that there was a rattlesnake in your bed, you'd go and throw it out, wouldn't you?"

She repeated, heavily:

"I don't believe a word of it. What evidence have you got to go on, anyway?"

I had nothing. Just my own unshakable conviction; a diamond brooch; the lighting of a cigarette; a chance word at a lunch party. Edith said, slowly, triumphantly:

"The whole thing's a malicious fabrication. I shall warn Marian. People have no right to go about saying such terrible things——"

Her eyes filled, and I felt my temper snap, abruptly.

"All right, that settles it. I wash my hands of you, Edith Seymour!"

She said with an obvious effort, "I know you mean well, Anne, but I won't hear anything against Marian," and I walked out of the house.

I did not see her again for months. It was no particular triumph for me to hear in a roundabout way that my instinct had been right.

. . . Well, it made no odds to me now. I did not care how much of a fool Edith made of herself, or how covertly George's full lips continued to smile under that bristling supermale moustache.

Then one day I came face to face with Edith in the street.

"Anne, my dear!"

"How are you, Edith?"

I was going to pass on, but she caught hold of my arm.

"Surely we're not still quarrelling, are we?"

Her nice eyes were so honest; her heated face beamed earnestly under a terrible lace hat that broke out in cherries at unexpected places. (The thought flashed through my mind, "*Where* does she get those hats?") I had to smile back.

"Of course not, Edith. How are you? And the children?"

Somehow I could not bring myself to ask after George. But she did not seem to notice the omission and clutched my arm with painful affection.

"Oh, they're splendid! There are so many things I want to ask you, Anne. Are you doing anything? I'm going along to Pierre's for a shampoo, and if you could wait we might have lunch afterwards."

"All right. I want a manicure, anyway."

Pierre's was in Dover Street. Marian had sent me to him first; he had cut my hair for years and Edith was a regular customer, too. In the last few months the only news I had heard of them had been through Pierre. "Mrs. Cross came in for a shampoo last Friday," he would say, or "Mrs. Seymour came in yesterday—I think 'er children 'ave been ill with the measles."

As we climbed the stairs Edith sighed, "I didn't book an appointment, so Pierre can't do it. It may be imagination, but my hair never seems to look the same." We went into the little green and silver cubicle. From next door came the rattle of waving irons and Pierre's voice. Edith sighed again and took off the hat with the cherries, for which I was grateful. I had ordered my manicure, and the girl came in with her glittering little table of coral liquids and white pastes.

"Mr. Eugène won't be a minute, madam," she said to Edith.

"Thank you."

(Continued on page 112)

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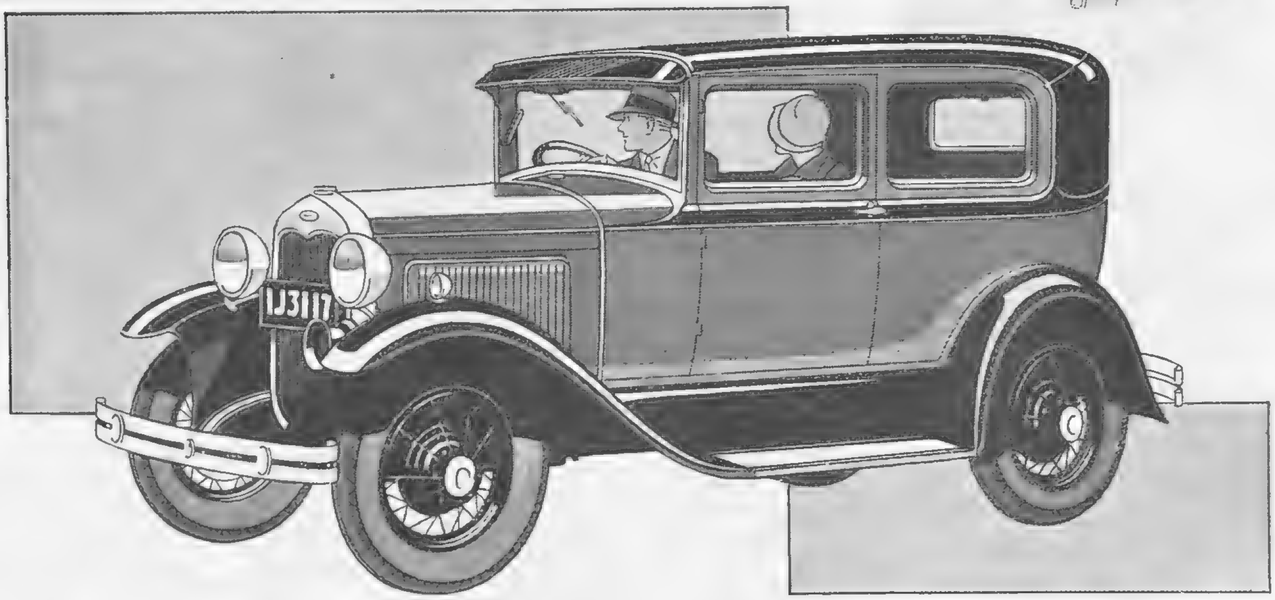

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I stretched out my hands.

"Do you like them pointed, madam ?"

I was just going to answer when I heard a familiar voice above the rattle of irons next door. Marian had a very individual voice, soft and sweet, the least bit husky . . . Edith stopped dead in the middle of unclasping her pearl necklace and turned to me a pleased face.

"Why, it's——"

And then for some reason she was silent, listening. I was frozen, listening, my hands on the little cushion in front of me. Even the manicure girl had sensed something in the atmosphere and was listening with the nail file poised above my third finger. For Marian was asking lazily :

"Has Mrs. Seymour been in lately ?"

"Let me see. Not since last Thursday, I think, madam."

"Tell me, she *does* have something done to her hair, doesn't she ? When we were at school together it usedn't to have that funny bleached look." I sensed rather than heard the light, malicious laugh. "People who knew one at school are always the give-away, aren't they ?"

Pierre's answer was lost. For I had been watching Edith's face ; I had seen the smile fade from it and a dull flush spread from her neck to the roots of her pretty fair hair. Her mouth worked curiously for a minute, and I had an instant conviction that she was terribly shocked. Edith, who had never used a lipstick in her life, was shocked to the depths of her being at the idle insinuation that she dyed her hair . . . She got up so clumsily that a bottle of Houbigant lotion went spinning. The manicure girl and I, staring at each other dumbly, my hand still clasped grotesquely in hers, heard the curtain rings of the next cubicle rattle and Edith's voice, strained and shaking.

"You're a wicked, lying woman, Marian Cross !"

And then we saw her dashing blindly past with her head down like a goaded animal, forgetting her parcels and the limp cherry hat. We heard her pounding downstairs and out into the sunshine of Dover Street. Next door there was an appalled silence. Drop by drop the pale lotion dripped from the broken bottle into the basin.

The manicure girl came to herself with a start and looked at me with a bright professional smile.

"Your cuticle is in very good condition, madam."

I did not answer. My dazed brain was trying to adjust itself to the fact that the miracle had happened. In the last twenty years I had watched Marian pick Edith's brains, steal her lover, use her unmercifully and end by stealing her husband. Five minutes in a hairdresser's shop had achieved what that whole burden of accumulated treachery could not do . . . I surprised the manicure girl by leaning back and laughing long and wildly.

As far as I know, those seven words were the last that Edith ever spoke to Marian.

END

The Moon at Carthage

(*Continued from page* 13)

"But," he added sternly, "she has not influenced me—do you think that a woman like Amelie can have any conception of—"

"A woman like me ?"

"You have said it, Marquise."

"I suppose not," said Madame du Vernis.

"I know," continued the stiff soldier gravely, "that it is a ridiculous position—an old man, a young girl, but I am not afraid of ridicule—Amelie is so exceptional, so touching—"

"It is beautiful, General, a perfect union—but hardly affects our matter in hand. I want Louis to stay here with me. And you and Amelie want him to go home with you. Well, when I have told you the truth, General, you will understand—and perhaps you also will not wish Louis to leave me."

"Why ?"

"Those letters you hold are not what you think them to be, General."

"They are love letters."

"Yes."

"Written by de Pomenars—or to de Pomenars, eh ?"

"Yes."

"Well, Marquise ?"

"They are not written to me nor by me."

"Not written to you—nor by you ?"

"No—save one."

"To whom then ?"

"To a detestable woman," replied Madame du Vernis. "The woman who broke his heart. I loved de Pomenars—like—ah, well, what does that part of it matter ? He did not love me. I was merely his friend, his counsellor—his Egeria, perhaps. He was—the sun at mid-day to my frigid, weary, spoilt life. I lived in his glory, his triumphs, his toils—enough, he loved this other woman, and he was so sure of my steady friendship that he told me the progress of his wooing. She was married—the usual marriage—like mine !—she, well, I had to stand by, he loved her so—"

Now he faltered in his stern attitude of judgment.

"Marquise, I have no right——"

"But," she continued, calm and merciless, "you would pry into a woman's heart ; you cannot close your eyes now. I will be brief and plain. This woman never appreciated her great fortune—a lover like de Pomenars ! She was a born wanton. I think he—tired her with his flights into ethereal realms—the Moon at Carthage did not please her, she liked the electric lights of the boulevards. De Pomenars, coming home unexpected—a precious few hours in Paris—found her with another man ; you observe, the old trite situation. He rushed back to Soissons, and a few days later received his death wound—"

"Marquise, I beg—"

"Hear me out. He wanted to come to my little hospital here, but he died before they could move him ; he sent me this packet of letters, hers to him, and some he had written to her and never sent, with a covering letter scrawled on his deathbed. Give them to me."

Silently he handed her the packet ; she drew out the top paper, then put the others into the empty niche.

Slowly she unfolded the rough paper, a sheet torn out of an army note-book, and handed it to General de Merinville.

"Read that—you know his writing ?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Read it aloud."

In a low voice the proud old man read out the few lines scribbled in pencil on the lined paper :

> "Written in I know not what mood by a dying man. Take this record of a folly and do what you will. Crush her or spare her. I am past it all. I meant to die and have been fortunate. Now there is just this pain and the thought of you. Madeleine, you have been so wonderful, an inspiration, always—ah, if ! if ! Madeleine, good-bye."

There was a second's pause, then he said as he gave her back the paper :

"De Pomenars did love you after all."

"He never said so," she returned proudly. "You could show that letter to my husband."

"Marquise, you have shamed me."

"You are convinced ?"

"I humbly beg your forgiveness."

"Perhaps I was foolish to keep those letters, but I could never tell if I would, as he says—crush or spare her. There is no more to say."

"The woman ?"

"The woman ?"

"What of her ?"

"She seeks a third lover. She is trying to fascinate a

(*Continued on page* 114)

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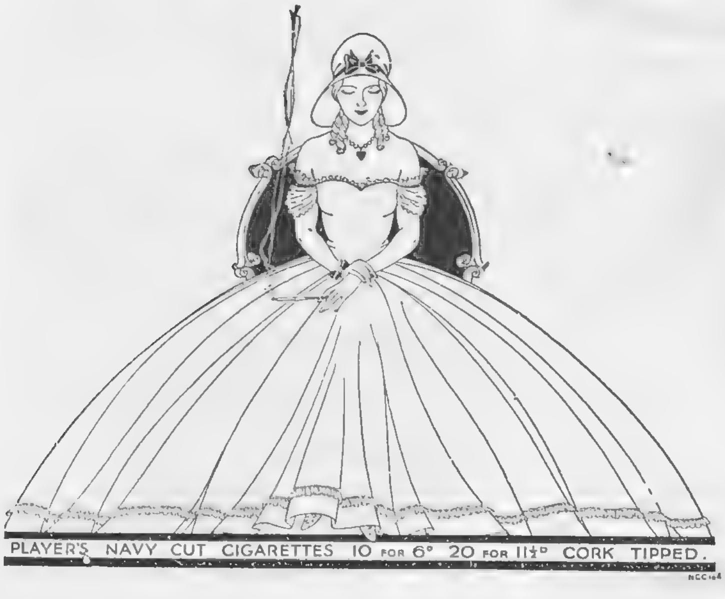

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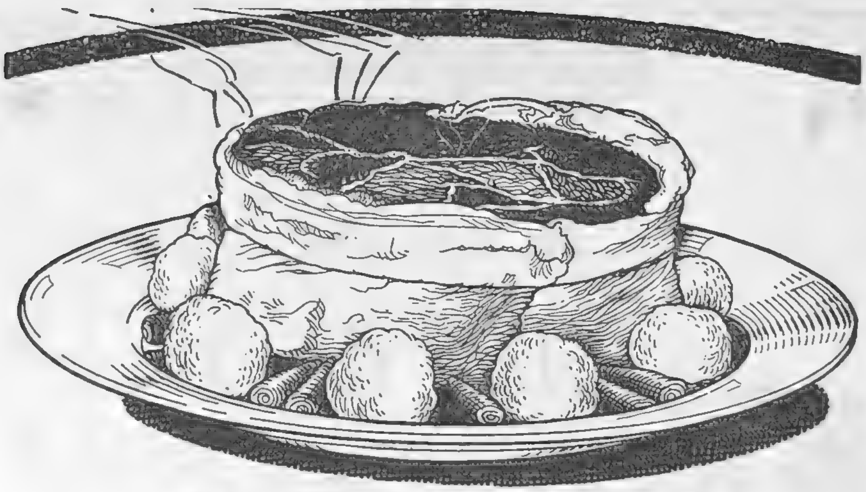

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boy—like Louis. What would you ? She runs her course and I mine."

"She does not know that you have the letters ? "

"No," said Madame du Vernis. "She thinks, I suppose, that he destroyed them."

The outer door opened quickly, letting in a shaft of sunset light, and Madame de Merinville, infantile, rosy, delicate as a Greuze portrait, in white and lavender, laughing, gay.

"Madeleine, are you not coming to give the gentlemen their tea ? They are waiting, dear."

Her husband gazed at her with eyes of doting affection.

"Amelie," he said, "I was just begging the Marquise to keep Louis till he can rejoin his regiment."

The childish face clouded, the lovely lips quivered.

"Oh, but we want him at home," the girl pouted.

"Louis is happy here and in such good hands."

Amelie tossed her delicate head.

"It makes me feel that I have come between you," she protested. "Ah, the statue has gone ! "

She gazed with what seemed dismay at the empty niche.

"It is coming back," said the General. "The Committee feel that, after all, they cannot take the responsibility——"

"How dark it has become," interrupted Madame du Vernis. She lit the lamp above the empty niche, and the light gleamed on the packet of letters.

Laughing, the girl crept up to the woman.

"Do let Louis come home—it is so dull, and I am not allowed to go to Paris yet——"

"You spoilt child," smiled her husband ; but Madame du Vernis did not answer.

The fair girl glanced at the packet of letters in the empty niche, then at the still face of the elder woman.

"Louis stays," added the General, glancing at his hostess. "Now, I must go and see they do not pack the statue."

"Oh," the blonde beauty flushed into animation.

"You won't be hurt if he stays ? " asked Madame du Vernis, looking direct at her.

"Oh, no ; relieved rather. How should I have entertained my great, big—son ? Madeleine, they are waiting for us——"

"A moment—there is one of my treasures I want to show you——"

The girl hesitated, then came into the room after closing the door on her husband.

"What is it you want to show me ? " she lisped ingenuously.

"These letters."

Madame du Vernis snatched them up and held them out.

"What do you mean ? " The girl was not childish now, nor lisping, but alert and keen.

"Your letters—take them, I'll not be the keeper of your conscience any longer ! "

"My letters ? "

"Yours to de Pomenars."

Madame de Merinville had seized the packet and instantly thrust it into the bosom of her dress.

"You are expert," said Madame du Vernis.

"What do you mean ? What do you want ? " she asked.

"*Only to save Louis from you, as I could not save de Pomenars*—come, let us join the others."

Before the other could answer General de Merinville returned and tenderly drew his young wife's arm through his own.

"You are sad, Marquise," he said regretfully.

"Sighing for the Moon—at Carthage ! " she smiled.

"The statue is to be returned at once—the letters. Ah, I perceive the letters are gone——"

"Into oblivion, General——"

END

All the World and Little Billing

(*Continued from page* 49)

average film is as repetitive, as limited and as consequential as village gossip, and so let us go back to "Little Billing"!

THE plot and the music of "Viennese Nights" are hardly believably those of a musical comedy specially written for the screen by Oscar Hammerstein II and Herr Romberg.

The daughter of the shoemaker to the Royal Family in Vienna is wooed, vocally, of course, by a poor music student, to whom she gives her heart, and a rich baron to whom her ambitious father is determined that she shall give her hand.

The father contrives a misunderstanding between the lovers and she marries the baron.

Years later the lover, appropriately enough, is playing second fiddle in a New York orchestra. He meets the Baroness; they once more confess their love for one another but part.

Since this is a Warner Brothers' film there is even a "Sonny Boy" interlude. The poor composer plays the melody he composed for his lost love to his son. But the child survives. The man it was who died.

His grandson introduces the melody into the symphony with which he makes his name and he marries the granddaughter of the woman his grandfather loved and lost, while the Baroness, in a grey wig, dies on the seat in the garden where she plighted her troth to the young musician, with the vision of their youthful forms superimposed and the theme song beating, not only in her heart, but on the ear-drums of the audience.

This really and truly is the story. The music certainly does not offend by its unfamiliarity. It is shown in colour with Vivienne Segal and Alexander Gray in the principal parts.

"City of Song" is an English production from the A.S.F.I. studios at Wembley, with Jan Kiepura, the singer, Betty Stockfield and Hugh Wakefield in the cast.

Silence is no longer golden. Success in the film industry depends on how quickly sound can be converted into negotiable paper. The exhibitor who backs originality might win a packet.

END

Physiography of Marriage

(*Continued from page* 83)

However natural and ideal this desire may be, it still holds two dangers. The children become estranged from their parents' house. If the parents have only received an elementary school education and the children go to a public school and they find in their home no understanding of their interests, and a snobbery in certain schools makes them when in the company of their school friends ashamed of their parents. An inferiority complex and self-consciousness are fostered; the children are afraid of accepting invitations because in returning them they will display to their admired school friends their own primitive environment. Conceit on the one hand and intimidation on the other create those repressions of feeling which so often lead to neuroses.

Like and contrasted social and economic conditions. Independent wealth and anxious poverty equally endanger married happiness. Women without duties and with unlimited means often get "foolish ideas." Exceptions are rare. Worries and privation almost always cause friction between husband and wife.

The man who marries socially beneath him will almost always regret it, if the society from which he originated is closed to his partner. The

(*Continued on page* 116)

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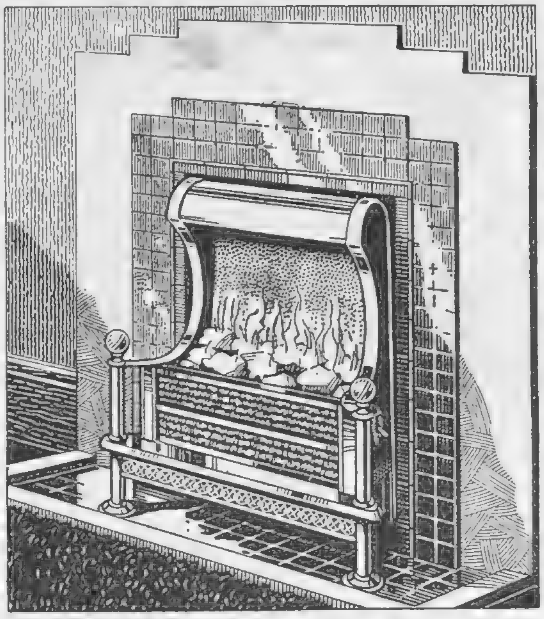

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happiness of those who manage to marry above their own social standing depends more on the behaviour of others than on their own previous feelings.

In marriages between white and coloured races, where both races are hostile to those who have run counter to the traditional prejudices, this is too evident to need further comment. But even in marriages of the same race but of widely different social standards, even the liberal tendencies of our days have not been able to overcome the deeply rooted class prejudice.

Of particular interest is the question, whether there are people who should not marry at all. The psychologist who can read temperaments and habits from handwriting is rather frequently consulted by middled aged people who are wondering whether after all they were right in remaining single.

Since graphology is no longer a dilettante guesswork, but accepted by many as perhaps the most important branch of applied psychology, educated people, accustomed to think in modern psychological concepts, pondering over these puzzling questions, like to talk things over with the graphologist.

In general one may say that somewhere in the world there exists for every individual a person of the other sex who would harmonise with him in temperament, character, interests and philosophy of life; and that the type of the born man-bachelor and girl-bachelor belongs to the greatest exceptions. Nevertheless, in the history of England we can quote striking examples of both bachelor-types.

Figs. 1a and 1b show the handwriting of Queen Elizabeth. The difference between the two writings is very striking indeed. The one is calligraphic, rather drawn than written, carefully deliberate and almost identical with the school copy of those days. But the expert has to keep in mind that in the seventeenth century in this country there was quite a revolution in the art of writing, and that then one first started to write a slanting hand instead of upright.

Queen Elizabeth, as many of her contemporaries, wrote both hands. But that is not the whole story. Even if one makes allowances for the various styles which were just then introduced into the art of writing, the number of different styles this crowned bachelor-girl could write is tremendous. And this very fact proves according to our present graphological knowledge that she was of a decidedly hysterical disposition. People who write in a school-copy style in advanced age, though they have fully attained graphic maturity, are always in some way or other hypocrites in their behaviour, actors who know how to conceal their true feelings behind assumed airs of dignity, faultlessness and correctness.

What a different picture when we glance at Elizabeth's slanting hand, written without the slightest dissimulation in a moment when losing her self-control she gave way to her temper. The regular pressure and regular slant, both indications of self-control, have completely disappeared, the slow and deliberate movement has given way to a hasty and precipitate scrawl, her characters are clipped and skimped, her movements are nervous, and her whole writing shows the graphological clinicist a complete assemblage of the symptoms of deeply rooted hysteria.

Such a person may show remarkable deliberation, strong pushing power, energy and brilliant mental qualities, but would with her ever-changing moods, wits and temper, hardly ever make an eligible bride.

Oscar Wilde's handwriting (*Fig.* 2) is a good example of a born man-bachelor. To the graphologist, the rounded forms, simplified in their skeleton structure, and at the same time ornamented in a somewhat coquettish way, the thick strokes which are due not to energetic pressure but to a rather careless easy grasp of the pen (showing no difference in the shadowing of the up and down strokes), and the slightly rising line in spite of the slow writing movement, show us an extremely refined, decadent æstheticist, coquettish in his behaviour, rather inert in his movements and actions, and *thoroughly effeminate* in his feeling. Such a man should remain single and keep quite by himself with his effeminate æstheticism and his vanity.

Facsimile 3 shows a balanced tranquillity of movements, harmonious spacing, regular pressure, rounded and graceful forms, consistency of style, and a modesty which would not allow any striking extra tours of ornamentation. This is the ideal husband, unassuming, good-hearted, calm and even-tempered. Not a passionate nature, but the tactful, tender and devoted affection which forms the secure basis for a lasting happy home life. To many types of woman he would make a good and faithful husband, but he would hardly choose more than one. His wife need decidedly never be jealous.

The writing of *facsimile* 4 is quick, well spaced, distinct in the shaping of the characters, markedly simplified and straight. It shows an efficient young lady with bright intellect, a joyful worker, neither dull nor circumstantial, but energetically taking things into her own hands. She is good-humoured and practical, and has common sense. She would prove a good comrade and helper to a young husband who has made up his mind to be a success, and would feel stimulated in his endeavours by his wife's pleasant co-operation.

Facsimile 5 is slow, hesitating, almost timid, banal, and somewhat wavy in the direction of the lines, but in opposition to the self-consciousness movements we notice strong final adjustments in the shape of little hooks, *e.g.*, at the lower part of the *f* of the word *if* in the first line. A self-conscious, rather nervous woman, who over-compensates her uncertainty by insisting on having the last say. Only a very patient husband could stand such troublesome behaviour.

Quite in the same way it would be a very patient and calm wife who could cope with the temper of the man who has written *facsimile* 6. In business he might be efficient, smart and energetic, but in his own home he would prove a tyrant. He is very sensuous and passionate indeed, and easily grows irritable. He cannot see the other fellow's point of view, is very self-concentrated, and would be jealous at ever so slight a suspicion.

Fascimile 7 is a large ostentatious writing with final adjustments, prolonged *t*-bars, with graceless and often illegible characters. It is badly spaced in spite of the slow and deliberate writing tempo. The lady would hardly be interested in her family and home life. Some people would call her snobbish. Neither a man who wants a devoted wife nor one with cultured interests and refined taste would feel happy with her. On the other hand she would be a very valuable help to a husband whose highest ambition is to climb the social ladder.

The man who wrote *facsimile* 8 tried to impress his correspondent by some sort of bold and aristocratic hand, but he was hardly up to his task since only a banal and vulgar calligraphy was the result of his boastful enterprise. The characters are indistinctly shaped, and must be guessed rather than read, important parts of letters have been omitted for the sake of senseless ornamentations. Besides, this hand is very slow, although the writer tried to create the impression of great self-certainty and spontaneity. A woman who likes a boastful fool would think him alright—but where to find one?

END

Let "Ranee" *read your* Character from *your* Handwriting. See page 104

READ *by a good light*

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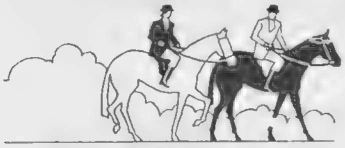
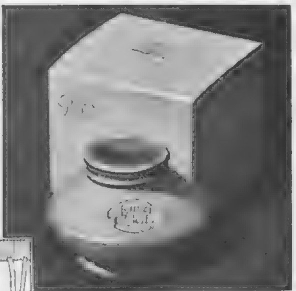
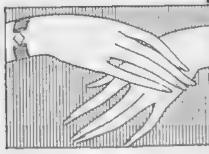


Defend THE BEAUTY OF YOUR *Hands*





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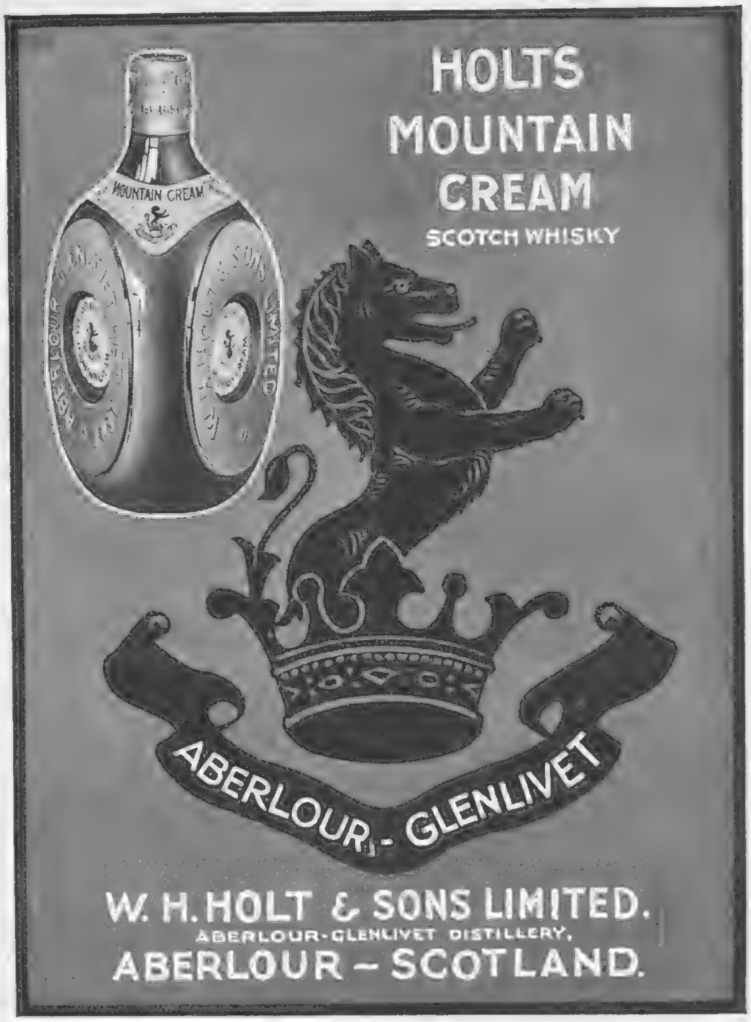

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5½d., 8½d., 11½d. tins.

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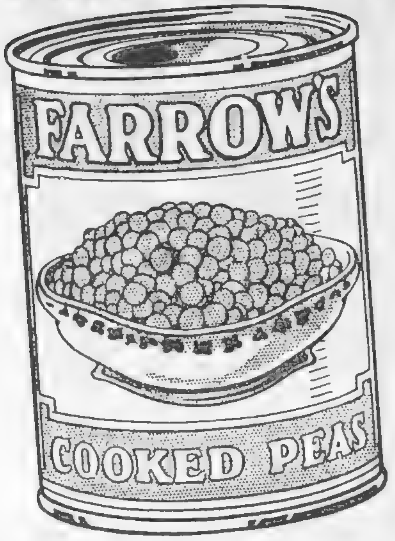

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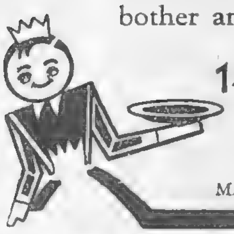

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La Belle Gaby

(Continued from page 27)

HER conquests in America were prodigious. A millionaire offered her the bulk of his fortune. But a little consumptive whom she had helped back to life brought about an estrangement with her lover. Some time after that a French nobleman offered her his ducal crown, and his hand. She refused, saying: "No man will ever be rich enough to buy my freedom."

Gaby had an exquisite home in London. It was not a banal house, nor did it suggest the home of a frivolous actress, still less a courtesan. One room, furnished entirely with low divans, Turkish rugs, lamps from a mosque, and in a gold niche a smiling Buddha, recalled Gaby's love for the Orient. In another room there was a cardinal's throne bearing the shield of France on the back. The bedroom was the most splendid of all, with an arch held by four black marble pillars, back of which, on a raised platform, stood a legendary bed. The columns of the bed were two fat gilded cherubs supporting a dark silk canopy. The effect was that of a strange altar. Close to the bed, at the foot of a Venetian lantern before an ivory Christ, was a prie-Dieu, with velvet cushion, on which was the imprint of two knees.

Yes, in those days Gaby often prayed.

And then, at the height of her glory, came the war. Shortly before that she had received a present of a villa at Marseilles. Another villa, unfinished at the beginning of the war, was being built at l'Almanarre near d'Hyeres, at the expense of another lover.

From 1914 until shortly before her death in 1920, Gaby worked very hard, lived quietly, never going to late parties and doing everything possible to preserve health and looks. Theatres were open during the war, for those back from the front had to be entertained, and she acted in France and London. While in London in 1917 she was called to police headquarters to account for certain reports which accused her of spying. She was able to prove her innocence, however, and continued to act.

OF her war work little is known except to those who profited by it. One blind officer was her especial charge, and she passed many long hours trying to bring light into his darkness.

She had many lovers, all single men, and no famous, or infamous, woman of this age ever received as many valuable gifts, or more easily amassed a fortune while living in the lap of luxury and giving generously all the while. She owned five valuable properties, automobiles that were the envy of all the women of her social standing; jewels equal to those of a queen, and wherever she went she was beloved; nowhere more so than in the little parish church of Notre Dame de Grâce, in Passy, a smart quarter of Paris.

She had everything, and yet before there was time for her to enjoy life to the full the dread disease that she feared was upon her. She died on February 20th, 1920, of pneumonia, incurable because she was ill, like her sister Maud, of what once was called galloping consumption. In memory of that sister she left all her property to the poor of Marseilles, and the villa Maud, her favourite home, to the tuberculars of the city. "And so," she wrote naïvely in her will, "all my life I shall have danced for the poor. And, I think, this act of mine will efface much of the cruel criticism, and many unkind attacks."

Her end, like the beginning and like the greater part of her life, was shrouded in sadness. This goddess of the golden apple was not resigned to being snatched from her earthly paradise. Many times during the long illness she supplicated the doctor to save her life. Often she would sit up in bed, join the pale, thin hands, now ringless, and cry:

"Doctor, dear doctor, have pity on me! Cut off a limb, mutilate me, but let me live!"

She prayed fervently. All her friends prayed for her.

(Continued on page 120)

Throat dry and sore?

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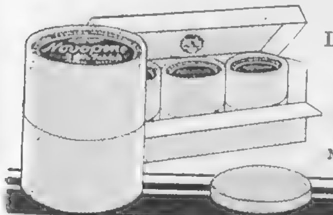

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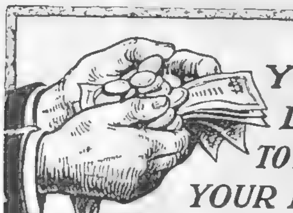

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MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

Special prayers were said in the little church that had been royally helped by her generosity. But all the prayers seemed to pass unheard at the High Tribunal, for though there were days when there seemed to be hope of recovery, the lungs filled again and again. Three operations were performed, and slowly she faded before the eyes of those who loved her, like the flowers whose name she bore.

A modern Magdalen had passed away. The coffin was draped with pale mauve satin and completely covered with orchids of every shade from violet to lilac. Harry Pilcer walked directly behind the flower-laden hearse, after him hundreds of music hall artists and midinettes as a guard of honour. Then came famous men from the four corners of the earth, great men who at some time had known and perhaps loved her. The greatest men in France were there, and many who were not known at all. After the automobile in which the family rode came car after car filled with rarest flowers, tributes from many who were far away, as well as from diplomats, politicians, royalty, theatrical people, and the world of nobodies.

And they took her to Marseilles, the beloved city of her birth, to put her in a monumental tomb, to be watched over by the poor for whose benefit she had saved. A modern Magdalen had passed on. As such they mourned and still mourn her.

And now Gaby Deslys has the right to sleep softly, under the warm earth, where the breeze from the sea brings her the perfume of the many flowers close by: in the spring daffodils, violets and lilies—*des lys.*

The King Rides By

(*Continued from page* 87)

factory, a restaurant washing dishes . . . oh, lots of things, she'd tried to do, but she wasn't strong, an' she was stupid and lost her jobs one after another. Then a girl had told her of an easier way, but she was afraid, didn't know how to start . . . had to eat . . . was ashamed . . . scared, and . . . and . . . At this the heartheld storm of sobs broke and her quivering face dropped to her hands.

A pang like a poison dart went through his heart. Gawd! How pretty she was! His acute sense of picturisation called up a vision of the years ahead. When the relentless world had its way with her . . . what then? He grasped her wrist.

"Yeh cawn't do that!" he whispered fiercely. "Yeh cawn't! Gawd! Yeh're too pretty . . . too . . . Look, look over there! Do yeh want to be like 'er some day?" Her eyes followed his. An old harridan sat in a far corner asleep. Unkempt, grizzled locks hung in strings about a face raddled with purple veins and grime. Greedy, claw-like fingers still clutched an empty glass.

The girl drew closer to him with a shuddering little sigh. Her arm lay against his and a tendril of shining chestnut hair touched his cheek. He wanted to sing and dance for joy, to clasp the soft little form to his madly beating heart and whisper to her all the wonder of it. Instead, he shoved his chair back, speaking gruffly:

"Come on. Let's get out o' this."

They sat upon a bench in the park, saying nothing for long minutes. The soft dusk enveloped them carelessly. To Tim it was a night of wonder, star-shine, perfect peace and flaming joy. Now and then there was a broken sentence. They understood each other, these derelict children, and knew that they loved. His arm slipped reverently about her waist. Her lips lay upon his. Her first kiss and his. Their final mating and beauty, tenderness and the passion of young natural things, unspoiled by prejudice or creed.

TIM'S next lesson was the choice between two loves, his woman and the sea. The woman won. Through this he learned the illimitable joy of renunciation for another. The flaming ecstasy of self-immolation for a cause was not yet his. He went back to his thieving with new zest and zeal. He knew no other life and he now had someone to care for.

Then the shot of a madman rang through the world, and national consciousness surged to the surface, brimming over. Excited, overwrought crowds drifted aimlessly here and there. Motor cars, each with a Union Jack, whizzed through the streets carrying gesticulating men and women. A steady stream of motor lorries and ammunition wagons lumbered by, and daily khaki-clad troops marched through a lane of people oft-times too saddened and serious to cheer them on their way.

To Tim crowds meant loot and pageantry he so loved. But in these days his nimble fingers were unwontedly idle. As public enthusiasm ran higher and higher he again found himself filled with the vague unrest. Wistfully he watched the troops march out, without thought that he could join them. It seemed to him he had no place.

One day he paused before one of the huge placards posted everywhere. Edging his way through the crowd, he turned to an old man standing near and asked:

"What does it sy, old 'un?" The man read it aloud with awed solemnity.

"Yeh're King and Country need yeh!" His faded old eyes travelled significantly over the lithe young form at his side, and he added: "That means yeh, me lad!"

"Me?" Tim shot the question at him. "What the 'ell . . . ?" He stopped abruptly, for the old man, leaning heavily upon his stick, peering closely at him, seemed not to have heard the amazed question and continued:

"Gawd A'mighty! But yeh're like me own boy Tommy, yeh are. South Africa got 'im and our Eddie, both, it did. Bill died at sea. Jim wus in a regiment what saw Indian service and 'e wus killed in one o' their uprisin's. Six of 'em we've 'ad, mother an' me. Four of 'em dead and two in the Colonies, Canada an' Australia. They'll go out now if Gov'ment'll tyke 'em. An' our gran'sons, too, they'll all go."

"Yeh're been livin' a long time, aynt yeh, old 'un?" Tim spoke jocularly to deny the lump that seemed to stick in his throat. Then, the thought of love uppermost in his mind, he asked: "Wus yeh an' yeh're ol' woman married reg'lar, by a parson an' all?"

The hands of the old man gripped his stick, and something like anger gleamed in his dulled eyes.

"'Ere, why yeh askin' me a question like that?" he quavered. "Married by a parson? Course we wus! We're respectable, we are. 'Ad a church weddin' an' all. An' when our boys come we wus the 'appiest in the land. . . ." His voice broke and he turned away.

Tim stood staring at the poster, the black letters crying their meaning into his consciousness. "Your King and Country need you!" And the old man's words, "That means yeh, me lad!" He made away towards the docks, but this time the tang of salt air borne landward by a passing breeze seemed somehow unable to quiet turbulent thought. Question after question ran through his mind in maddening and ceaseless iteration.

Why the 'ell did it mean him? Why should he go out and fight? What had the King ever done for 'im . . . huh? For the matter of that what had he done for that old perisher? Taken all his sons, that's what he had, with never a thank you. Then his head dropped helplessly to his hand, his groping ideas seeking form. What was this intangible but deathless force that brought rich and poor crowding to the kerb with cheers upon their lips when their live King rode by, with uncovered heads and sobs in their throats at the passing of their dead King ?

Suddenly Tony's words flashed into his memory, seeming to spring to new life with sinister meaning : " When Englan' she fight in her las' ditch . . . den we dey call da beas' we come from our holes in da ceety jungle . . . we slit-a da troat, we twist-a da neck, we tak' for our own da homes dey 'ave beeld . . ."

In his mind rose the picture of clean-cut, beautiful buildings picked out against a smiling, summer sky, then razed to the ground or occupied and fouled by Tony's kind. He visioned sweet-voiced, gracious women at the mercy of those gorilla men who, like pestilent grey shadows, slunk in dank corners of the land that sheltered them, waiting their opportunity to strike. Mable in their hands perhaps—his own woman !

HIS thoughts were chaotic. With no facility for expressing them, he suddenly sensed what men fought for. To protect their own . . . and for their King, not the man, but the symbol. The symbol that stood for beauty and construction, rather than horror and destruction.

Thief and outcast though he was, he could still help preserve this beautiful, intangible something which knit together the hearts of a nation, scattered her sons to the four corners of the Empire to live constructively and well, or, if need be, to fight and die for her.

What of Mable, so little, so young, so helpless . . . what would happen to her ? Somewhere were men and women, not toffs, who got married by the parson, who loved and worked side by side all their days, who bore fine sons to give to Empire. These were regular folks. Mable's people had been like that. For the first time he understood the little note of wistfulness in her voice when she had told him of her mother's simple wedding gown. He knew now that perhaps she had been longing for respectability. Perhaps some day they too would have little blighters running around, and . . . and . . . Well, he knew what he had to do, make Mable respectable first, then go out and be a man. Further thought failed him. Hands thrust deep in pockets, head held high, he strode to the nearest recruiting station as though upon winged feet. He came out a soldier to the King.

That night, gathering her in his arms, he told her what he had done and what he intended to do. She burst into tears, clinging to him.

" Oh, Timmy, I'm so glad . . . so glad ! I been wonderin' when and now you've done it, jest like I alwus knew you would. Are you sure . . . sure you want to do that other . . . be married reg'lar, like other folks ? "

" Why, Mable, course I do ! I never thought abart it till I met the ol' perisher to-day. If yeh wanted that why didn't yeh tell me before ? "

Her head snuggled to his neck and she whispered :

" First I was so happy I didn't think about it, but my folks wus alwus respectable, and, now . . . now, Timmy," she stooped to whisper in his ear and drawing her to his knees, he held her close.

" Well, strike me pink ! A little nipper . . . all our own . . . ours ! 'E aynt goin' to be nameless . . . 'e's goin' to 'ave a nyme all right ! Barton . . . that belonged to me mother. Moll used to tell me abart 'er. Seems like me ol' man wus a bit of a rotter . . . 'er nyme's good enough for us. But our boy's goin' to 'ave a nyme an' a dad." Wistfulness grew in his eyes and his voice faltered. " Don't spose I'll be 'ere when 'e comes, and mabbe I won't see 'im . . . never." Suddenly silent, he brooded over this. Then he straightened, his eyes smiling into hers. " He ayn't goin' to be a thief, 'e's goin' to be a reg'lar boy, 'is father a soldier to the King and 'is mother wiv' 'er marriage lines."

(*Continued on page* 122)

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THERE came a day when Mrs. Tim Barton, her marriage lines in her pocket, a gold band upon her finger, standing upon the kerb as a regiment marched out to an unknown destination, learned to the utmost the bitter-sweet joy of giving a soldier. The air was martial with waving banners, thud of feet and drums. She stood with fluttering handkerchief, the tears winked bravely back. With the unerring intuition of love, her eyes had flown straight to that slim body which stood against her retina, a picture to be retained while life should last. The spiritual ecstasy of that brief moment sketched the smile upon her lips. The time for tears would come later, when alone in the little room that had held all their happiness she lived over again dear intimate moments, or lay in stark horror, the dark peopled with imagined terrors.

Private "Tim" Barton, impeccably clad, eyes held straight ahead, with just the flickering of an outer corner to take in the dearly-loved little figure, at that moment reached the topmost pitch of exultation. At last he was part of a gorgeous pageant, and the woman he loved saw him so. Outcast and thief no longer, but man and soldier, a greased cog in the wheel of Empire. Feet thudding rhythmically to martial air, his heart leapt in answer to ringing cheers.

TWO years of peace. Upon a misty morning holding vague promise of sun, the people of London again gathered to watch a pageant. The significance of the moment held voices in respectful thrall. The very air throbbed with solemnity and every heart beat was a muffled dirge. To honour those who had died cheerfully for the faith that was in them, knowing that their shattered bodies would lie in nameless graves, the nation had given the escort of its millions to one mute, inglorious, unknown warrior, with the full panoply of honoured burial.

Long before the city was astir Mrs. "Tim" Barton, wearing rusty black, her face worn white, her wine-browned eyes dulled with weeping, took her place upon the very edge of the kerb. Minutes merged into hours. From sheer force of will, her fragile body held its own against the drifting crowds. Sometimes she stooped to still the pathetic whimpers of the tired little boy clinging to her hand, finally picking him up in her arms to protect him from the swaying, pushing mass of humanity.

Came strains of music, muted by distance . . . nearer . . . still nearer . . . swelling into triumphant volume of sound. Then the thud, thud of marching feet measured to the infinite solemnity of the Dead March in Saul. The autumn sun broke radiantly through the clouds making a golden pathway for serrated rows of khaki-clad figures and striking a solemn note of colour from the Union Jack upon the coffin. Behind it marched the great and famous of the earth, Archbishops, Bishops, Admirals, Vice-Admirals, the Nation's ruler and the Heir of the Kingdom.

The music rose and fell in heart-breaking waves of pulsating sound. All things material seemed dim and blurred, dissolved in that welter of exquisite harmony. Men stood with bowed heads and women dropped pitifully drawn faces to trembling hands, praying that the merciless music might cease. The gun carriage was wheeled into place, the King saluted the Unknown. Then came relief of sobs and tears.

Every black-robed woman whose dear one had slipped into eternity leaving behind no record, held to the sweet and fervent hope that her own lay beneath the battle-torn flag; tenderly, half fearfully visioning underneath a well-loved, well-remembered face. Each lonely heart sent up ardent petition that this might be true.

Mrs. "Tim" Barton whispered: "Oh, Timmy, aynt it grand? . . . I wish yeh're father could see it . . . 'e loved p'cessions" . . .

Overwhelming conviction smote her to abrupt silence. Not the sweet half-hope of these others bereft, but absolute and instant certainty. Belying the sudden joy gleaming in her eyes, her quivering lips breathed a reverential prayer:

"Oh, Gawd . . . it is . . . I knows it! 'Ow 'appy 'e must be! Thank yeh . . . oh-h-h . . . thank yeh Gawd!" With head jerked high, bent body straightened by the splendour of the thought, she strained every nerve to lift the child to a seat on her shoulder, whispering:

"Quick, darlin' . . . quick, Timmy boy, give the salute!"

The sun now high in the heavens sent slant brazen rays from the metal hat upon the coffin lid, flickered briefly across solemn, down-bent faces, struck flecks of light from brass buttons, bathed in a flood of splendour the fragile grief-worn woman and touched to glory the golden curls of the little boy sitting so stiffly erect upon her shoulder, wide blue eyes fixed straight ahead, hand to forehead in the British salute. The bugles reft the silence, quickening immobile figures into action. She dragged the child from her shoulder, holding him close to her heart. Her tears dropped upon his upturned face and laughter bubbled from her trembling lips.

"Don't forgit it, Timmy, never!" Her voice dropped to awed whisper:

"An' the King 'imself walked be'ind 'im!"

END

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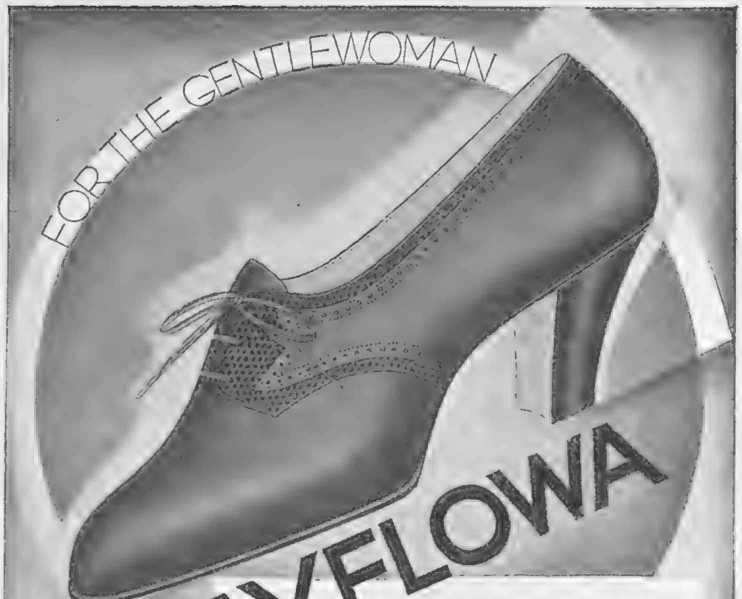

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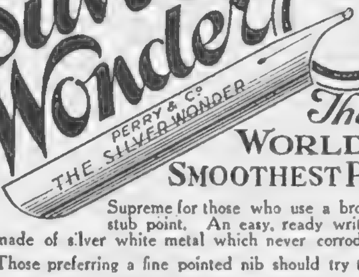

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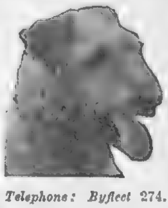

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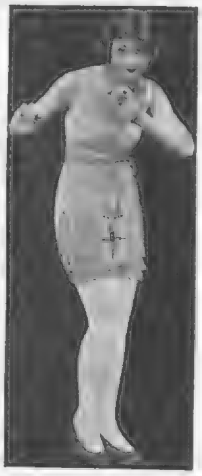

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Rienzi, the Deliverer of Rome

(*Continued from page 37*)

no longer be murdered with impunity. A fight at the walls of the city gave the wayward citizens just that relief their pent-up spirits required. There was a chance of loot and the joy of battle had not yet been shorn of its delights by the invention of gunpowder. They defended the gateways and the nobles were driven off in confusion, leaving seven cannon of the Colonna in the open.

It seemed as if the clash of arms had taught Rienzi a lesson. For a day or two he took part in neither pageant nor festa, and his face wore a look of quite unaccustomed humility.

HAD Rienzi been a man of destiny he would have proceeded to the extermination of his enemies, but the sight of the dead bodies of the young nobles of the Colonna seems to have unnerved him. He declared piously he "would draw his sword no more."

He turned his attention to making laws for the Roman people, who in turn began to wonder why there were no more pageants and processions. His humility received an unpleasant shock when the Pope denounced him as a heretic, and he resolved to placate the people with feasts, for apparently contrition was not rewarded on this earth. The Romans entered into the spirit of this tragic farce and paraded the streets in burlesque and carnival, lauding the name of the Tribune. That same Tribune was not deceived by their mouthings, but he need not have persuaded himself into a feeling of hopelessness and terror. At the moment when he needed all his courage his heart failed him.

A certain envoy from Louis of Hungary, who fancied he had incurred the anger of the Tribune, barricaded his palace. Rienzi sent a captain to demand its surrender, and he fell under the blow of a lance.

The tocsin was sounded, but the Romans were tired of turning out armed so early in the morning. Rienzi became alarmed and hurried to the protecting walls of the castle of St. Angelo. His wife, wearing the rather incongruous garb of a nun, escaped from the Capitol and joined him. Rome woke up to find she no longer had a Tribune.

For three days the streets wore an air of silence and uncertainty. The nobles did not return, for they could not believe Rienzi had taken alarm. The people even doubted if the Tribune had disappeared. But he had, and the first phase of this strange visitation had come to an end.

FOR years he wandered about Europe. He met the Emperor at Prague and urged him to overthrow the temporal power of the Pope. The Emperor replied by keeping him in a dungeon for a year and then handing him over to the Pope at Avignon, who deposited him in a similar dungeon for a like period. But Popes die as other men, and the new Pontiff had different ideas. He resented the renewed aggrandisement of the Roman nobles, and saw in the discredited Rienzi an instrument to bring about their downfall. The one time Tribune was sent in the train of the Papal legate, Cardinal Albornoz, to bring the recalcitrant Orsini and Colonna to reason.

On the road from Avignon to Italy, Rienzi startled the Papal legate by putting off his modest cloth tunic and appearing in an elaborate apparel of scarlet, embroidered with gold and furred with miniver. Something of the old Rienzi emerged in the man who had spent so many hours of contemplation in rat-infested dungeons.

Thus in the beginning of August, 1354, he returned to Rome, a magnificent figure, embittered but enlightened by experience, and armed with the full authority of the Papal legate. The Romans looked upon him as a bringer of good things. Some of them remembered the gaiety of his spectacular seven months of power in the days of the "buono stato." At any rate, with Rienzi they could enjoy their festas, and lately the internecine struggles of the Romans had kept the city in a state of nerves ill fitted for the proper enjoyment of carnival. Rienzi found himself the long-lost hero, and was greeted at Monte Mario by troops of Roman cavalry bearing branches of olive at their lance heads as signs of "victory and peace."

Rienzi once more played the Gods of fortune false. He forgot his good resolutions. The noise of the huzzahs of the mob echoed in his ears and he fancied he was the old Rienzi. But the old Rienzi was dead. He had been austere in his personal habits and chaste in his relations with women. The new Rienzi was inclined to fat and drank more than was good for a leader of men. And he delighted in the sight of pretty ankles in a manner unseemly for a man of his girth and grossness of person. He assented to every extravagance, and the mob found an increasing delight in cheering their obese overlord.

But the Colonna had never forgiven Rienzi for the seven scions of their house who had died on the day of San Lorenzo. They encouraged resistance in the garrison of Palestrina, and the fortress held out in spite of every effort of the newly appointed Tribune. His efforts to raise men for the assault led him to cutting the pay of the Roman guard. It was a fatal mistake. The medievals had such a mercenary instinct. It seemed as if Cola di Rienzi had lost his touch, and the mob turned against him in the space of hours. He found himself without a friend. His wife had entered a convent of the Poor Clares during the days of his wanderings, and had not heard of his return to Rome. His son was dead in the streets of the city. His relatives had forsaken him. He was there to face the mob by himself. He made a last gesture. Dressing himself in knightly armour and taking up the banner of the Roman people in his hand, he stepped on to the balcony of the house in which he had found a temporary retreat. He addressed the people with all the eloquence at his command, crying at the end: "I, too, am a Roman citizen."

The mob answered his appeal with cries of "Death to the traitor!" The horror-struck man noticed wreaths of smoke rising from the basement. Down in the courtyard the pillagers were engaged on their familiar task.

The fallen Tribune debated whether he would surrender himself in the armour of a knight and die like a man. But he had ever been fond of life and even in this extremity determined to make an effort to escape. He threw off his armour and hacked away most of his beard. Blackening his face with charred wood, he wrapped an old quilt round his waist and mingled with the infuriated crowd. No one recognised him in the confusion until at last an old soldier noticed he was wearing a jewelled bracelet. He was stripped of his disguise, and the terrified Rienzi looked on the Roman mob for the last time. His body was pierced by half a hundred swords and dragged along the stones to the palace of the Colonna. And there the multitude sneered at his headless corpse until their lungs were exhausted and the sorry remains were taken down to be burned.

Thus perished Rienzi, the man who did not know how to die. His friend Petrarch would have us believe he fell at the foot of the Capitol at the end of his first reign. But then Petrarch was a poet and a friend. History pays little heed to the requirements of friendship and the imagination of poetry. It records the craven and the heroic without comment. It tells us that Rienzi died a miserable wretch whom fear of death had deprived of all manly virtue. It robs romance of its make-believe.

END

The Flaming Chariot

(*Continued from page* 41)

over his black robe, was serving fried chicken smothered in a creamy white sauce, and pouring a colourless liquid out of a jug. The chicken was delicious. The liquid tasted something like petroleum, only sweeter. . . .

"Yea verily!" boomed a thundering challenge out of nowhere. "We Americans can outsail, outfight, outdrink and outspit any other nation on the face of this earth!"

"A-men!" came a basso response from three black figures seated in a row. "A-men and hallelujah!"

"A hoonderd poonds ye're wrong!" cried somebody, springing to his feet. "Though ye trimmed us at sea, ye domned Yankee, I'll bet ye five hoonderd o' yere ain dollars that ye canna do it again, and you to arrange the details!"

Mr. Glencannon was about to applaud these stalwart sentiments; but then, too late, he realised that the voice was his own, and that, instead of springing to his feet, he had merely fallen into the mashed turnips.

MR. GLENCANNON was awakened by someone shaking him violently, and he opened his eyes to find himself in his room aboard the *Inchcliffe Castle*. "Come, wyke up!" said a voice which he recognised as that of the Mate. "Wyke up! You 'aven't any time to wyste, you 'aven't."

With difficulty managing to disengage his tongue from the roof of his mouth, "Any time to waste for what?" he inquired thickly. "What is the neceesity for a' the roosh and boostle?"

"Why, to get ready for the ryce—the life-boat ryce you challenged the Prophet to larst night!"

"Life-boat race? Why, mon, ye're daft! Whatever are ye talking aboot?" Mr. Glencannon sat bolt upright and then abruptly lay down again.

"Well, it's you who's daft, if you arsks me," shrugged Mr. Montgomery. "Nobody but a cryzy man would 'ave challenged them gryte 'airy aypes to a rowing ryce and bet a 'undred pounds on it, like you did!"

"A hoonderd poonds?" repeated Mr. Glencannon weakly. "Ah, noo, noo, Muster Montgomery, let's get this straight. I dinna recall a word aboot it!"

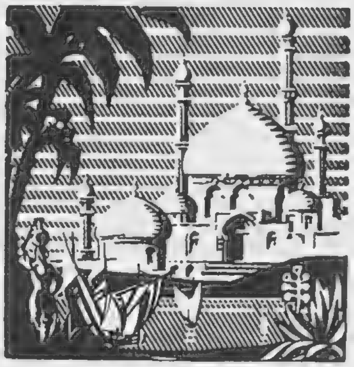
It appeared, from the Mate's explanation, that the race would be rowed over a course from the basin entrance to the Anse des Catalans lightbuoy and back; that Mr. Glencannon and the Prophet Ezekiel would act as coxswains of their respective crews; that the craft used would be two identical life-boats furnished by the *Inchcliffe Castle*, and that the race would start promptly at 2 p.m.

"Yuss, and you agreed to it yourself larst night," insisted Mr. Montgomery. "Orl 'ands of both ships 'as been betting on it since morning. It's 'arf arfter twelve now, so you'd jolly well better be picking your crew and getting ready, you 'ad!"

"Whoosh!" said Mr. Glencannon, arising with a Spartan effort. "'Tis vurra plain that with a hoonderd poonds at stake I must summon a' my keenest faculties." And reaching under his bunk, he dragged forth a bottle of Duggan's Dew of Kirkintilloch, filled a tumbler to the brim, and drank it without a flicker of an eyelash.

"There!" he said, smacking his lips. "I shall noo pull on my troosies and set my intellect to work. Meanwhile," and he bowed his head and gnawed thoughtfully at his moustache, "Meanwhile, Muster Montgomery, I'll thank ye to order Number One life-boat lowered into the water richt away, and to have Number Three let doon so's it's exactly opposite the loading door on the poort side. Stand by till I give ye the word to lower it the rest o' the way."

"Right-o!" said Mr. Montgomery, stepping briskly out on deck and blowing his whistle. Then, having given his orders, "Strike me if I don't believe 'e's sunk this time!" he chuckled. "Even that Scotch 'ighw'yman can't (*Continued on page* 126)



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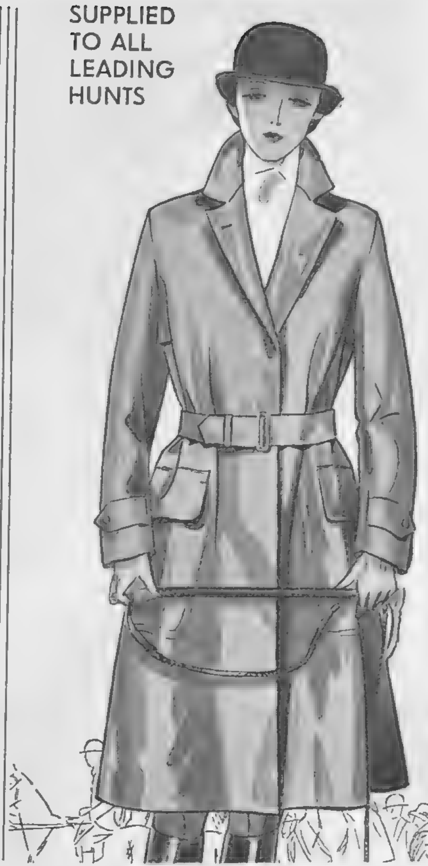

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swindle his w'y past a boatload of ruddy seven-foot 'Erculeses ! "

BUT later that afternoon, as he stood with the cheering crowd upon the pier-head, he changed his mind—yes, and cursed himself for having bet his money on the *Flaming Chariot's* crew. Even though the racing craft were still beyond the Vieux-Port, it was evident that the *Castle's* was well in the lead. Through his glasses, Mr. Montgomery could see that the men were pulling along swiftly, easily, and that Mr. Glencannon, standing in the stern-sheets with the tiller between his knees, was fortifying his strength with copious drafts from the quart bottle. Several similar bottles, he observed, were in circulation among the oarsmen.

As the boats approached the finish line, the bearded giants were jaded, weary and sore beset. The Prophet Ezekiel, garbed in his flowing robes, raised voice and arms in futile effort to goad them on. " Row, row, ye shuddering sinners ! " he stormed. " You, Shadrach, fer the love o' tunket put some beef into it ! Hep ! Stroke ! Hep !—Wake up, Zeruiah, wake up, gol dang it, before I take this here tiller and flail the livin' wamus off 'n ye ! "

But his eloquence was of no avail. Leisurely the *Inchcliffe Castle's* boat crossed the line a dozen lengths in the lead. As it did so, Mr. Glencannon turned, struck an attitude, and with a sweeping gesture thumbed his nose at his vanquished rivals. Then, reacting to the strain of it all, he took a final swig from his bottle and collapsed into the boat.

" Well, I never seen the like, sir ! " said the crestfallen Mr. Montgomery. " 'Ow in the world 'e ever myde that crew o' Liverpool riff-raff row like so many Hoxford and Cymbridge hexperts is a fair miracle to me ! "

" Yes," chuckled Captain Ball knowingly. " But you never want to forget, Mister Mate, that when it comes to miracles, Mr. Glencannon's a pretty handy chap to have about ! "

" But 'ow did 'e do it, that's orl I arsks—'ow did 'e do it ? "

" Huh ! " Captain Ball snorted. " Why, when you was up there standing by for his word to lower Number Three into the water what do you s'pose he was doing through that loading-door—fishing for bloaters ? "

" I 'aven't the fyntest notion wot 'e was doing," sulked Mr. Montgomery.

" Well," whispered Captain Ball, glancing cautiously about him. " He was lashing a big steel ash-bucket to Number Three's keel, that's what he was doing ! Why, it was a regular sea-anchor ! It set up a drag in the water under that boat like towing a busted bass drum ! . . ."

" Lawks ! " gasped Mr. Montgomery. " An arsh-bucket ! W'y, a team o' blooming lorry 'orses couldn't myke any speed dragging that ! "

" No, nor neither could them whiskery psalm-singers," agreed Captain Ball. " Maybe it'll learn 'em some sea-manners ! "

" It's learned me my lesson about Mr. Glencannon, anyw'y," said Mr. Montgomery ruefully. " After I've forked out for my bets, I'll go below and 'ide my 'ead in shyme until the *Flyming Chariot* puts to sea. And I 'opes they sinks on their w'y to Barcelonia ! "

NEXT morning, bright and early, Mr. Glencannon strolled along the Quai du Port, and turned into the sunshine which flooded the broad Rue Cannebière. There was a smile on his face and a song in his heart, for in the wallet directly over it reposed a portly packet of American bank-notes.

" Weel," he chuckled. " It a' goes to prove ye dinna need whuskers to be sagacious ! And it also proves that it's a costly pastime to gae aboot insulting decent people on the high seas. And noo I shall mak' arrangements for sending my winnings hame to Scotland. . ."

Turning into the banking offices of the Crédit Marseillaise, he made known his wishes and presented his notes at the grilled window.

The cashier moistened his thumb on a sponge and prepared to count the neat stack of tens and twenties. Suddenly he paused, frowned, looked up.

" Monsieur," he announced coldly. " This money is not good ! "

" Not good ? " repeated Mr. Glencannon, grasping the marble ledge for support. " Ah, noo, Mounseer, this is no occasion for humor ! I'll thank ye to cease yere leevity and do as ye're bid."

" It is not an affair of the drollery," insisted the cashier. " Have the goodness to regard, Monsieur—why, one can easily see for one's self ! " He pushed the bills back to Mr. Glencannon. " Read, Monsieur, read there carefully what is printed."

With trembling fingers, Mr. Glencannon picked up a bill and examined it. Across the top, in large letters, was engraved " *Citizens' Bank of Atlanta, Georgia,*" and then, smaller, on the line below, " *Confederate States of America.*"

" Weel, I'll be domned ! " he murmured weakly. " That old Yankee swundler ! " Then into his mind came a vague and tantalising half-memory, obscured by a strange silvery fog. He tried to summon the rest of it, but it eluded him. He shook his head sadly.

" It's a' vurra peerplexing," he sighed. " Vurra peerplexing indeed. But, yes, I do seem to recall somebody, somewhere, saying something aboot an American Ceevil War. A-weel," and he stuffed the bank-notes into his pocket, and turned toward the door, " I fancy there's nowt to do but gae oot and find a pub where they haven't heard the war news ! "

END

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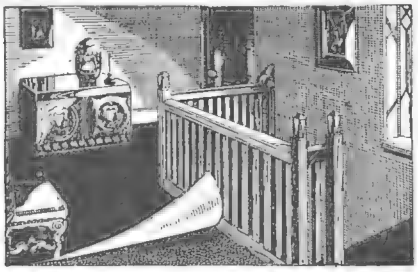

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The Children *and* Adventurers *of the* Theatre

by HANNEN SWAFFER

(Continued from page 43)

and downs bravely, and gambled the next morning.

Morris Gest, who married David Belasco's daughter and who took "The Miracle" right across America, leaving New York with it when he owed many thousands of pounds, but paying it all off a few weeks later, is a Jew.

It is strange to be in the company of a man like Gest and realise that, while he has the enterprise and the knowledge to take on a tour right across America, an enormous production, and with Lady Diana Cooper as the star, he is uneducated.

It is extraordinary to know that, while he calls on D'Annunzio and Hauptmann, and people like that, during his European tours, and is photographed with them for his American boosts, he scarcely knows anything about them.

When I drove him down to see Arthur Collins at Weybridge, a few summers ago, I was telling him about Shakespeare. Yet, within a few months, he was taking the Stratford-on-Avon company right across the States.

"We have had no money to pay the gas and we have owed the milk bill," he told me once, "but when I married the Old Man's daughter I vowed I would never let him down."

The "Old Man" was David Belasco.

Morris started selling theatre tickets on the pavement of Forty-second-street. When he has come to London, I have known him go to large dinners in Mayfair, to be entertained by people who thought him a man of culture. Yet he has asked me the most child-like questions, and then said, "If we had Stratford-on-Avon in America, we'd do something with it."

I am afraid they would.

THE day after J. L. Sacks had told the court that he could not read or write, he showed me a letter from a Manchester Jew who had backed his next play saying, "I am not concerned with your lack of education. I back your knowledge of a good show."

Joe Sacks usually knows a show when he sees one. He still calls it a "so."

He once sold lemonade outside a circus in South Africa. Then, he tells me, he was a clown. Yet, without education, but just plain courage, he brought "Irene" from New York to London; and he brought "The Lilac Domino" and "Going Up."

Sacha Guitry, the most prominent of French actors, and a skilful dramatist, is a Jew. His father, Lucien Guitry, was, after the older Coquelin, the greatest French actor of his time.

Sarah Bernhardt, although she died a Roman Catholic, was of Jewish descent.

Then all these Sophie Tuckers, and Norah Bayeses, and Dollies, and all these Al Jolsons, and Eddie Cantors, and Leon Errols, are Jews and Jewesses. All of them started poor. All of them have made large sums of money. They began on the East Side of whatever city they came from. They were all kicked around. They all slaved. They all thought of money as a far-off thing. And then, when they had made it, most of them threw it around.

It was not making money for the sake of making money. It was a great adventure.

Nazimova, long before she made thousands of dollars on the films, was one of a crowd of Jewish actors and actresses who came to London and had a devil of a bad time. Now there are companies of Jewish actors and actresses touring all over the world, merely because they like it and believe in it. They seldom make any money. They act in Hebrew or in Yiddish for a few pounds a week. It is the beginning and end of their lives.

And, when I said something about Jewish agents at the start, that was not exactly true, you know. There are Jewish agents in the world, like William Morris of New York, who is a splendid gentleman, a charitable man who is respected by the entire music-hall industry of the world. He is ultra-typical of his kind in the sense that he has endowed and slaved for a sanatorium for vaudeville artists at Saronac Lake—and his word is his bond.

He and Harry Lauder, whose income he quadrupled, have never had a contract.

Max Hart, another agent, devotes his life to developing the turns that he finds and exploits.

JEWISH concert agents are often attacked and called blood-suckers. I could tell stories of some of them who have endowed the beginnings of singers and instrumentalists, and then had but little gratitude when wealth came.

Besides, the Jew really understands music, you know. He feels it. It is a sensuous thing to him. Few Gentiles, at least those of Northern stock, can revel in it as the Jew does. With them, it becomes an intellectual pursuit, or something that is fashionable. The Jew exults in every note of it—yes, Wagner and spirituals and syncopation, anything.

Arthur Wing Pinero, a Jew of Spanish origin, rendered the English theatre great service by showing that the intellectual theatre could be commercialised. They sneered at Ibsen; but they did not sneer at "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

I often think of Pinero as the finest commercial dramatist that our theatre has produced. He seldom let his art down an inch. He set a fashion for the world.

Lewis Waller, a fine gentleman, was a Jew. He hampered himself by employing always the same company. He went right on to the end, and died in harness. His silver voice still echoes in many ears.

Augustus Harris, who ran Drury Lane, Oscar Hammerstein, who lost a fortune on the London Opera House, Edmund Kean, whose whole life was a passionate adventure, all these were of Jewish blood. They were all showmen . . .

And then there are the Jewish members of the audience. People who talk of the superiority of the New York theatre do not understand that if you were to take all the Jews out of New York, there would be no theatre—no buildings, I mean, and no audience with which the buildings could be filled.

There are more Jewish highbrows in New York than there are highbrows of any kind in any city in the world, and there are more Jewish "morons," as they call the lowbrows, in New York than there are, I should think, in the whole of England.

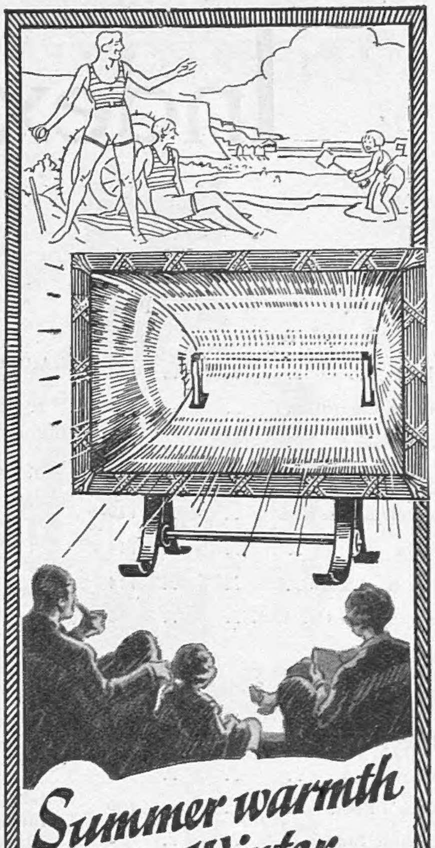
They love the theatre. They revel in it. It is a passion with them. They will spend money on it. They back it. They boost it, and they bunk it.

Then, to-day, the surroundings of the theatre are Jewish. Most of the costumiers are Jews. Most of the make-up merchants are Jews. And, in America, at least, nearly all the people who run dance academies and turn out chorus girls by the thousand are Jews.

They have learned most of the tricks from Gentiles, and improved on them.

You must remember that somewhere in every Jew there is concealed a child—a child with eyes of wonder, with eyes of curiosity, and with eyes of hope. This child is always waiting for the curtain to go up.

END



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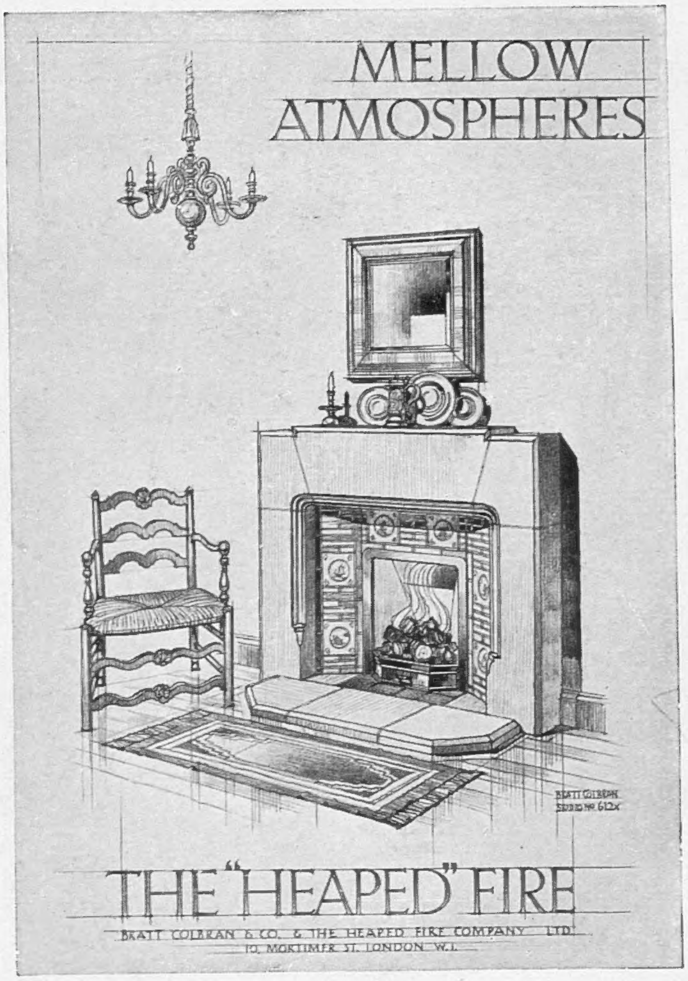
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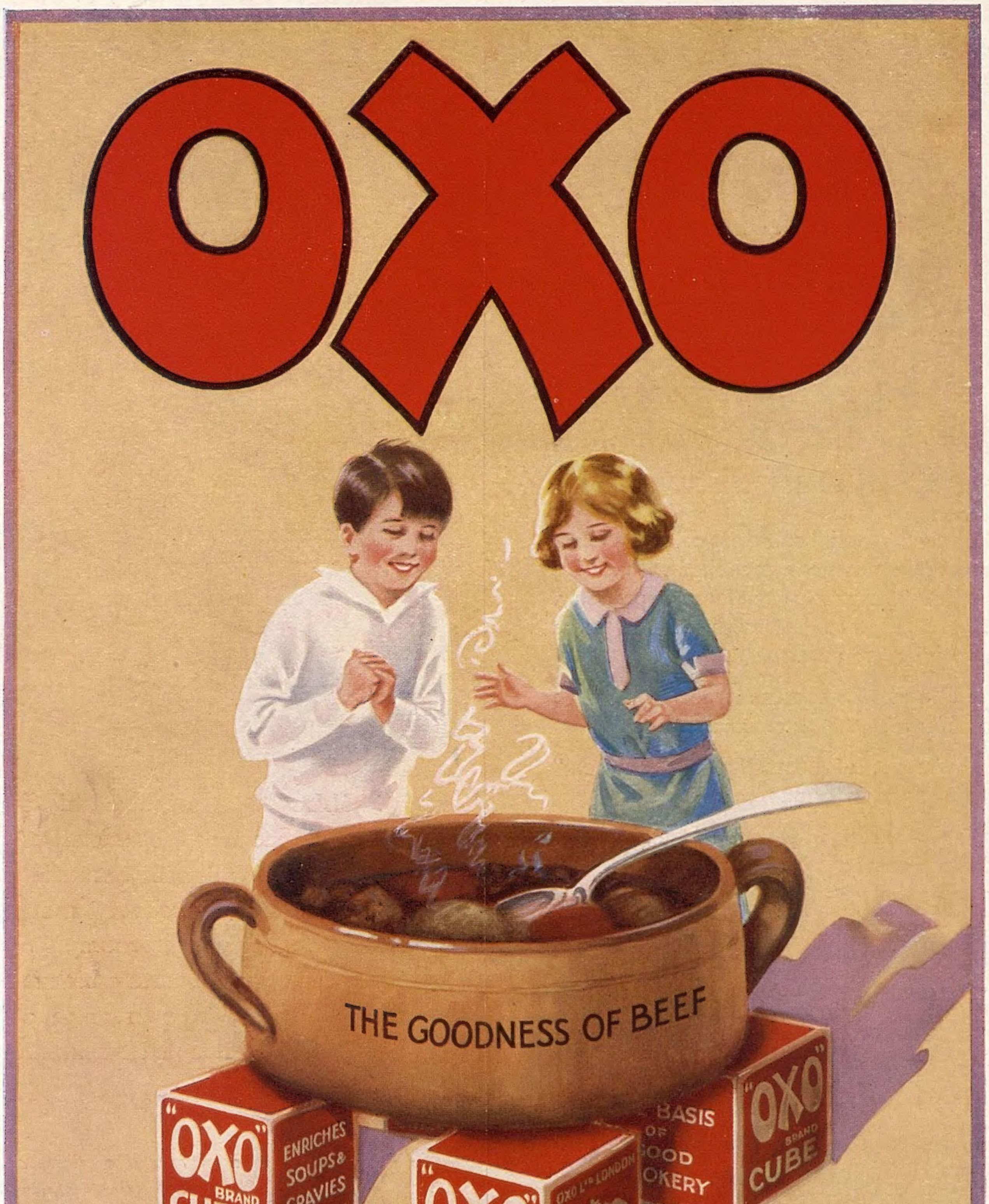

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